This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

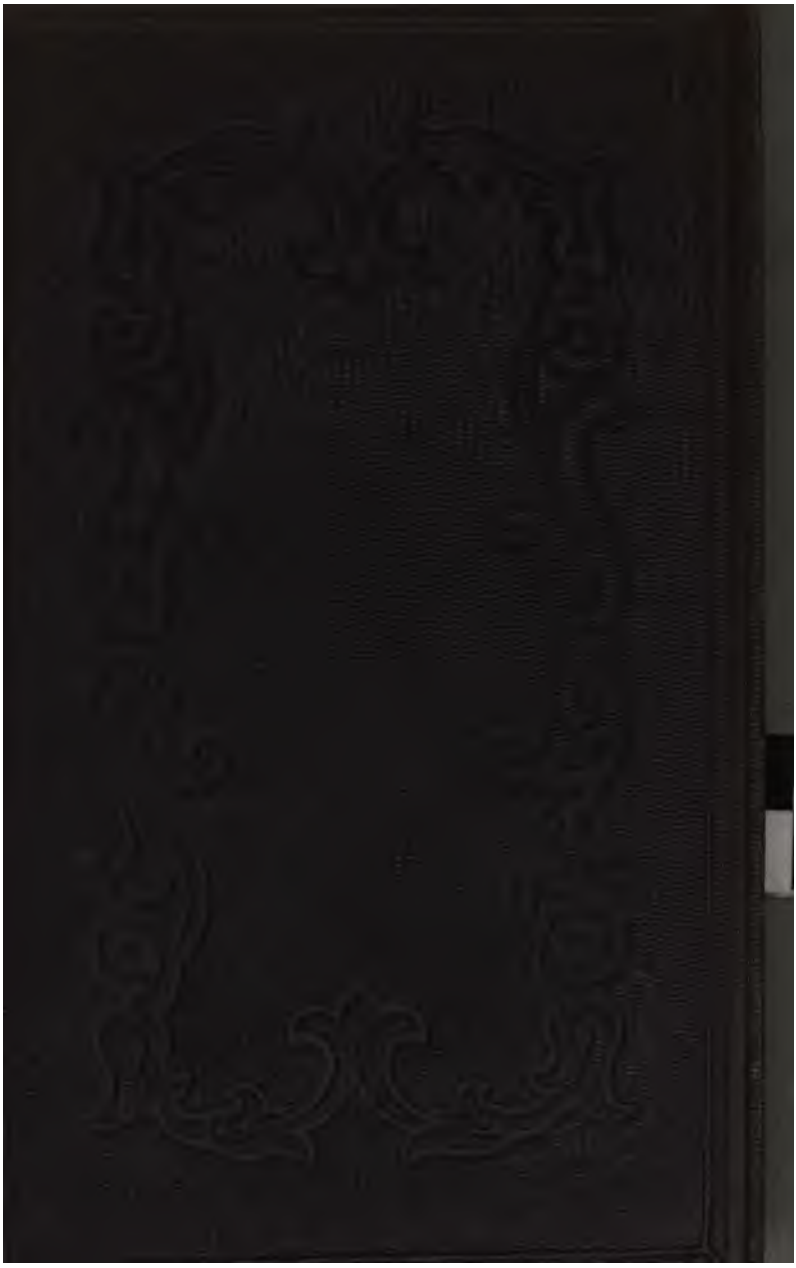
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



600102361J

MEDITATIONS

AND

PRAYERS.

MEDITATIONS

AND

PRAYERS

TO THE

Holy Trinity

AND OUR

Lord Jesus Christ,

BY S. ANSELM,

SOMETIME ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

OXFORD:
JOHN HENRY PARKER, AND 377, STRAND, LONDON;
SOLD ALSO BY
MESSRS. F. AND J. RIVINGTON ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
AND WATERLOO PLACE.
MDCCCLVI.

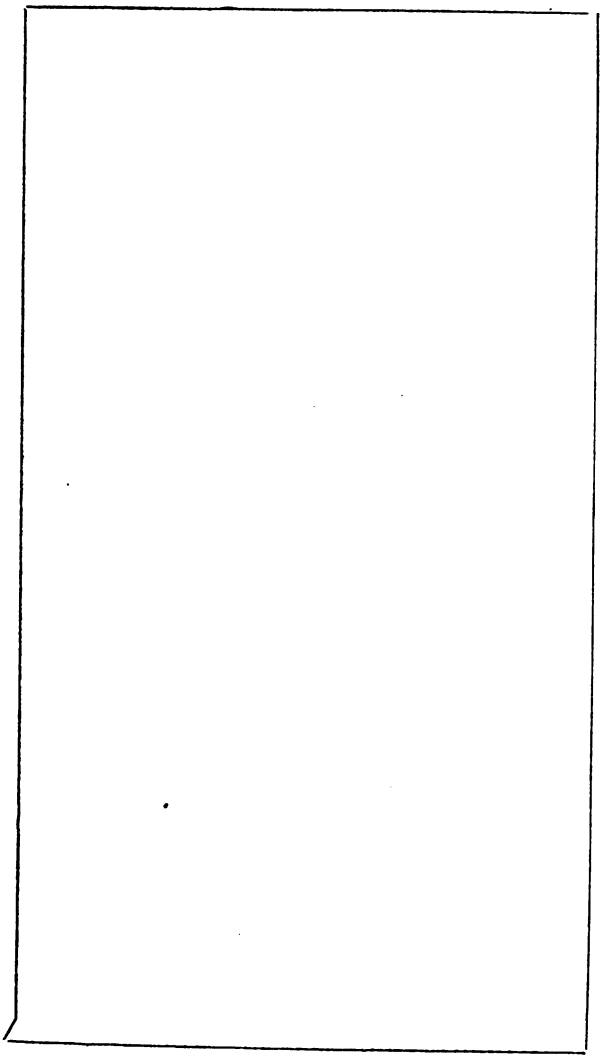
138. a. 99.

600102361J

MEDITATIONS

AND

PRAYERS.



HISTORICAL NOTICE.

The Meditations of S. Anselm were his own communings with God, in which he poured out his heart before Him. His disciple Eadmer, the companion of his toils and of his exile, says of them; "What[a] of his vigils? The whole day most often did not suffice for giving counsel; the greater part of the night was wont to be added to this end. Moreover by night he corrected books, which up to that time had throughout the world been most corrupt; he gave himself continuously to holy meditations, and from the contemplation of the sovereign bliss and longing for life eternal, he poured forth showers of tears. He wept most bitterly the miseries of this life and his own sins, (whatever he may have had,) and the sins of others, and scarcely took a little sleep before the night-vigils and often none."

Of the Prayers, on the contrary, Eadmer speaks generally, as having been written and published in compliance with the desire of friends. S. Anselm himself mentions four prayers, and four only, as having been written at the request of others.[b]

S. Anselm's life is commonly divided into five periods. In his twenty-seventh year (A.D. 1060) he

[a] Vita S. Anselm. l. p. 4.

[b] Ep. i. 20. ii. 51.

entered the Monastery of Bec; at thirty he succeeded Lanfranc as Prior; at forty-five he became Abbot. After fifteen other years, (A.D. 1093) he was at sixty nominated Arch-Bishop of Canterbury by William Rufus. After sixteen years more of labour and toil he slept in peace.

The second, third, and eighteenth of his Meditations, at all events, and many of his Prayers were written before he was Abbot. His eighteenth Meditation and nine certainly of his Prayers were employed before A.D. 1075 by abbot John.[c] It is noticed that neither in the Epistle of Durandus, in which he acknowledges the present (as it would seem) of the second and third Meditations, nor in S. Anselm's answer,[d] is there any mention of any dignity of S. Anselm. Anselm also salutes the Abbot Durandus, as a father. The whole picture of S. Anselm's early piety makes it seem to me probable, that the deviations, spoken of in the third Meditation, were spiritual only, unless indeed this Meditation was, like some of the Prayers, written for another. Before he was fifteen, he, born of noble and wealthy parents, revolved how he might best live after the will of God, and he conceived, that no mode of life was better than that of monks. He even prayed for sickness, that so he might obtain what he longed for as a means of serving God. His wish being deferred, he still purposed through the grace of God, to do what was then denied him. His fervour afterwards, for a time, somewhat chilled; he became idle, "preferring youthful games to the study of letters, in which he had practised himself exceedingly." Still the utmost spoken of is a degree of secularity. When he left his father's house, he did so in the society of a Clerk. When he came to Bec, he attached himself at once to Lanfranc. Soon he became more intimate with him than his other disciples, and was engaged day and

[c] see below p. xii. [d] Ep. 61, 62.

night in study. He wore his frame with vigils, cold, and meagreness of food, so that he thought that he underwent the privations of the monastic life without its rewards. The account of Eadmer describes an easy transition from a secular to a monastic life, not a conversion from Satan to God.

The praise of Durandus, Abbot of Casa Dei, shews how S. Anselm's Meditations were esteemed in his own time. He speaks of them to S. Anselm, as "uttered and written most piously out of thy contrite spirit and out of the piety of thy contrite heart. We read therein thy pious tears, and pour forth our own, marvelling at the abundant dew of blessing which overstreams thy heart, and how a stream therefrom sinks, without a murmur, into our hearts. For so in truth it is. The piety of thy written prayer awakens in us the piety of the slumbering compunction; so that, bounding forth as it were, in mind, we rejoice with thee, loving these things in thee, or rather thee in them, and above them and through them, loving God in thee."

As S. Anselm was towards God, so he was towards man. "Fearing," he answers, "not only lest your love should benefit me little or nothing, because I am not what you love, but also lest my own lukewarmness which you know not in me, should injure me exceedingly, I pray, implore you, not to think of me or love me, as though I had already made any spiritual progress; but to this end love me, and, loving, pray that I may. For so will both your esteem of me, and your love towards me be true, and my exultation in your love be without fear."

Mention is made of his Meditations as a whole, in the Soliloquy [e] of Card. Bonaventura, about 150 years after his decease.

The Prayers of S. Anselm were collected, some from several MSS., some from a single but ancient MS.

[e] c. 3.

John, Abbot of Fescam en Eaux, inserted (as was said above) nine, at least, of them, in a manual of devotion which he compiled between A.D. 1066 and 1075 for the use and at the request of Agnes, daughter of William Count of Poitiers, and widow of the Emperor Henry III. Abbot John, although much older than S. Anselm, speaks so distinctly and repeatedly of his own work as a compilation only, that there can be no doubt that the prayers are not his own, but inserted by him from his younger contemporary S. Anselm, who was, at this time (from A.D. 1063 to 1078) Prior of the neighbouring monastery of Bec.

An extract from the Preface will shew the value which Abbot John attached to the devotional writings which he brought together, and so, among them, to many Prayers of S. Anselm.

"[r] You were pleased, Lady Empress, long since to ask me to collect for you from the Scriptures, some brief and full discourses, wherein, according to the law of your order, you might, without over-much toil, learn the rule of holy living. For every degree, age, and sex, has in holy Scripture teaching suitable to itself, for the formation of its life; so that each, walking aright in that calling wherein he hath been called, may attain to that Kingdom where are many mansions.—Knowing then the pious longings of your heart, I took pains, and quickly culled from the writings of the fathers certain passages, that you might have with you every where truthful teaching, which may more fully shew you the way whereby a faithful widow should walk righteously and holily."—"Although I think that what my poor self has culled may suffice for your salvation, yet since from the account of friends, I have learnt that you long and ask that the little book which I have published, on the

[r] published by Mabillon Analecta Vett. i. 133. sqq. where he gives an account of the work.

contemplation of God and the love of Christ, and on that Jerusalem above, the mother of all the faithful, should be written to you, my heart, I own, rejoices greatly, and magnifies in you God the Giver of all good.—Receive then, good soul, excellent ensample of holy widowhood, with an ever watchful heart, the little work you ask for, which, by the grace of Christ, I have culled, wherein you will find, in great measure, sweet words of heavenly contemplation, which are to be read reverently and to be meditated on with due fear, lest any coming lukewarm and undevout be condemned for rashness. The reading of this treatise then is especially due to those who allow not their minds to be overshadowed by carnal longings and earthly desires. But when read with tears and deep devotion, the gentle reader tastes in the palate of his heart the sweetness which lies within."

The good Abbot, who had been admitted into his office A.D. 1028, five years before the birth of S. Anselm, inserted, in his old age, prayers of his younger contemporary entire into his own collection, while he interwove the devout language of S. Augustine and Alcuin, into his own part of the compilation. His book consisted of two separate collections. The first was entitled, "a book collected from the Scriptures and words of the fathers, for their use chiefly, who love the contemplative life." This work has long been known and valued, having been inserted entire, (although in a different order) in "Meditations" ascribed to S. Augustine, (as the way of those times was) because well-known passages of S. Augustine were interwoven in it. This has become popular among us, through the paraphrastic translation of Dean Stanhope. The compiler of those "Meditations" made scarcely any use of the second work of Abbot John "On Divine contemplation," which was, like the first, divided into three parts, the 1st, entitled

"on the Divinity of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost:" the 2nd, "On the Humanity of our Lord J. C. who redeemed us with the price of His Blood;" the 3rd, "in which the devout mind, burning with exceeding love, panting for Christ, sighing for Christ, desiring to see Christ, whom alone it loveth, hath nothing sweet, save to groan and to weep, to flee and be hushed, saying, 'O that I had wings like a dove, and I would flee away, and be at rest.'" To these three parts there were appended in the original eleven prayers, of which the 4th is the 5th Prayer of S. Anselm; the 10th is composed of the 10th, 2nd, 14th and 21st of S. Anselm; the 11th is his 18th Meditation. These were received by the compiler of the Meditations, also the 8th Prayer. Another portion, (the Benedictines say, the 9th Prayer) forms about one fourth (c. 3—12) of the Manual, ascribed to S. Augustine.

As Dean Stanhope's work has a permanent place among our devotional works, and he has made English minds in some degree acquainted with S. Anselm, it may have its interest to mark its component parts.

His first Book of Meditations is the work framed chiefly from the work of Abbot John. The chapters correspond with those of the Latin, except that, omitting altogether the verses, which form c. 26, Dean Stanhope has but 40 chapters, instead of 41.

MEDITATIONS.			
c. 1—4.	part of S. Anselm's	Orat.	10
5—8.	Id.	Orat.	2
9.	Id.	Orat.	14
10.	Id.	Orat.	21
11.	end of the de Speculo.		
12—17.	Abbot John.	P.	i
18—25.	Id.	P.	ii
26—32.	Id.	P.	iii
33.	S. Anselm	Orat.	5

34. . . . . Id. . . . Orat. . 17
35. . . . . Id. . . . Orat. . 16
36. . . . . —— 18 & 19
(end of 18. and beginning of 19. omitted.) .
37. . . . . Abbot John. . . .
38. . . . . Partly from S. Anselm Proslog. andMedit. 2, 3, & 11. . . . . .
39. . . . . some from Alcuin .
40. . . . . S. Anselm. Orat. . 20

The second Book of Meditations, (as Dean Stanhope calls it) or the work "on the love of God" is compiled chiefly from Hugo de S. Victore) c. 4—11 being taken entire from his "de arrha animæ") from S. Bernard and S. Anselm. Parts of c. 13. and 14. are taken from S. Anselm Medit. 16. and of c. 18. from his Proslogion.

"S. Augustine's Soliloquies of the soul to God," from which Dean Stanhope took his third Book, are, again, a pious compilation of the middle ages, later than the fourth Lateran Council A.D. 1198 [s] which it quotes, as also S. Augustine himself, and Hugo de S. Victore "de arrha animæ."

The "Manual" is compiled from the like sources. 1. the Speculum, one of the oldest of these compilations of the 9th century, itself derived chiefly from S. Augustine, S. Gregory, and Alcuin. 2. the second work of Abbot John. 3. Hugo de S. Victore. 4. S. Bernard. 5. the Proslogion of S. Anselm. Its nine first chapters form the "Manual" in the works of S. Anselm. Its twenty-four first chapters form the chief part of the fourth book "on the soul" attributed to Hugo de S. Victore. It belongs to neither.

The fifth Book in Dean Stanhope, S. Anselm's Meditations concerning the Redemption of Mankind, is Meditation xi. His B. vi. "on the misery of man" is Meditation ii. His "Incentive to Holy

[s] c. 1. in c. 32.

Love or Meditations upon the Passion of our Lord" is Meditation ix.

The good service which Dean Stanhope did in laying open to the English mind the fervid language of these devotional writers, is not lessened by his having mixed overmuch of water with the good wine, in conformity with the taste of his day.

Besides the large insertions from S. Anselm in the Meditations and the Manual and those in the work "on loving God," another of the compilations of that time, "de contritione cordis" was made up mostly of passages of S. Anselm, which seemed to the compiler most suited to move men to "contrition of heart." These selections were in their own nature anonymous, and S. Anselm, thus, long formed to piety minds who knew not his name, nor to whom they owed their blessings.

When printing gave larger circulation to books, five-sixths of the works attributed to S. Anselm were not his. Of these Meditations and Prayers, two only (Meditation ii. and Prayer x.) were published, as his, before 1573; nearly sixty years more only added two, the second and the ninth. The rest were first published by Theophl. Raynaud, in 1630.

Of the Meditations published under his name, one (divided into three[h] by the Benedictines) has been omitted, having been clearly shown by the Benedictines not to be his. For it was written by a brother to a sister, who was living as a consecrated virgin;[i] whereas S. Anselm had one only sister, Richera, who was married to Burgundius, and had a son named after S. Anselm.[k]

The eighteenth, [here the fourteenth] on the contrary, has been retained. The Benedictine Editor says of it, "There is nothing in it, which does not

[h] Medit. xv—xvii. ed. Gerb.
[i] Medit. xv.
[k] Ep. iii. 66, 67.

savour of Anselm, whence I should readily believe that it was written by Anselm, while governing the Monastery at Bec." The verses prefixed are perhaps from some older writer, and form a little whole by themselves. They are prefixed to three other devotions in the collection of Abbot John.[1] The commencement also of the prayer itself is found in the same words in Alcuin,[m] yet in a prayer, part of which is taken from S. Augustine. The prayer in Alcuin, being detached, may have been added in MSS. after S. Anselm's time.

The fourteenth [here the eighteenth] has been placed at the end of the Meditations, as being clearly not S. Anselm's; yet, for its fervor, having long been associated with S. Anselm, it has been retained.

The twenty-first [here the seventeenth] is certainly in substance, S. Anselm's, being collected entirely from his Proslogion, although probably by another. It forms the seven last chapters of the "Manual" the Appendix of S. Augustine.

Some doubt has been thrown on the two first sections of Meditation vii. the first section being seemingly condensed from Hugo de S. Victore "de modo orandi" c. i.; the second containing two short passages identical almost with two in Hugo's "de arrha animæ." Gerberon recognises, in the rest at least "the language and mind of Anselm."

Of the prayers, those have been chosen which, being addressed to the Holy Trinity, or One of the Divine Persons, are suited for the use of all.

The verses have been translated by the same kind friend as before, the Rev. W. J. Copeland; the book itself by a younger friend. Two or three alterations, at most, have been made, after the example of Dean Stanhope, in order to fit the manual more entirely to our use.

[1] Mabill. Anal. p. 146, 152, 156. [m] Offic. per ferias p. 293 ed. Par.

The condensed style of the original has been retained as far as possible in the translation. And this, because the very condensation of fervent thoughts gives them the more power in stirring the thoughts of others. This is the especial office of private meditations and prayers. No words can fully represent the wants of another. Even the fervid thoughts of a devout writer must be filled up, expanded, applied, by the soul itself. Whatever human helps may be given it, prayer must, in the end, be the voice or thoughts, or mute longings of the soul itself to God. Even the deep words of our Lord's own prayer, must, as it ascends to God, within the compass of its seven petitions, bear up as many varied longings as there are souls which utter it. The more condensed the prayer, the more it invites, the more capable it is of this varied use. The deepest prayers are the most suggestive. They not only mould our thoughts by their words, but they give rise to other words and thoughts; and God by them, lifts us up above the ground and sets us above ourselves, whence, so to speak, we may spring upwards to Him. No use, however attentive, of the words of others, can take the place of the aspiration of the soul itself, drawn by God, to God. Any one, however unaccustomed to mental prayer, should, at least, interpose pauses in the use of vocal prayer, wherein, himself to speak to God, to listen to God. In this way, the prayers of others pass, as the Psalms do by habitual use, into the substance of our own souls. They become our own words, and recur to us whenever we use them, full of all the thoughts which God has heretofore given us through them.

May God, through these prayers, kindle in us a hatred of sin, lowly thoughts of ourselves, adoring, reverential love of Himself; strengthen us against temptation, lift us above the world, give us perse-

verance to the end through the Merits of Jesus Christ our Lord.

E. B. P.

CHRIST CHURCH.
September Ember Week, 1856.

The Meditations of S. Anselm,

SOMETIME ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

MEDITATION I.

OF THE DIGNITY AND MISERY OF MAN'S CONDITION.

I.

AWAKE, O my soul, awake; put forth thy spirit; arouse thy feeling; drive from thee the sluggishness of thy deadly lethargy, take up to thee anxiety for thy salvation. Be the wanderings of vain thoughts put to flight, let idleness depart, be diligence maintained. Give thyself to holy meditation, cling thou to the good things of GOD. Leave the things of time, and give thyself to the things of eternity. What then more useful, what more healthful, in so heavenly an employment of thy mind, wilt thou be able to think on, than in sweetest meditation to recollect the immeasurable kindnesses of thy Creator? Consider then even in the very beginning of His Creation, how great excellence, how great dignity He conferred upon thee, and weigh well with what love, with what reverence, He is to be worshipped. Verily when, in creating the universe of things visible and invisible, He had determined to make human nature, with the deepest wisdom did He contrive the dignity of thy condition, forasmuch as He willed more highly to honour it than all the other creatures which are in the world.

See then the loftiness of thy creation, and consider the debt of love thou owest in return. "Let us make man," saith God, "after our Image and Likeness,"[a] If at these words of thy Creator thou arouse not thyself, if at such ineffable goodness of His vouchsafements to thee, thou be not entirely set on fire with love towards Him, if thou be not kindled in thy whole marrow into longing for Him, what shall I say? Shall I reckon thee asleep? Shall I not rather think thee dead?

Listen then carefully what it is, that thou hast been created after the Image and Likeness of God. Here thou hast a sweet pledge of pious meditation, on which thou mayest exercise thy thoughts. Observe then that likeness is one thing, image another. For example, a horse or an ox or other like creatures may be said to have a certain likeness to man; but the image of a man none hath save another man. Man eateth; the horse too eateth: here thou hast a kind of likeness and community between different natures. But the image of a man none imitateth, save another man of the same nature whereof he is the image. Of higher worth then is image than likeness.

Likeness then to God we shall be able to have in this way, if, considering that He is good, we study to be good also; if seeing that He is just, we too aim at being just; if contemplating His mercy, we give ourselves to be merciful.

But how shall we be after His Image? Hearken. God ever remembereth Himself, understandeth Himself, loveth Himself. Thou too then, if after thy measure thou unweariedly rememberest God, understandest God, lovest God, wilt be after the Image of God, for thou wilt be ever striving to do that which God ever doeth. To remember, to under-

[a] Gen. i. 26.

stand, to love his highest good, man ought to direct his whole being: to this let every thought, every reflection of thy heart be bent, sharpened, conformed, that with unwearying affection thou remember GOD, understand GOD, love GOD, and healthfully set forth the dignity of thy creation, in which thou hast been created after the Image of GOD. Nay, why say I *after* the Image of GOD, when as the Apostle witnesseth, thou art the very image of GOD? "A man," saith he, "ought not to cover his head, for he is the image and glory of GOD."[b]

II.

Are not these so boundless loving-kindnesses of thy Creator sufficient for thee, that thou shouldest return to Him perpetual thanks, and the debt of unceasing love, when thou considerest that from nothing, or rather from the mire, by His goodness thou hast even in the very beginning of thy creation been lifted up to so great a height? Apply therefore to thine own life the maxim of the Saints, and hearken what is said of the holy David. What then is the praise of the Saint? "With all his heart he praised the LORD."[c] Behold for what thou art created: behold the work of thy service. For why should GOD lift thee on high with so glorious a prerogative of creation, but that He willeth that thou shouldest give thyself unceasingly to His praises? Thou wast created then to praise thy Creator, that wholly given up to His praises, thou both mightest here by attainments of righteousness grow ever more and more one with Him, and hereafter mightest live happily. For the singing of His praise conferreth both justification here, and bliss hereafter.

But, if thou praise Him, praise Him with all thy heart, praise Him by loving Him. For this is the

[b] 1 Cor. xi. 7. [c] Ecclus. xlvii. 10.

rule of praise set forth to the Saints; "With his whole heart he praised the LORD, and loved GOD Who made him."

Praise thou then, and praise with thy whole heart, and Whom thou praisest, love, for for this end wast thou made, that thou shouldest praise and love. For he praiseth, but not with his whole heart praiseth, whom prosperity allureth to bless GOD, but adversity keeps back from the duty of blessing Him. He praiseth too, but loveth not, who in the praises of GOD seeketh ought by praising save Himself. Praise thou then, and worthily praise, so that in thee no care, no occupation, no thought, no anxiety of thy mind, so far as thy strength sufficeth, be devoid of the praises of GOD. From praising Him let no earthly prosperity call thee back, no adversity restrain thee: for so shalt thou praise the LORD with thy whole heart.

But when thou hast praised Him with thy whole heart, and loving hast praised, seek thou nothing else from Him save Himself, so that Himself may be the end of thy longing, Himself the reward of thy toil, Himself thy comfort in this life of shadows, Himself the possession of the life of bliss hereafter.

For this end then wast thou made, that thou praise Him without ceasing, which at all events thou shalt then more fully understand, when, raised aloft by the beatific vision of Him, thou shalt see that of His sole and free goodness, thou, when thou wast not, from nothing wast so blest, and for such ineffable bliss created, called, justified, glorified. For such contemplation shall give thee unwearying love of praising Him for ever, of Whom, and through Whom, and in Whom thou shalt rejoice that thou hast been blest with so great and so unchangeable blessings.

III.

But turning from that happiness to come, with the gaze of thy contemplation consider awhile also the greatness of the grace wherewith even in this fleeting life He hath enriched thee. Himself Who dwelleth in the Heavens, Who ruleth among the Angels, to Whom Heaven and earth and all things that are therein do bow and obey, hath given Himself to thee for an habitation, hath made His Presence ready for thee, for as the Apostle Paul teacheth, "in Him we live and move and have our being."[d] O sweet life, lovely motion, desirable being! For what sweeter than in Him to have our life, Who is the very Life of Bliss? What more lovely than to Him and in Him to direct every motion of our will and of our action, Who can strengthen us with perpetual stability? What more desirable than in will and in conversation eternally to be in Him, in Whom alone, or rather Who alone, is true existence, without Whom it cannot be well with any? "I," saith He, "I am that I am."[e] And well saith He; for He alone truly IS, Whose being is immutable. He then, Whose being is so surpassing, in so singular a manner, that It alone truly IS, in comparison of Whom all existence is nothing, seeing that He created thee for so high a destiny, that thou couldest not so much as understand the glory of thy dignity, where willed He that thou shouldest be? what place of abode prepared He for thee? Hear Himself speaking to His own in His Gospel: "Abide in Me, and I in you."[f] O inestimable condescension! O blessed abode! O glorious interchange! How great the condescension of the Creator, to wish that His own creature should abide in Him! How incomprehensible

[d] Acts xvii. 18. [e] Ex. iii. 14. [f] John xv. 4.

the bliss of the creature, to abide in its Creator! How great the glory of the rational creature, by so happy an interchange to be united to its Creator, that He has His abode in it, and it in Him! Seeing then that we were so excellently created, of His mercy He willed that we should abide in Him; even He Who Himself, as the Ruler of all things, without care existeth above all; as the Foundation of all things, without toil sustaineth all; as more excellent than all things, without pride surpasseth all; as containing all things, without distinction embraceth all; as the Fulness of all things, without narrowing Himself filleth all things.

He then, though nowhere He be absent, yet hath His especial Kingdom within us, as the Gospel sheweth, where it is said, "The Kingdom of God is within you."[g] But if the Kingdom of God be within us, and God dwelleth in His Kingdom, doth not He Himself abide in us, Whose Kingdom is within us? Clearly so: for if God is Wisdom, and "the soul of the righteous is the seat of Wisdom," he who is truly righteous, hath God abiding in him. "For the Temple of God is holy, which Temple ye are,"[h] saith the Apostle. Do thou then too give thyself unweariedly to the practice of holiness, lest thou cease to be the Temple of God. He Himself saith of His own, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them."[i] Nor doubt thou, wheresoever holy souls be, that He is in them. For if thou too in all the members which thou enlivenest, art wholly everywhere, how much more is God wholly everywhere, Who created both thee and thy body? With the utmost diligence then must we consider with how great care and reverence we ought to use our senses and the members of our body, over which the Godhead Itself presides. Give we then, as is

[g] Luke xvii. 21. [h] 1 Cor. iii. 17. [i] 2 Cor. vi. 16.

meet and right, to so great an Indweller, the whole sovereignty of our heart, that nothing in us be contrary to Him, but that all our thoughts and every motion of our will, all our words and all our works, attend His nod, obey His will, and be directed according to the rule of His uprightness. For so shall we be truly His Kingdom, and Himself shall abide in us, and we, abiding in Him, shall live well.

IV.

Arouse thyself, O my soul, and let the fire of Heavenly love burn in thine inmost parts, and do thou wisely understand the honour conferred upon thee by the LORD thy GOD; understanding, thou love, loving, worship with the service of an holy conversation. Doth not He Himself, Who hath given thee a place of abode within Himself, and deigned to dwell in thee, doth not He with Himself clothe thee, strengthen thee, adorn thee? "As many of you," saith the Apostle, "as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ."[k]

What praise then, what thanks wilt thou worthily offer to Him, Who hath clothed thee with so great honour, lifted thee on high with so great glory, that with the most joyful gladness of heart thou canst say, "The LORD hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."[l] To the Angels of GOD it is the highest joy to contemplate Christ, and lo! in His immeasureable condescension, so completely stoopeth He to thee, that He willeth that thou shouldest be clothed with Himself. And with what robe, but that of which the Apostle boasteth, saying, "Christ was made unto us of GOD, Wisdom, and Righteousness, and Sanctification?"[m] With what other badges should He rather invest and adorn thee, than make

[k] Gal. iii. 27. [l] Is. lxi. 10. [m] 1 Cor. v. 30.

thee to shine in the apparel of Wisdom, the robe of Righteousness, the glory of Sanctification?

V.

And why should I say that Christ hath made thee a garment for Himself, when so closely hath He united Himself to thee, that in the unity of the Church He hath willed that thou shouldest be of His own Flesh? Hear the Apostle setting forth the testimony of Scripture: "And they twaine shall be one flesh. But I speak," saith he, "concerning Christ and His Church."[n] Further too consider with how great a oneness He hath united thee to Him. The Apostle asserts that thou art the Body of Christ. "Ye are," saith He, "the Body of Christ and members in particular."[o]

Keep then thy body and thy members with that dignity which is befitting, lest, by any practice of levity thou treat them wrongfully. The greater the reward with which thou wouldest have been crowned if thou hadst handled them worthily, so much the greater punishment wilt thou be subjected to, if thou use them unworthily. Thy eyes are the eyes of Christ: thou must not then turn the eyes of Christ to look on any vanities, because Christ is Truth, to which all vanity is contrary. Thy mouth is the mouth of Christ: thou oughtest not, I say not for slanders, I say not for lies, but not even for idle words to open that mouth, which thou shouldest open only for the praises of God, and the edification of thy neighbour. The like understand of the rest of the members of Christ committed to thy keeping.

VI.

But yet more deeply learn in how close an union thou art joined to Him. Hear thy Lord Himself

[n] Eph. v. 32. [o] 1 Cor. xii. 27.

entreating His Father for His own: "I will," saith He, "that as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, they also may be one in us."[p] I am Thy Son by nature, let them too be Thy sons and My brothers by Grace. How great a height is it for a Christian man, so far to advance in union with Christ, that even he himself is in a manner called Christ! And this that truly faithful steward of the family of the Church felt, who said, "All we Christians in Christ are one Christ."[q] And no wonder, seeing that He is the Head, and we His body; He the Bridegroom, He the Bride; the Bridegroom in Himself, the Bride in holy souls, which He hath knit to Himself in the bond of eternal love. "He hath clothed me with the garment of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels."[r] Here then, my soul, here meditate upon His loving-kindnesses, be thou kindled with love of Him, blaze forth into longing for the blissful contemplation of Him. Cry out then boldly, in that burning affection of inmost love, and melted entirely into longing for Him, burst forth into the words of the faithful bride, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His Mouth."[s] Depart from my mind every delight which is out of Him, may no affection of this present life, no comfort please me, while His blessed presence is denied me. Let Him embrace me with the arms of His love, let Him kiss me with His mouth of heavenly sweetness, let Him address me with that unspeak-

[p] John xvii. 21, 22.

[q] "We all in Him are Christ's and Christ, for in a manner whole Christ is the Head and the Body." S. Aug. in Ps. xxvi. Enarr. 2. § 2. "Christians themselves with their Head, Which ascended into Heaven, is one Christ: not He One, and we many; but we too, many are in Him One, one." In Ps. cxxvii. § 3.

[r] Is. lxi. 10.

[s] Cant. i. 2.

able eloquence wherewith He manifesteth His secret things to the Angels. Let this be the mutual interchange between the Bride and the Bridegroom, that I give up to Him my whole heart, and He reveal to me the secrets of His sweetness. With these then, and much like meditations refreshed, my soul, in full affection of holy longing, strive to follow thy Bridegroom, and say, "Draw me after Thee, we will run in the odour of thy ointments."[t] Yea say, and faithfully say, with no passing words, but with unwearying longing: so say, that thou mayest be heard: so desire to be drawn that thou mayest be able to follow. Say then to thy Redeemer and Saviour, "Draw me after Thee." Let not the pleasures of this world draw me, but let the sweetness of Thy most blessed love draw me. Once my vanity drew me, but now let Thy Truth draw me after It. Draw, because Thou hast drawn; keep hold on me, because Thou hast lain hold of me. Thou hast drawn me by redeeming me; draw me by saving me. Thou hast drawn me by pitying; draw me by blessing me. Thou hast laid hold on me, appearing among men, made Man for us; keep hold on me, now that Thou rulest in Heaven, exalted above the Angels. It is Thy word, it is Thy promise. Thou hast promised, saying, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." Draw Thou then now exalted in power, whom Thou drewest humbled in pity. Thou hast ascended; may I perceive it: Thou reignest over all things; may I acknowledge it. Do I not acknowledge that Thou reignest? Verily I acknowledge it and give Thee thanks. But may I acknowledge by perfectly loving what I acknowledge by piously believing concerning Thee? May I acknowledge by sight, what I acknowledge by Faith.

[t] Cant. i. 3.

Bind to Thee, by the indissoluble bonds of love, the longings of my heart, where with Thee are the first-fruits of my spirit. May the Oneness of Love bind us, whom the love of Redemption hath united. For Thou hast loved me, Thou hast given Thyself for me. Be then my intention ever in Heaven with Thee; be Thy protection ever on earth with me. Help me, burning with the longing of love for Thee, Who hast loved me when despising Thee. Give to me seeking Thee, Who hast given Thyself to me when I knew Thee not. Receive me returning, Who hast called me back when flying. I will love that I may be loved: nay rather, because I am loved, more and more will I love, that I may be loved the more. Be my thoughts united to Thee, my intention one with Thee, ever with Thee alone, where our substance, in pity taken up by Thee, now reigneth in bliss with Thee. May I cling to Thee inseparably, may I adore Thee unweariedly, may I serve Thee perseveringly, seek Thee faithfully, find Thee happily, enjoy Thee eternally.

By addressing God with these words, O my soul, be kindled, inflamed, burn forth; and strive to be set all on fire with longing for Him.

VII.

But when thou considerest to what and how great good thou by His Grace hast advanced, meditate too what and how great goods by thine own fault thou hast lost, and into what evils, weighed down by sins, thou hast sunk. Think over with sighs the evil deeds which wickedly thou hast done, and call to mind with groans the good things which by these very evil deeds miserably thou hast lost. For what of good did not thy most excellent Creator in His goodness confer upon thee? and what of evil hast not thou repaid to Him, thou whose very being is

execrable iniquity? Losing good things, thou hast deserved evil; nay rather, flinging away good things, thou hast chosen evil; and having lost, or rather cast away the favour of thy Creator, miserably thou hast incurred His wrath. Thou hast not whence thou mayest prove thyself innocent, seeing that a troop of thy ills, like a vast army, surroundeth thee, on one side casting in thy teeth the disgraces of evil deeds, on another bringing forward a countless heap of idle, and, (what is more damnable,) wicked words, on another pointing to an immense mass of evil thoughts.

These are the things for which thou hast lost inestimable goods; for these thou hast forfeited the favour of thy Creator. Think over these with groaning; groan over them by renouncing them; renounce them by condemning them; condemn them by changing thy life for the better. Strive with thyself in thy mind that henceforth not even for a moment, either in thy heart, or in thy tongue, or, which is the deepest condemnation, by act, thou yield assent to any vanity. Be there a daily, aye, a ceaseless strife in thy mind, that thou keep no truce whatever with sins. Ever strictly examine thyself, bring to light the secrets of thy heart, and whatsoever thou findest in thee worthy of blame, with severe punishment pierce through, overthrow, bruise, uproot, cast forth, bring to nought. Spare not thyself, treat not thyself gently, and "in the morning," that is, in meditation on the last judgment, which succeedeth as the light of the morning to the night of this present life, "destroy all the ungodly upon earth," that is, the faults and sins of thine earthly conversation, "that thou mayest cut off out of the city of the LORD," which thou oughtest to build to Him within thyself, "all that work iniquity,"[u] that

[u] Ps. ci. 8. Vid. S. Augustine, ad loc. vol. iv. p. 1089. [vol. iv. p. 495, Oxf. Tr.]

is, all devilish suggestions, pleasures hateful to God, deadly consent to evil, perverse works. From all these thou shouldest be purified like the city of God, that in thee thy Creator may find, obtain, possess, an abode well-pleasing to Him. Be not thou of the number of those, whose obstinacy God Himself seems to mourn, saying, "There is none that will remember in his heart, and say, what have I done?" If they are condemned who have been unwilling to blush and blame themselves for the evil they have done, wilt thou, that thou mayest come into the number of the elect, neglect to accuse, to judge with severe discipline, to chasten thyself? Consider then with careful meditation the immeasurable kindnesses of thy Creator, whereby, without the intervention of any merits of thine own, He hath raised thee on high, and recall to memory the numberless evil doings by which thy iniquity hath unworthily answered to His kindnesses: and, giving utterance to great grief, cry out, What have I done? I have exasperated God, I have provoked to anger my Creator, for His immeasurable loving-kindnesses, I have repaid innumerable evil deeds. What have I done!

But while saying this, sharply bruise thy heart, utter groans, pour forth tears. For if thou weepest not here, when wilt thou weep? If thou be not excited to compunction by the turning away of God's face from thee, which thy sins have caused, at least let the terribleness of infernal punishment which those same sins have called down upon thee, crush thy hardness.

Return then, return, wanderer, into thy heart, and draw forth thy foot from the regions of the dead, that thou mayest be able to escape the evils due to thee, or recover the good things lost, of which thou art justly deprived. For if thou lookest back to

thy evil deeds, thou hast lost all the good things which were conferred on thee by Him. Thou must therefore ever turn back thine eyes to them, and specially to those concerning which conscience accuseth thee more heavily, that He may turn away His eyes from them. For if thou turn away thy sins by due earnestness of amendment, He turneth aside from thee the gaze of His vengeance. If thou forgettest, He remembereth.

VIII.

That thou mayest then be freed from all this, listen to the compassions of thy Redeemer towards thee. Truly by the deserts of original sin thou hadst been blinded, thou couldest not see the loftiness of thy Creator. Hedged around by the clouds of sin, thou walkedst in darkness, and driven by the rapid streams of thy vices, wast hurrying on to everlasting darkness. And lo! thy Redeemer hath laid upon thy darkened eyes the ointment of His Incarnation, that thou who couldest not see God shining in the secretness of His Majesty, mightest look upon God manifest among men; looking, mightest acknowledge; acknowledging, mightest love; loving, mightest strive with all thy might to attain to His Glory. He took upon Him thy flesh, to recall thee to spiritual things. He became partaker of thy changeableness, to make thee partaker of His Unchangeableness. He lowered Himself to thy humiliation, to raise thee to His exaltation. He was born of a pure Virgin, to heal the corruption of thy sinful nature. He was circumcised, to teach thee that man should cut off from himself all the superfluities of sins and wickednesses. He was offered in the Temple, and received by a holy widow, to teach His faithful ones to frequent the house of God, and to strive by practising holiness to win the privi-

lege of receiving Him. By the aged Simeon He was taken up in his arms and blessed, to show plainly that He loveth gravity of life, and perfectness of character. He was baptised, to consecrate the sacrament of our Baptism. Stooping to receive baptism in the river Jordan at the hands of John, He heard His Father's voice, and received the Holy Spirit coming to Him in the form of a dove, to teach us that we ought to abide in humbleness of mind, (which is signified by the Jordan, for the word Jordan is interpreted, "their descending,") and there be honoured with the converse of our Heavenly Father, of Whom it is said, "His secret is with the righteous,"[x] and be lifted up by the presence of the Holy Spirit, Who resteth upon the humble. And this under the hand of John, who is called "the grace of GOD," that to the same grace we ascribe whatever we receive from GOD, not to our own deservings. After completing His fast of forty days, He conquered the devil and his temptations, and was glorified by the ministry of Angels, teaching us through the whole period of this present life by refusing the delights of temporal things, to trample under our feet the world and its prince, and so to be strengthened by the guardianship of Angels. Occupied in preaching the kingdom of GOD, He continueth during the day-time among the people, and edifieth the multitudes that flock together, by His miracles and His words; by night frequenting the mountain, He spendeth His time in prayers, teaching us, as opportunity suits, now by word and example, according to our measure, to point out to our neighbours among whom we live, the way of life, now to seek retirement of mind, and climb the mount of virtues; and then open our mouth wide to the delight of Heavenly contemplation, and direct

[x] Prov. iii. 32.

our intention with unwearied affection to things above. He is transfigured on the mount in the presence of Peter and James and John, suggesting thereby to us that if like Peter (which is interpreted "acknowledging") we strive humbly to acknowledge our weakness, if (as is the meaning of James[y]) we strive to be the supplanters of our vices, if faithfully to submit ourselves to the grace of God, (which is signified by the name John) we shall successfully climb the Heavenly mount to contemplate the glories of Jesus, with Him our King for our Guide. In Bethany (the house of obedience) He raised Lazarus, shewing thereby that all who with the readiness of good-will die to this world and rest in the bosom of obedience, shall be raised again by Him to life eternal. Giving His Body and His Blood to His disciples in the mystical supper, He humbly washed their feet, teaching that the Holy Mysteries are to be celebrated with works of purity and with reverent humility of mind. When about to be highly exalted in the glory of His Sacred Resurrection, He endured the mockings of traitors, roughness of words, the reproach of the Cross, the bitterness of the gall, and, at the last, death; warning thereby His own, that whoso aimeth at attaining glory after death, not only must with patience bear, but also love and seek and gladly accept, as everlasting rewards, all the hardships of this present world.

These then so glorious, so immeasurable benefits of thy Creator towards thee, if thou strive worthily to think on, with devotion to embrace, with glowing love to imitate, not only shalt thou recover the good things thou hast lost through thy first parent, but through the ineffable grace of thy Saviour shalt eternally possess far better things. For thy God Himself, having through the Mystery of the Incarnation

[y] i. e. Jacob.

become thy Brother, what will He stint thee of indescribable joy, whilst thou seest thy nature in Him exalted above all creation?

IX.

What then now remains, but that, having duly considered all these matters, thou by every means inflame thy mind with desire for the inheritance of so great goods, and with unceasing supplication beseech Him, Who hath created thee that thou shouldest possess them, to snatch thee "out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay,"[z] and make thee possessor of so great bliss? But what is "the horrible pit," but the depth of earthy desire, and what "the mire and clay," but the foulness of fleshly pleasures? For these are the two chains by which mankind, miserably crushed down, is held back from the blessed liberty of Heavenly contemplation,—lust, and pleasure.

For truly an horrible pit is the lust of earthly things, which through countless desires, as though with chains, drags down into the depths of vices the mind which it brings under its dominion, and suffers it not to have any rest. For the mind of man oppressed with the yoke of lust, with love of visible things, is scattered abroad out of itself, and hurried away through divers passions. It is wasted by toil in getting, anxiety in multiplying, joy in possessing, fear of losing, pain when it has lost, and all these suffer it not at all to see in how great danger it is. This is the horrible pit, which the lust of this world ceaseth not to fill with so great evils. From this fit the blessed David rejoiced that he was snatched, when he gave thanks and said, "He brought me forth out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay."

[z] Ps. xl. 2.

And what is the "mire and clay?" The delights of impure pleasure. Cry thou out then stoutly, with holy David, and say, "Take me out of the mire, that I stick not therein." Cleanse thy heart from all pollution of carnal pleasure, if thou wishest to escape the defilement of this mire. But when by penitence, by confession, by weeping, by carefully storing thy mind with holy thoughts, thou hast escaped from it, then beware thou fall not back, but with thy whole heart sigh before GOD, beseeching His clemency, that He set thy feet upon the rock, that is, that He fix firmly the affection of thy heart upon the virtues of Christ; that thy mind set itself upon the foundation of righteousness, constantly clinging to Christ, of Whom it is said, "that He is made unto us of God Wisdom, and Righteousness, and Sanctification." Pray Him too that He guide thy steps, that they be not turned back to wickedness, but advance in Heavenly precepts with unwavering tread, and hasten with all their endeavours to the blissful home of Angels.

But when raised on high by such guidance, be not thou slow in the praise of thy Creator, but implore His mercy that He "put a new song in thy mouth," that with due devotion thou sing a strain to our GOD. For meet and right is it, that as thou hast by newness of life been united to GOD, thou sing a new song in His praise, despising temporal things, longing for the things of eternity alone, and no longer through fear of punishment, but from love of righteousness, obeying the divine law. For this is to sing a new song unto GOD, to crush the desires of the old man, and to walk in the ways of the new man, which the Son of GOD hath set forth to the world, with the whole endeavour of thy heart, with the longing only for the life that abideth. He too singeth a song who keepeth those joys of his Hea-

venly country in the recollection of a pure heart, and supported by the consciousness of an holy life; and, relying on the gift of Heavenly grace, strives to attain to them.

X.

But in the midst of all this, weigh well the miseries of this present life, and with very watchful heart consider with how great caution thou must live in it. Reckon thyself to be of the company of him of whom Holy Scripture speaketh, "a man whose way is hid, and GOD hath hedged him in with darkness."[a] For truly with deep darkness of ignorance art thou surrounded, for thou knowest not how God weigheth thy works, and what end thou shalt have thou art not aware. "Man knoweth not," saith Solomon, "whether he be worthy of hatred or of love, but all things are kept uncertain even unto the end."[b]

Imagine in thy mind that thou seest a valley deep and dark, having at the bottom thereof every kind of torment. Imagine over it a single bridge of vast length, in breadth of the measure of but one foot. This then so straight, so lofty, so dangerous bridge, if any one were compelled to cross, whose eyes were bound that he should not see his footsteps, whose hands were tied together behind him, that he might not even guide himself by groping his way with a staff, how great fear, how great distress thinkest thou, would he feel in his mind? Would he have any place for joy or happiness, or wantonness? I

[a] Job iii. 23.

[b] Eccles. ix. 1. Literally, "The righteous and the wise and their works are in the Hand of God; both love and hatred man knoweth not; all is before them." S. Jerome paraphrases, "and yet whether they be loved by God or no, they cannot now know, and fluctuate in uncertainty, whether what they endure, they endure for trial or for punishment"—"and whoso endure adversity, whether they suffer through the love of God, as Job, or through hatred, as very many sinners, is now held in uncertainty."

trow not. All pride would be taken from him, all vain-glory put to flight, the thick darkness of death alone would fill his mind. Yet further imagine monstrous birds of prey hovering round the bridge, and endeavouring to draw him, as he crosses over, into the depths; would not his fear be increased? What if, as he crossed, the plank were continually withdrawn behind him? Would he not be inspired with still greater anxiety as he crossed?

Now see what such a parable as this means, and anxiously gird up thy mind with the fear of God. By the valley deep and dark understand Hell, without measure deep, with dense darkness horribly obscure. There every kind of torment is gathered together. There all that soothes is absent; all that frightens, that torments, all that can bring anguish is present. The dangerous bridge, from which whoso crosses amiss is hurled headlong below, is this present life, in which who lives amiss, falling from it, goes down to Hell. The planks which are withdrawn behind those who cross, are the several days of our life, which pass in such wise that they never return, but by their decrease ever press us on to the end, and compel us to hasten to the goal. The birds which hover around the bridge, and entrap the crossers, are evil spirits, whose whole study it is to cast men down from the right way, and drive them headlong to the depths of Hell. We ourselves are the crossers, blinded in the darkness of ignorance, and by the hardness of doing good works, bound as it were by a heavy chain, that we be not able freely to direct toward God the steps of an holy life.

See then whether in so great hazard thou hast not need with all thy power to cry unto thy Creator, that, strengthened by His protection, thou mayst *confidently* sing among the troops of the adversaries,

"The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom then shall I fear?"[c] My Light, that is, against the darkness, my Safety against the difficulty. For these are the two evils into which our first parent hath cast us, blindness and difficulty: so that we can see neither whither we are going, nor what we must do: and when in any degree we do see, we are hindered by the difficulty, and not even what we rightly know can we fulfil.

Meditate on these things, my soul, think on these things, upon them let thy mind exercise itself daily. Fixed on them, let it withdraw itself from cares and thoughts about useless things, and with the fire of holy fear and blessed love set itself all on fire to avoid these evils, and lay hold on the good things of eternity.

XI.

To Thee then I return, my sweet Creator and most kind Redeemer, Who hast made and re-made me, with suppliant prayers imploring Thy goodness, that Thou teach my heart, with lively fear and salutary trembling, to consider in how foul and mournful a condition my flesh after death, bereft of the spirit with which it is now enlivened, shall be given up to rottenness and the worm, to be devoured. Where shall then be, if indeed it be even now, its beauty of which it is now so proud? its exquisite delicacies with which it now abounds? its delicate limbs? will not then truly be fulfilled in it those words of the prophet, "All flesh is grass, and all the glory thereof as the flower of grass."[d] These eyes shall then be closed and turned inwards into my head, with whose vain and deadly wanderings I was so often delighted. They shall lie covered over with horrible darkness, which now for light re-

[c] Ps. xxvii. 1. [d] Is. xl. 6.

joice to drink in vanities. Those ears shall then lie open to be filled with worms, which now with damnable delight welcome the words of detraction and idle tales of the world. Those teeth shall then be fixed and miserably closed, which now gluttony opens. The nostrils shall stink which now are delighted with various odours. The lips shall be rough with fœtid filth which oft delighted to gape with foolish laughter. That tongue shall be bound fast in corrupted matter, which oftimes brought forth empty tales. The throat shall be closed, the belly filled with worms, which frequently were distended with curious meats.

But why tell of each particular? That whole frame-work of the body for whose health and convenience and pleasure almost all our watchful care is spent, shall be dissolved into rottenness, into the worm, last of all into the meanest dust. Where then the neck erect? where the boastfulness of words, the adornings of clothing, the vanity of delicacies? As a dream have they vanished, all, never more to return, are passed away, and him that loved them they have left most miserable.

XII.

Good God, what is it that I look on? Lo! fear meeteth fear; grief, grief. After its separation from the body, will not the soul be surrounded by numbers of evil spirits meeting it, who will exaggerate the accusations against it, and will it not be examined concerning everything, even to the smallest negligence? The prince of this world will come with his attendants, mad with fury, crafty to circumvent, prompt in lying, malignant in accusing, bringing forward truly whatever he can of the ills it has done, inventing many false ones. O terrible hour! O fearful trial! On the one side the Judge, strict in

judgment, on the other the adversaries, forward in accusing. The soul will stand alone with none to comfort it, from this alone gaining comfort, if consciousness of good works defends it. But in so great distress, when all things shall appear naked, who shall boast that he hath a clean heart? "If the righteous scarce be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"[e] Then shall the lips of those who praised her be sealed, the tongue of flatterers not be heard, vain-glory shall be proved to have been a seducer, foolish joy shall flee away, the pomp of grandeur be put to flight, ambition shall be seen to have been full of deceit.

Blessed is that soul, whom in such peril, consciousness of innocence protects, remembrance of holiness defends, whom while yet in the flesh the water of holy compunction often hath washed, carefulness of confession hath brightened, meditation on the sacred law enlightened, whom humility hath made gentle, patience calm, obedience free from self-will, charity warm to the practise of every virtue. Such a soul shall not fear that terrible hour, nor "be ashamed when it speaketh with its enemies in the gate."[f] For it shall be united with those of whom Scripture saith, "When He hath given His beloved sleep, lo! the heritage of the LORD."[g]

XIII.

But now who can avail to say anything of that terror of the last judgment, when the sheep shall be set on the right hand, and the goats on the left? What trembling shall there be, when the powers of

[e] 1 Pet. iv. 18. [f] Ps. cxxvii. 6.

[g] Ps. cxxvii. 2, 3. This last sleep which "God giveth His" own, is to "sleep in Christ;" on awaking from this, it will be seen who are the spiritual children of the Church, the heritage from the Lord.

Heaven shall be shaken? What confusion of all things, what groanings, what cries of men howling, when that terrible voice shall meet the careless, "Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire?"[h] Truly a day of wrath is that day, a day of tribulation and anguish, a day of clouds and tempest, a day of the trumpet and the sound thereof. Truly then the voice of that day shall be bitter, then shall the stout-hearted be in anguish. For those who with proud mind despising the will of God, now boast themselves of the execution of their self-will, them shall everlasting fire enwrap, which shall never be quenched, and the worm shall feed on them, that never dieth, and the smoke of their torment shall go up for ever and ever.

XIV.

But while these are mourning, and for anguish of spirit sending forth direful moanings of spirit, how great joy, thinkest thou, how great exultation, shall there then be to those blessed ones, who, set on the right hand of God, shall hear those most welcome words, wherein shall be said to them, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world?"[i] Then truly "the voice of joy and health shall abide in the dwelling-place of the just." Then shall God lift up the heads of the humble, who now disdain not for His sake to be accounted vile and outcasts. He shall "heal them that are broken in heart," and with perpetual pleasures console the mourners for their longing for Him in this their pilgrimage. He shall show Himself the ineffable reward of those who shall rejoice that for love of their Creator they cast away their own wills. In that day an Heavenly crown shall surround the brows of the obedient, and the

[h] Matt. xxv. 41. [i] Ib. 34.

glory of the patient shall shine with unspeakable splendour. Then shall charity enrich her warriors with the company of Angels, and purity of heart bless her lovers with the blissful vision of their Creator. Then shall GOD show Himself to all that love Him, and with everlasting safety raise them on high for ever. Then shall truly be sung by all the elect, "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy House, O LORD, they will be alway praising Thee."[k] Of which praise He deign to make us partakers, Who with the Father and the Holy Spirit liveth and reigneth, one GOD for ever and ever. Amen.

[k] Ps. lxxxiv. 4.

MEDITATION II.

OF THE TERROR OF THE JUDGMENT. TO EXCITE IN HIMSELF FEAR.

My life frighteneth me, because that when diligently examined, it seemeth to me almost entirely either sin or barrenness: and if there do appear any fruit in it, it is either so unreal, or so imperfect, or in some way or other so corrupt, that it cannot but either displease or at all events fail to please God.

Well then, O sinner, thy life, I say not almost all, but really all, is either in sin, and so, damnable, or unfruitful, and so, contemptible. But why do I separate the unfruitful from the damnable? Verily if it is unfruitful, it is also damnable. For that is clear and true which the Truth hath said, "Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, shall be hewn down and cast into the fire."[a]

Finally, if I do perform anything profitable, in no way can I set it in the balance against the nourishment of my body which I enjoy. But who feedeth a flock which doth not profit even so much as it consumeth? And yet Thou, my God, Thou more kindly nourishest, and waitest for Thy unprofitable worm, Thy foul sinner. How far more endurable is the stench of a putrid dog to man, than that of a sinful soul to God! How much more wretchedly does it stink before God, than the other before man! Alas me! no longer a man, but a very scorn of men,

[a] Matt. iii. 10.

viler than a beast, worse than a carcass. What then remains for thee, O sinner, but that through thy whole life thou lament thy whole life, that it wholly mourn its whole self?

But in this also is my soul miserably wonderful, and wonderfully miserable, in that it grieveth not even so much as it knoweth itself; but so slumbereth in security as though it knew not what it is suffering. Ah! barren soul, what doest thou? Sinful soul, why slumberest thou? The day of Judgment cometh, nigh at hand is the great day of the LORD, nigh at hand and very swift, "the day of wrath, that dreadful day," a day of tribulation and anguish, a day of calamity and misery, a day of blackness and darkness, a day of cloud and tempest, a day of the trumpet and the sound thereof.

O bitter voice of the day of the LORD! Why slumberest thou, my soul, lukewarm, and deserving to be spewed out of His mouth? Why slumberest thou? Who waketh not, who trembleth not at so terrible thundering, sleepeth not, but is dead. Unfruitful tree, where are thy fruits? Tree deserving the axe and the fire, deserving to be cut down and burned, what are thy fruits? Verily pricking thorns and bitter sins: and would that they might so prick thee with penitence that they be broken, so turn sour that they turn to decay.

Perchance thou thinkest some sin a little one. Would that the strict Judge would think any sin a little one! But, ah me! doth not every sin by transgression dishonour GOD? What then? Shall then the sinner dare to call his sin a little one? For to dishonour GOD how is it little? O dry wood and unprofitable, worthy of everlasting flames, what wilt thou answer in that day, when account shall be exacted of thee, even to a twinkling of an eye, of all the time of life which has been dealt out to thee,

how it has been dealt out by thee? Then verily shall be condemned whatever shall have been found in thee of work or of rest, of speech or of silence, even to the very least thought, even thy having lived, if it have not been directed according to the will of GOD. Alas! how many sins shall then suddenly break out upon thee, as though from an ambush, which now thou seest not? Certainly more, perchance more terrible ones than these which now thou seest. How many which now thou thinkest not to be evils, how many which now thou thinkest to be good, shall then with changed face appear sins of blackest dye? Then without doubt thou shalt receive according as thou hast done in the body, then, when it shall no longer be the time of mercy, then, when penitence will no longer be admitted, amendment no longer promised.

Here consider what thou hast done, what thou oughtest to receive in return: if much good, little evil, rejoice much; if much evil, little good, mourn much. Oh unprofitable sinner, are not these things sufficient to cause thee intense moaning? suffice they not to draw forth thy very blood and marrow into tears? Ah wondrous hardness, to crush which so heavy hammers as these are light! Ah senseless torpor, to arouse which so sharp goads are blunt! Ah deadly slumber, to arouse which so terrible thunderings are hoarse! Unprofitable sinner, these things ought to be sufficient for thee, to make thy grief incessant, they may well avail to absorb continual tears.

But why should I dissemble and keep anything back of the weight and magnitude of the misery which hangs over me, and cheat the eyes of my soul? Is it that sudden griefs may unexpectedly fall upon it, that a resistless storm may break upon it suddenly? Surely this is not for the sinner's advantage.

But even if I shall say all that I can think on, not even then will it be comparable to the reality. Let then mine eyes pour down tears day and night, and not be still. Increase then sinner, increase with yet greater sorrows the weight of thy grief, add terror upon terror, cry to cry, for He Himself shall judge thee, to Whose affront tendeth every sin which the disobedient towards GOD and the transgressor commit, He Who has returned me good for evil, to Whom I have returned evil for good: Who, now most long-suffering, then shall be most strict; now most merciful, then shall be most just.

Ah me! ah me! against whom have I sinned? I have dishonoured GOD, I have provoked the Almighty. Sinner that I am, what have I done? to whom have I done it? how ill have I done? Alas, alas, anger of the Almighty, burst not upon me. Anger of the Almighty, where wilt thou be able to be contained in me? There is not in the whole of me what can endure Thee. Oh anguish! on one side will be sins accusing, on the other justice terrifying: beneath, the fearful chaos of hell gaping; above, the Judge angry; within, conscience burning, without, the world blazing. Scarce shall the just be saved, thus caught, which way shall the sinner press? Bound fast, where shall I lie hid? how shall I appear? To lie hid, will be impossible, to appear, intolerable. The one I shall long for, and it will nowhere be; the other I shall curse, and it shall be everywhere.

What then? what shall then be? Who shall deliver me from the hand of GOD? where shall I find counsel? where safety? Who is He Who is called the Angel of mighty counsel, Who is called Saviour, that I may call upon His Name? Yes it is He, it is He Himself, JESUS. He too is the Judge, in Whose hands I tremble.

Breathe again then, O sinner, breathe again, despair not, hope in Him, Whom thou fearest. Fly to Him from Whom thou hast fled. Invoke importunately, Whom proudly thou hast provoked. JESU, JESU, for this Thy Name's sake, do Thou unto me according to Thy Name. JESU, JESU, forget him who in pride provoked Thee, look on him who in misery invoketh Thy sweet Name, Thy delectable Name, Thy Name that comforteth the sinner, Thy Name of blessed hope. For what else is JESUS but Saviour?

Wherefore, JESU, for Thine own sake be Thou to me a JESUS: Thou that hast fashioned me, let me not perish: Thou that hast redeemed me, do not condemn me: Thou that hast created me by Thy goodness, let not Thy work come to nought through my iniquity. I beseech Thee, most good JESU, let not my iniquity destroy what Thy Almighty goodness hath created. What is Thine in me, most kind JESU, acknowledge; what is alien from Thee wipe away. JESU, JESU, pity, while it is the time of pity, that Thou condemn not in time of judgment. For what profit is there to Thee in my blood if I go down to everlasting corruption? "The dead praise not Thee, O Lord, neither all they that go down into silence."[b] If Thou admit me within the wide bosom of Thy Mercy, it will not be the narrower for me, O LORD.

Admit me then, O JESU, most longed for, admit me within the number of Thine elect, that with them I may praise Thee, enjoy Thee, glory in Thee, among all who love Thy Name, O Thou, Who with the Father and the Holy Ghost art glorified for ever and ever. Amen.

[b] Ps. cxv. 17.

S. Anselm's Meditations.

MEDITATION III.

HOW TO AROUSE THE SOUL FROM LISTLESSNESS TO AMEND ITS SINS.[a]

My soul, soul, full of sorrows, wretched soul of a wretched being, shake off thy lethargy, examine thy sin, arouse thy mind: bring back to thy heart thy monstrous wickedness, and bring forth from thy heart heavy groans. Increase, unhappy one, increase thy horror at thy guilt; lengthen out a horrible terror, a terrible grief. Thou, I say, thou that once washed white in the Heavenly bath, dowried with the Holy Spirit, pledged to the Christian profession, wast "a virgin espoused to Christ."[b] Oh too well I remember. Ah! whom have I named? Verily not now the kind Spouse of my virgin estate, but the terrible Judge of my defilement. Ah memory of lost delights, wherefore thus makest thou yet heavier the heavy weight of unhappiness which possesseth me? How miserable is the lot of the wicked, to whom both good and evil equally serve for punishment! For my evil conscience tormenteth me, and its pangs in which I fear that I shall burn: the remembrance also of good conscience and its rewards tormenteth me, which I know that I have lost, and shall recover

[a] This title had been taken from the MS. Corb. 160, and Val. Luc. instead of other MSS. "Deploratio Virginitatis male amissæ." Sin is continually in Holy Scripture spoken of as adultery against God, and is so below, in Med. vi. § 5. A few words have been omitted or generalized, in order to suit all readers.

[b] O nimium memini. An edition (in Douce) has Omnium memini, "I remember all." The Bened. O unde memini.

no more. Ah! miserable grievous loss, to lose that irrecoverably, which ought to be preserved interminably. Ah! incalculable loss, not only destructive of good, but beyond measure fruitful of torments. Ah purity, no longer my loved, but my lost one. no longer my joyous, but my abandoned one, whither hast thou descended? in how foul, how bitter, mire hast thou left me? Ah! foul sin, defiler of my mind, destroyer of my soul, whence hast thou stolen upon me miserable? from how glorious, how joyous a state hast thou cast me headlong? On the one side thou burnest me, O bitter sorrow, because *that* is lost; on the other thou vexest me, O heavy grief, and fear of heavier, because *this* has been committed. On this side, loss inconsolable; on that, torments intolerable. Woe on this side, woe on that.

Thus do both good and evil alike, both justly punish, while yet alive, the miserable sinners. Deservedly, verily deservedly. For thou, O my soul, traitorous to God, perjured to God, faithless spouse of Christ, of thine own free will from the high virgin estate hast miserably been plunged into the pit of defilement. Thou that wast once espoused to the King of Heaven, hast eagerly become the lot of the tormentor of hell. Ah! how art thou cast forth from God, cast forth to the devil, nay rather how hast thou thyself cast off God, embraced the devil! For thou, thou, my wretched soul, perverse harlot, shameless fornicatress, thou first castedst off God, thy Lover and thy Creator, and betookest thyself of thine own accord to the devil, thine ensnarer and destroyer. Oh miserable, worse than miserable, exchange!

Alas from what an height art thou fallen, to what a depth hast thou sunk! Ah, how Merciful a one hast thou spurned, how merciless a one hast thou

joined thyself to. What hast thou done, O madness of mind; mad uncleanness, unclean wickedness, what hast thou done? In Heaven thou hast left thy chaste Love; into hell thou hast followed thine hateful seducer.

Oh wonderful horror, what perversity of will! oh horrible wonder, what wilful perversity! Whence, O my God, shall I find amendment of so great wickedness? Whence, O my God, shalt Thou receive amends for so great a crime? Cast thyself headlong, wretched man, into the dark depths of boundless grief; thou that of thine own will hast cast thyself into the pit of horrible wickedness. Overwhelm thyself, unhappy one, with the weight of terrible grief, who hast sunk wilfully into the mud of infernal defilement. Enwrap thyself, guilty one, in the horrible darkness of inconsolable sorrow, who hast willingly been sucked into the whirlpool of defiling luxury. Wallow in the stream of bitterness, who hast delighted in the wallowings of baseness.

Horrible fear, terrible grief, inconsolable sorrow, heap yourselves upon me, rush upon me, overwhelm me, confuse, cover, possess me. It is just, it is just. With shameless audacity I have despised you, by shameless delights I have provoked you; nay, rather God, not you: and now in miserable penitence I long for you. Torture the guilty, avenge God. Let the unclean one feel beforehand the torments of hell, which he has deserved; let him taste beforehand what he hath prepared for himself; let him accustom himself to what he is destined to suffer. Lengthen out, prolong, immoderate sinner, thy mournful penitence, who so long hast prolonged the uncleanness of thy wickedness. Roll back and back again in the same whirlpool of bitterness, who so often hast rolled back again into the same

abyss of lusts. Comfort, safety, joy, I desire you not. I renounce you, unless forgiveness of my sin bring you back. Be far from me, be far from me before death, if perchance indulgence may recall you to me after death. Be unceasing penitence the bitter companion of my life, be unceasing grief the insatiable tormentor of my existence. Be sorrow and bitter mourning the unwearying afflictors of my youth and old age. Would that, would that it were so: I wish, I pray, I long that it may be so. For if I be not worthy to lift up mine eyes to Heaven in prayer, at least I am not unworthy to blind them by weeping. If my mind is confused in prayer by the shame of conscience, meet is it that it be confused by the whirl of mournful grief and sadness. If it fear to be displayed before the face of its GOD, it is right that it have before its face the torments of its wickedness.

Let my heart then think and think again what it has done, and what it has deserved. Let my mind, I say, go down, let it go down to the land of darkness, covered with the shadow of death, and consider what there awaits my sinful soul. Let it gaze and meditate, let it see and be confounded.

What is it, O my GOD, that I perceive in the land of misery and darkness? Horror, horror! What is it that I see, where no order, but everlasting horror abideth? Ah! what confusion of evils, what tumult of weepings, gnashing of teeth, countless multitude of groans. Ah! ah! how many, oh how many cries of woe! Oh fire of brimstone, flames of hell, dark volumes of smoke, with how terrible roaring do I see you rolled along! Oh worms living in the fire, what wondrous greediness of gnawing kindles you, whom that fire of fires burneth not! Devils that burn with us, roaring with the heat, gnashing the teeth with madness, why are ye

so cruel to those who roll in anguish among you? O torments of every kind, justice duly measured, unmeasured to bear, shall then thus no limit, no remedy, no end restrain you? Are these the things, great GOD, which are prepared for those who despise Thee, of whom I am one? I, I verily am one of these.

Tremble, my soul; faint, my mind; be rent, my heart; whither drag ye me, avengers of my guilt? whither thrustest thou me, my sin? whither deliverest Thou me up, my GOD? If I have so done as to be Thy culprit, have I so done as no longer to be Thy creature? If I have destroyed my purity, have I destroyed Thy compassion? LORD, LORD, if I have done that for which Thou mayest condemn me, hast Thou lost that by which Thou art wont to save? Remember not, O LORD, remember not so my evil, that Thou shouldest forget Thy Good.

Where, O GOD of Truth, where is that word of Thine, "As I live, I will not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live?"[a] O LORD, Who canst not lie, what meaneth, LORD, that, "I will not the death of a sinner," if Thou bury in hell the sinner that crieth unto Thee? To thrust down a sinner to hell, is this, "I will not the death of a sinner?" is this, "I will that he be converted and live?" I am a sinner, LORD, I am a sinner; if then Thou willest not the death of a sinner, what compels Thee to that which Thou willest not, to deliver me up to death? If Thou willest that the sinner be converted and live, what hinders Thee to do what Thou willest, that Thou convert me, and I live? Can the immensity of my sin compel Thee to do what Thou willest not, and forbid Thee what Thou willest, seeing that Thou art the Almighty GOD? Be it far from Thee, Almighty GOD, be it

[a] Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

far from Thee, LORD GOD. Let not the wickedness of the sinner who confesseth and grieveth, prevail over the will of the Almighty.

Remember, Just, and Holy, and Merciful GOD, remember that Thou art Merciful, and my Creator and Re-creator. Remember not then, O good LORD, Thy Justice against Thy sinner, but remember Thy Mercy toward Thy creature. Remember not Thy anger against the culprit, but remember Thy mercy toward the miserable. Truth, LORD, my conscience meriteth damnation, and my repentance sufficeth not for satisfaction; but sure it is that Thy Mercy surpasseth all offence.

Spare Thou then, O good LORD, of Whom is salvation, and Who willest not the death of a sinner, spare my sinful soul. For terrified it fleeth from Thy terrible Justice to Thy comfortable Mercy, that since the prize of purity once stained, is, (O grief,) irrecoverable, at least the punishment of his sin be not to the penitent inevitable, because it is not impossible to Thine Omnipotence, nor unbecoming to Thy Justice, nor unwonted to Thy Mercy; for Thou art good, and Thy Mercy is for everlasting, O Thou Who art blessed for ever. Amen.

MEDITATION IV.

HOW THE SINNER AROUSETH HIMSELF TO AMEND HIS SINS.

My soul, soul miserable and foul, carefully gather up to thee inwardly all the senses of thy body, and with yet greater care look and see how grievously thou art wounded and cast down within. For while yet the immeasurable goodness of thy Creator giveth thee life, while His unspeakable Mercy with patience and great gentleness awaiteth thine amendment and befitting amends, be not thou slothful and tardy to heal thy wounds, to correct thy sins, to reconcile to thee thy Creator, Whom thou hast offended. If, as well thou couldst have done, hadst thou willed, thou hadst ever remained upright and pure, as thy Creator made thee upright and pure, and hadst thou unfailingly clung to His Will, now joyous and happy thou wouldst pass through this present life in joy and happiness; and when thou hadst passed through and finished it, joyous and happy, by His aid Who created thee, thou wouldst possess the life and happiness that hath no end.

But now because, unhappy and miserable, thou hast neglected the Will of thy Creator, and unhappily and miserably hast clung to thy carnal pleasures; if carefully and with great diligence, not treating thyself gently nor sparing thyself, thou look into thyself, in how great evils and iniquities thou hast been involved; looking into thyself and repent-

ing, thou dispose thyself to return to amends and amendment; this first of all cast forth, thine inmost self, the will, I mean, of sinning: and those things embrace and do which in all things thou understandest to please thy Creator.

But perchance thou sayest within thyself, looking into the enormity of thy wickednesses, and despairing of pardon and forgiveness, for the unceasing foulnesses of thine iniquities, "How can I any more have power to amend my ways, who in almost all my life do contrary to the Will of GOD, am ever intent upon all wickedness, all evil desires and evil works, and like a stone, which neither iron can cut nor fire soften, remain hardened in sins? When then I carefully look at the Justice of my Creator, and with no less care examine the evil works which I have ever done, seeing that He will give to every one according to his works, I know that I must receive the torments and punishments which my evil works deserve."

True it is that thou assertest, that GOD is a just Judge, and loveth equity, and inflicteth torments upon evil works and sins, but yet, according to that very same Justice by which He punisheth those who persevere in evil doing, those who recover themselves from their sins and do good works, He recompenseth with everlasting rewards. It was for this reason that I urged thee before, that with great care thou shouldest look into all thy secret thoughts, and all which thou doest openly, and with not less care shouldest see to what end each shall come. And I believe that if thou doest this with diligence, and with the remembrance of these things as though with iron hammers crushest the hardness of thy heart, as thou wilt unless thou be mad, thou wilt do that whereby thou mayest win joy and happiness, and wilt lay aside those things whereby thou wast meriting torments and misery.

Wherefore again and again I urge thee without intermission to remember how great and how good is thy Creator towards thee, how great His goodness was in that when thou wast not, He created thee, and in that He made thee not a beast nor a senseless creature, but such a creature that thou couldest understand and love Him, and with Him enjoy His Eternity, thyself eternal and happy; in that too, although He knew that thou wouldest do many things against His Will, He willed not to abstain from creating thee, but willed to make thee, and that thou shouldest be; and in that, He being so loving and pitiful, with so great gentleness yet endureth thee, awaiting thine amendment.

Thy Creator then awaiteth, as I said, awaiteth thine amendment: for He Whose good pleasure it was, when thou wast not, to make thee, by no means ever desireth to destroy thee, but that thou return to His most affectionate pity, that so He may restore to thee, by true penitence purged and amended, the happiness of eternal life, which thou through sin hadst lost.

Think then again and again on this so great loving-kindness of thy Creator towards thee, and lift up, as is meet and right, thyself and all thy senses to His unspeakable Love. For His Love endureth no foulness of sins, alloweth no enjoyment of carnal desires to be with it. Where His Love abideth, there is perfect peace, perfect tranquillity, and great readiness to do and to think all those things by which everlasting happiness may be gained. In all thy actions, in all thy thoughts, know for certain that there are two present, the one thy friend, the other thine enemy. Thy friend is thy Creator, Who rejoiceth in thy good works; thine enemy is the devil, who mourneth for those same good works of thine. On the contrary the devil, ever lying in wait for thee, rejoiceth if he see thee do evil works,

and give thyself to vain and foolish thoughts, whence he may be able to accuse thee before the Judge on high, and drag thee, accused and condemned, with him to perdition. The devil, ever eager for the ruin of the faithful, not only accuseth them of evil deeds which they do, but also strives, even by false accusations, to stain their good deeds and good thoughts.

But be thou cautious against all his subtle fallacies, all his cunning craft, full of many deceits. Be thou watchful, and call upon thy Creator and most sweet LORD, that He suffer thee not to be led away by his deceit and guile. Take thou refuge under the shadow of His wings from the face of the wicked who afflict thee, and strive to drag thee, afflicted and overthrown, to death and destruction. Thy Creator and LORD is more affectionate and merciful than can be told or even thought, wherefore He destroyeth no one save for his own great fault and great guilt.

Fathers and mothers after the flesh are wont to have great affection for those to whom they have given birth, and if they see them suffering under any pain or bodily ailment, they willingly spend themselves and their substance, if circumstances so require, to recover their health. Many animals also for their own offspring often fear not to face death, and that their offspring may escape death, themselves incur death. Whence however, whence have they this natural affection, save from Him Who is the Fountain of affection, Who willeth not that any perish, and rejoiceth not in the destruction of them that die. Our Creator then, the Fountain of affection, the Fountain of pity, beyond all things sweet and lovely, when He seeth us His creatures spotted with any plague of sin, or even with many great wounds of guilt hurt almost to death, sheweth far, far greater care about us, in remedying our sins,

healing our infirmities, cleansing our leprosy and the filth of our wickednesses, the vanities and dust of our thoughts, than ever father after the flesh sheweth for his children, or animal for its offspring.

Nor sufficeth it Him only to heal our infirmities and so dismiss us; but when healed He maketh us most intimate with Himself, and embraceth us sweetly as His dearest children; embracing and kissing us, He easeth and comforteth us from all the langour and leprosy of sin which we have incurred, and utterly forgetteth all the wrongs we have done Him, despising Him in His commandments. In this present life He honoureth us, in the future crowneth us, maketh us kings, maketh our soul queen, whence He admonisheth us as already made kings, in the Psalm, "Be wise now therefore, O ye kings, be learned ye that are judges of the earth."[a] Then are we truly kings if we rule our inordinate emotions, and recall them to the reason and will of our Creator. Learned are we, when we judge the earth, that is, when we compel our heart, if we see it long after earthly things, to despise them, and love Heavenly things. Our soul becometh a queen when clothed in garments of various colours, that is, adorned with the graces of many virtues, she is united to Christ, her Heavenly Spouse, by the continued action and habit of her mind, even while she still abideth upon earth.

It was not enough for our Creator to create us; created, to rule us; and to send His Angels, as oft as we had need, to our defence, but He Himself, having assumed our form and nature, in His affection for His creature came down to us, carefully looked into our wounds and death; looking into them He handled, He touched them; moved with pity for the misery which He saw us feel, He groaned with

[a] Ps. ii. 10.

compassion for us. And then of His own Flesh which He had taken for us, He made as it were a salve, and applying it to our griefs, healed afresh all our infirmities. And that in this He might shew how much He loved us, that very Flesh which He had taken for us, He gave to us to eat, and still in the sacrifice of His Altar ceaseth not to supply it.

Thou then, my soul, with the sweet remembrance of all these things animated and comforted, pray thy LORD, pray thy Creator that He Who made thee may grant to thee in thy present conversation so to live, and to cleanse thine iniquities by true penitence and confession, that when the course of this life is finished, thou mayest be found worthy to ascend to everlasting joys, by His gift, Who liveth and reigneth GOD for ever and ever. Amen.

MEDITATION V.

WHENCE THE SOUL LIVES, AND WHENCE THE BODY: AND OF THE GLORY OF THE GOOD SOUL AND THE MISERY OF THE WICKED SOUL WHEN THEY DEPART FROM THE BODY.

While the soul abideth in the body man liveth according to the flesh: when it leaveth the body, man dieth according to the flesh. But just as the soul giveth life to the flesh while it remaineth in the flesh, so the flesh itself giveth life to the soul, while the flesh itself doeth the works of righteousness. In this manner then they seem mutually to supply each other, the soul the flesh, and the flesh the soul; and so, while the soul worketh with the body, they gain for each other mutually everlasting life.

But that life the soul presently enjoyeth, when it has put off the flesh, which the flesh together with the soul shall enjoy in the last day. Wherefore, my soul and my flesh, rejoice ye in the living God, approach to God your Creator, approach and be enlightened, and now no more do those things whereof ye may be ashamed, but ever strive to do those things from which ye may gain everlasting joy. I exhort you, I warn you, that ye receive not now the grace of God in vain, for although He now suffers many things to be done by you, which much displease Him, think not that He will always so suffer. For He is without doubt a long-suffering Repayer, and a careful Searcher of hearts and reins. He suf-

fereth now many things, awaiting our amendment, as being most long-suffering; but if now we amend not ourselves, He will condemn us, as being most just, and He Who is now so sweet towards us as to call us His brethren and friends, then in our last trial, seeing we are strangers, and not known to Him by good works, He will account us His enemies.

O my soul and my flesh, now at last awake, always and everywhere thinking on the last things which shall befall you. Perchance if ye do this, ye will not readily sin. If now ye do as I advise you, be secure; for when many shall weep and lament, who now miserably laugh and rejoice, ye shall exult and rejoice with unspeakable joy. In all your works keep careful watch. If they be right, and well-pleasing to GOD, rejoice: if they be evil, and unacceptable to GOD, with good speed amend them. Let not your eyes sleep, nor your eyelids slumber. Open is the pit of destruction; easily doth he fall into it, who now keepeth not himself carefully. Sin and iniquity easily now drive down into it the foolish and vain; and when once they are sunk in it, they rise no more for ever.

But just as everlasting destruction lieth open for the wicked and those who always do evil, so to the good, and those who persevere in good works, the gate of Paradise is open, wherein whoso is once received, shall abide for ever joyful and happy. In this manner good works raise the good man upwards to the height, evil works plunge the evil man downwards into the abyss.

But now let us, if we can, carefully see in what order good works to Heaven bring the soul of him who has lived well, and evil works drag down the soul of the sinner to Hell. As soon as the pure soul departeth from the body, it seeth all its works: and *because it* seeth that they are all good, it rejoiceth

with unspeakable joy. Soon its Angel receiveth it, who turned away its eyes that it should not see vanity; he embraceth it who stopped its ears that it should not hear iniquity; he protects it, who guarded its mouth that it should not speak a lie; rejoices with it, who kept it from sinning in the senses of smell and touch, and so, glad and joyous, surroundeth it on all sides, and setteth it before the Throne of the Divine brightness, to rejoice for ever. Then there meet it other Angels, other Saints, who there stand before the Face of the Divine Majesty, acknowledging it as their partner and friend through good works, joyfully embrace it in the arms of sincerest love, and thus addressing it, point out to it, as it were, each separate joy of all who dwell together there, saying, "Behold, our friend, behold, our comrade, because thou hast faithfully served GOD, and hast manfully laboured in doing His commandments, now at length rest from thy toil, and henceforth and for ever enjoy with us everlasting pleasures."

But on the other hand, when the soul of the sinner is compelled to leave the body, soon the angels of Satan receive it, and binding it strongly in fiery chains, and driving it forward violently on all sides, hurry it to the torments of Hell, where Satan himself lieth beneath, whelmed in the abyss. There is weeping and gnashing of teeth; there fire and snares, storm and tempest, are the portion of the cup of sinners. Then Satan himself, snatching her to himself, and spewing forth upon her fire full of stench, biddeth her be by his attendants on every side confined, and, thus confined, be thrust into the very midst of torments, and there be tormented with them for ever, and for ever in the midst of sufferings without perishing die.

Then the unhappy soul, tormented in her punishment, and kept in on every side by the evil spirits

of Hell, at length brought to herself, seeing all the evils which she hath done, in misery crieth out, "Ah wretch, wretch, why ever came I to life, wretch, who in such grievous torments am thus wretchedly excruciated? O ye worms, ye worms, who so cruelly gnaw me, spare, I beseech: spare me wretched, who suffer other so many and so awful tortures. Ah wretch, wretch, I both long to die, and yet ever dying can never die. Now do I wretched receive whatsoever I have sinned, by sight, by taste, by hearing, by smell, by touch." Yet availeth it not the wretched soul, so miserably grieving, so late repenting, so unhappily crying out, that then she afflicts herself with so great sorrow. But what, while she was alive, she earned, now in the midst of the sufferings of Hell, miserable and sinful, she receives.

Behold, my soul and my flesh, carefully attend; attending, form a true judgment; and resolve which is better, which more useful to follow; to do good and to receive good, or to do evil and receive evil? Unless ye be mad, ye will give no other answer than, to do good and to receive good.

Do thou that which is good, that ye may be able to receive that Good, from Which is all good, that is, the Good of all good, Which cannot be other than good. Many goods has our Creator given us; many has He put into our power; but no good is there so precious, so much to be desired by every wise man, as that Good, Which no evil can befall. This Good is our Creator, Who is never ought but good. Which Good, if by the gift of His Grace ye are able to possess, in Him ye will possess all other goods. But if having other goods, Him alone ye have not, in vain do ye toil, and in utter folly pursuing the wind, at the last ye shall find not truth, but vanity.

But present glory is, as ye see if ye consider

aright, as it were a bladder filled with wind: which while it is thus held full in the hand, looks grand and bright; but if by chance even a little prick is given it, not brightness, but emptiness and wind remain in your hand.

Consider then, and as at the beginning of this meditation I advised you, ever think on the last things that shall befall you; for so thinking, and always fearing about your end, ye shall not easily sin, and thus living even to the end, when temporal joys are past, which while ye thus feared, hovered before your eye as the wind, ye shall find not vanity, but the Truth, which is Christ; to which He bring you, Who created you. Amen.

S. Anselm's Meditations.

MEDITATION VI.

TO FORTIFY THE SPIRIT, THAT WE DESPAIR NOT; BECAUSE IF WE PRACTISE TRUE PENITENCE, WITHOUT DOUBT WE SHALL FIND TRUE MERCY FOR ALL OUR SINS.

When I look upon the sins which I have committed, and understand the punishment and torments which for them I ought to suffer, not slight is the fear I feel. And so, very anxious and very fearful about my destruction, I seek if perchance I may find anywhere any comfort. But alas! wretched that I am, I find none; for I know full well that not only my Creator, but both He, and all the works of His Hands, have been offended by me. And so my Creator, with all the works of His Hands, deeply offended at my sins, condemneth me: my conscience, certain of its own evil deeds, on every side accuseth me. And so I find no comfort, nor do I think that I shall easily find it from any one.

What then shall I do? Whither shall I turn thus desolate, thus involved in the wickednesses of my sins? If I desire to return to Him Who made me upright, and implore His ineffable loving-kindness to have pity on me, much do I fear lest for so great boldness I rather move Him to anger against me, and for this He take all the more heavy vengeance for my sins, by which I have not feared to exasperate His gentleness. What then? Shall I re-

main as if in despair, without counsel, without help? Still doth my Creator suffer me to live, still He ceaseth not to supply me with those things which are necessary for the support of this present life. And (as in very deed I experience) my sins cannot conquer His Goodness, that as yet He should will to confound and utterly to destroy me, as already I have deserved. Most certain is it then that He is kindly affectioned towards me, Who giveth me freely so many good things, and seeketh not as yet to take vengeance for my iniquities.

I have heard, (and as they themselves testify who have experienced, what I have heard is true,) that the same Fountain of Mercy, which from the beginning of the world began to flow, floweth still. Very merciful and pitiful was He, as they say, to our first parent, Adam, when he committed that sin with regard to the forbidden fruit, in that He did not at once condemn him, as he deserved, to eternal perdition, but patiently awaited his amendment; and that he might return to His favour Whom he had offended, mercifully aided him. And for this purpose He sent to him, and to all those who were born of him, His Angels, warning them to return, and practice repentance for their iniquities; for that He would still willingly receive them, if they with their whole heart repented them of their sins. But they still persevering in their sins, and despising His warnings, added sin to sin, and as though mad and become abominable in their wickedness, though they were made in honour on account of the likeness of God in which they were created, began against nature to imitate the ways of brute beasts.

He sent moreover the Patriarchs, He sent the Prophets; but neither so were they willing to leave their crooked and perverse ways, but some of those who brought them healthful warnings, they slew,

others they tortured with various and unheard-of cruelties. Sometimes however He chastens them, as a merciful Father, not in order that, vexed with their evil deeds, He might take vengeance for the despite they did to Him, but that being corrected they might return to His Pity, Who in no wise willeth the destruction of those whom in His Goodness He hath created. But when though often visited by Him with warnings and correction, still they would not return, no longer could the Fountain of loving-kindness restrain itself, but coming down from the Bosom of the Father, and having taken on Him true Manhood, having taken on Him the likeness of sinners, He began sweetly to warn them that they should now repent them of their sins, and acknowledge Him to be the Son of God. For for their salvation He had come; therefore they should not despair, but should most assuredly believe that they had pardon for all their sins, if only they put them away and practised penitence. For no sin is there so great, but by penitence it may be blotted out, so that no longer can even the devil himself bring it to mind. Sinners therefore seeing this so great sweetness of their Creator, began, themselves too, eagerly to run to the Fountain of Mercy and loving-kindness, and therein to wash away their sins. And He Himself, the Fountain of Mercy, began to eat with sinners, and to open to them the sacrament[a] of holy confession, by which all the burden of sin is

[a] "Although Absolution hath the promise of forgiveness of sins, yet, by the express word of the New Testament, it hath not this promise *annexed and tied to the visible sign*, which is imposition of hands. For this visible sign (I mean laying on of hands,) is not expressly commanded in the New Testament to be used in Absolution, as the visible signs in Baptism and the Lord's Supper are; and therefore Absolution is *no such* Sacrament as Baptism and the Lord's Supper are." (Hom. ix. of Common Prayer and Sacraments.)

removed; for in true confession is every stain of sin purged away.

Afterward, when the time drew nigh at which He should suffer for the redemption of sinners, the Jews, of whose race, according to the flesh, He was sprung, led by envy, crucified Him, for that He was merciful, and full of loving-kindness. And He being even in His very Death not unmindful of His Love, prayed His Father for His murderers, that He would forgive them this their sin, "for they know not," said He, "what they do."[b] The sweet loving-kindness of the Lord excuseth them, "who willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he be converted and live." Whose heart then so hard and stony, that so great gentleness of his Creator cannot soften it? For when in many things His creature, which of nothing He had made after His own Image and Likeness, dishonoured Him, He avenged not Himself; but dishonoured, and vexed by their many evil doings, He patiently endured, and sweetly warned them to return to Him without hesitation. Our sweet and loving Lord then, Jesus Christ, as is said by the Prophet, "willeth not the death of a sinner, but that he leave his evil ways,"[c] and so practising repentance for his iniquities, return to the favour of his Creator. How merciful too He is to the sinful soul He telleth by another Prophet, exhorting it that even after sin it should return to Him, and that it should find mercy. He saith, "But thou hast played the harlot with many lovers,"[d] that is, thou that in Baptism hadst promised allegiance to Me, hast violated thy chastity, polluting thyself with many lovers, yet repent and return to Me, and I will receive thee.

Let no sinner then despair, since she that had played the harlot with many lovers is received back

[b] Luke xxiii. 34. [c] Ezek. xxxiii. 11. [d] Jer. iii. 1.

again. For the Fountain of loving-kindness and mercy, Jesus Christ, no iniquities can exhaust, no sins pollute: but ever pure and overflowing with sweetest grace, He receiveth all sick and sinners who return to Him, and with whatsoever sins they be stained He washeth them away. And that all sinners and wicked men may be sure that they receive pardon for their sins, if they strive to put away their sins and practice penitence, He, the very Fountain of loving-kindness, for the love which He had towards us, endured, as before I have set forth, that the same Flesh which for them He took on Him, should be crucified; that they who were dead in sins, and no otherwise could return to life, except by being ransomed with the price of His Blood, might by no means despair, seeing the Price which was given for their sins.

When then I see that so great is the loving-kindness of my Lord Jesus Christ, and that so many sinners and wicked men run to the Fountain of loving-kindness, and none are excluded but all received, ought I alone to despair that the Fountain which washes others, cannot wash away my sins? I know, yea truly do I know, and verily do I believe, that He Who washeth others can wash me too, and, if He willeth, since all power is given unto Him, He can forgive me my sins. But between sinner and sinner there is much difference, that is, between him that sinneth more and him that sinneth less. Wherefore I, considering how much I have sinned, and with how great iniquities my unhappy soul is polluted, understand that I am not only equal to other sinners, but that I am a sinner more than any sinner, and beyond all other sinners. For many have sinned, then have ceased; some have even sinned more often, yet at some time have put an end to their *wickednesses*. Others too, though they have done

many evil deeds, yet have not failed to do many good deeds, by which they have either earned that their sins should be entirely forgiven them, or they have gained for themselves to have the punishment of Hell lighter for them.[e] But I, miserable, and beyond all miserable sinners miserable and a sinner, understanding and knowing to what utter destruction sin and delight in sin were dragging me, have never cared to cease from sins and wickednesses; but have ever added sin to sin, and so, unhappy, have plunged my whole self, freely and willingly, into the destruction of sin, and but that the immeasurable goodness of my Lord still bore with me, long ago ought I to have been devoured by Hell itself.

Seeing then that I have so lived, and have committed so grievous sins, and involved myself in so great wickednesses, how shall I dare, with other sinners who have not so grievously sinned, to run to the Fountain of Mercy, lest on account of the foulness of my sins He be unwilling to wash me, like other sinners whose foulness is more endurable?

Help, then, Lord Jesu Christ, help Thou the work of Thine Hand, overwhelmed though he be with the greatness of his sin; yet seeing that he has been created by Thee, help him lest he despair, since, as we believe, no enormity of sins can overcome Thee, if only the sinner despair not of Thy Mercy.

Suffer me, then, Lord Jesu Christ, suffer me to look into Thine ineffable loving-kindness, and to tell forth how sweet and good Thou art towards sinners and miserable men. This indeed I have said before, yet much it delighteth me, as oft as fit occasion pre-

[e] "Most lenient of all will be their punishment, who beside that sin which they have derived by descent, have addded no further sin; and in the rest who have so added, the more tolerable will be the condemnation which each man will there undergo, the less iniquity he has committed here." (S. Augustine, Short Treatises, Oxf. Tr. § 23. p. 140.)

sents itself, to remember how great towards sinners is the grace of thy sweetness. For for love of sinners and for their ransom, and that not only of those who sin less or more, but even of those who sin beyond measure, if only they repent, Thou didst come down from the Bosom of the Father, didst enter the Virgin's womb, didst take of her true flesh, dwelling in the world didst call all sinners to repentance, at last didst endure for them the Cross of shame, and so being dead according to the flesh, Thou didst restore to them the life which for their sins they had justly lost.

And therefore when I look upon the evil deeds which I have wrought, if Thou willest to judge me according to what I have deserved, I am sure of my destruction; but when I look upon Thy Death, which for the redemption of sinners Thou didst endure, I despair not of Thy Mercy. The robber who for his crimes was crucified with Thee, was, even to the very giving up of the ghost, ever in sins, yet in the very hour of his breathing his last, because he confessed his sins and proclaimed his guilt, he found mercy, and that very day was with thee in Paradise. Seeing then that Thou didst die for the redemption of sinners, seeing Thy Hands and Feet fastened with nails, Thy Side pierced with the soldier's spear, the stream of Blood and Water flowing from that Side of Thine, ought I to despair? One thing only is there which Thou willest, without which no sinner can be saved, namely, that we repent us of our sins, and so far as we are able, make haste to amend. This if we do, we are safe; for if the last day shall find us so doing, (forasmuch as we have the example of the thief, who thus in his last hour attained salvation,) trusting in the ineffable loving-kindness of our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall have little or no fear of the *accusation of the* enemy.

Having then before our eyes the Price of our redemption, the Death, that is, and the Blood of our Redeemer, which was shed for remission of our sins, having too the example of the thief, and of many others, who were involved in many grievous sins, whom the Fountain of loving-kindness Himself, even Jesus Christ, mercifully absolved, let us not despair; but, sure of the remission of our sins, let us hasten to the Fountain of loving-kindness, in Whom we both see and know so many and so great sinners to have been washed, and let us be sure that by the same Fountain we too shall be washed, if we abstain from our evil deeds and sins, and henceforth strive, so far as we are able, to do good works.

But to eschew evil and do good, this of our own power, without His Help, we cannot do. Therefore let us implore His unspeakable Mercy, Whose care it was to make us, when as yet we were not, that He would grant to us so to amend our sins in this life, before we depart hence, and so to purify ourselves by unceasing compunction, that when it is ended, with a straight course, and with none to hinder us, we may be able to come to Him, that with Him we may be in perpetual brightness, united with the Choir of Angels and all the Saints, who already enjoy it, rejoicing for ever.

MEDITATION VII.

NOTHING more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than the hour of death. Let us consider then how short is our life, how slippery our way, how certain death, how uncertain the hour thereof. Let us consider with how great bitternesses is mingled whatsoever of sweet or pleasant in the road of this life mocks us with its appearance. How treacherous and untrustworthy, how unstable and transitory is whatsoever the love of this world produceth, whatsoever temporal beauty or fairness promiseth, whatsoever the delights of the flesh hold out to us.

Let us consider too what is the fragrance and sweetness, the calmness and pleasantness, of our Heavenly country, and let us weigh well whence we have fallen, and where we lie, what we have lost, and what we have found, that from both we may understand how great should be our grief in this our exile. Hence Solomon saith, "Whoso increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow,"[a] because the more a man understandeth the evils of his soul, the more he sigheth and groaneth. For verily meditation produceth knowledge, knowledge compunction, compunction devotion, and devotion commandeth prayer. By continued meditation man is enlightened to knowledge of himself; in compunc-

[a] Eccles. i. 18.

tion from consideration of his evil deeds his heart is touched with inward grief.

Wretch that I am, how greatly ought I to have loved my LORD, Who made me when I was not, redeemed me when I had perished. I was not, and He made me from nothing; He made me not among the rest of the works of His hand which lack reason, that is, He willed that I should be, not a tree, nor a bird, nor one of the animals, but a man. He gave me life, and sense, and reason. I had perished, and He came down to me a mortal. Immortal He took on Him mortality, endured the Passion, conquered death, and so restored me. Thus have His Grace and Mercy always prevented me. From many dangers moreover hath He, my Liberator, set me free. When I strayed, He led me back; when I was ignorant, He taught me; when I sinned, He checked me; when I was sorrowful, He comforted me; when I despaired, He strengthened me; when I fell, He raised me up again; when I stood, He upheld me; when I went, He led me; when I came to Him, He received me. These and many other things hath my Lord Jesus Christ done for me, of which it shall be sweet to me ever to speak, ever to give thanks, that for all His benefits I may be able to love Him and praise Him for ever. For in return for all these things, what to repay Him I know not, save only that I love Him from my whole heart. For neither better nor more fittingly than by love, can that be repaid which by Love was given.

Alas, alas, O Lord my GOD, Father of Mercies, dare I come and appear in the presence of Thy saints, most wretched and unhappy that I am, for so many and so great benefits so utterly ungrateful, so shameless and so execrable an abuser of Thy gifts? I who so often and so long have not feared

to fight against Thee with Thine own benefits; I who so often and so long have not blushed with thy wages to serve in the army of the devil against Thee; I who have not feared to turn thy very gifts into weapons of the devil; I who have presumed so abominably to misuse mine own self, to give myself as a servant to the devil, and to make my members his, and with them war against Thee, my Creator, the Author of my being, and the Giver of all my members!

Am not I the man, O Lord my GOD, who have so often given myself as a sharp sword to the thankless evil one, to devour souls withal? How often have I armed myself against Thee to put others to death? I have given my tongue for a bow of lying, as often as I have shot at others the arrows of detraction or of flattery. O most sweet and merciful Father, I am not able to recount all my wicked misuses of my members, with which I have both armed the devil, and warred against Thee, most gentle and merciful as Thou art.

I am that most insane of men whom Thou didst create out of nothing, and didst choose out of the mass of sin and perdition to be a son of Thy Grace; and didst adopt as a brother and co-heir to Thy most dearly beloved only-begotten Son, our Lord and our GOD Jesus Christ, and into the honours and glories of Thy Kingdom, and hast filled me with so great abundance of such undeserved grace; and yet I have both forgotten the abundance of this so great sweetness, and, though seeing before me so great goods given me by Thee, have despised the honours of the Heavenly Kingdom, and Thy Glory, and have changed myself into a bastard and degenerate son, and have given myself to the devil, to be dragged through the mire of luxury and the thorns of avarice, and to be dashed about in the

rocks and waves and storms of pride. I am that blind merchant who with the precious riches of Thy talents have purchased to myself only want and nakedness, and never-ending sighs, and have exchanged happiest and sweetest peace for the mire of luxury and the thorns of riches, the safest harbour for the storms of pride, eternal light for eternal darkness, eternal joys for eternal sorrows, eternal glory for eternal shame, Thy Kingdom for the slavery of Satan.

I am that weakest of men, who have set myself as a mark to be pierced with the darts and lacerated with the wounds of sins. I am that man who, cast forth from Thy holy City, which is for Thy holy friends, and from the holy and most sweet society of the holy spirits above, have given myself as a carcase to be torn in pieces and mangled by the dogs of hell and every impure bird, and to be devoured by the worms of sins. How loathsome do I appear before Thy Holy Eyes, polluted and defiled with the foul and noisome mud of luxury: scorched with the fires of anger and avarice, and with my members filled with the worms of hate and envy: swollen with the wind of pride, utterly monstrous, full of ulcers and pierced with wounds, and sealed with the marks of so many and so great sins of devilish baseness.

I know, O pitiful Lord, that deservedly and most justly Thou mayest deny me, and refuse to acknowledge me, not merely as Thy son, but even as Thy creature, in that I am such as this. For that horrible and monstrous appearance of every kind of deformity is the work, neither of Thy Creation, nor of Thy Re-creation. That abomination is not Thine image and fair likeness. Other than this didst Thou create me. Of a truth, that likeness to the deformity of the devil sheweth me to have been thus far the

child of the devil and heir of the torments of unbelievers. This is the merchandise and bartering, whereby, in my blindness and madness, I have exchanged the glory and honour of Thy Likeness for most abominable and vile foulness.

Not for this, O Holy Father, didst Thou deliver to me those precious talents, that Thou mightest cause me to bring Thee back such horrible abomination for usury. Not for this didst Thou sow for me so many and so great unmerited benefits, that Thou mightest reap the foulness and thorns and thistles of sins. Not for this didst Thou fill me and enrich me with so many and so great benefits, that I should turn them to weapons against Thee. It was not the intention of Thy kindness to arm me against Thyself, nor by Thy gifts to fortify the empire of the devil.

Lo! here I am wounded with so many and so grievous wounds, and yet I am tormented with no sense of pain. Pierced with so many and so grievous wounds, I suffer not. I see that I am blind, who blush not at all my many and great deformities and nakedness. Verily I am senseless and dull of heart, who grieve not for all these my many and great losses, and cannot mourn mine own death. Verily I am hardened into a heart of stone, who do not even fear the everlasting punishments which await me. Verily my heart is utterly frozen, whom the fire of loving-kindnesses, brought near to me by the love of my most merciful Father, suffices not to warm. Verily, deeply do I blame myself whom not the trumpet of preaching nor the thunders of Thy Threatenings avail to arouse.

Where is the piercing grief, the grief of compunction, wherewith I ought to crush and destroy all that devilish hardness, and break all the stone of that hardness and obstinacy? Where, O my God, is that

shame, with which I ought to be confounded, before Thine Eyes and those of the whole court of Heaven? Where is that fear of Thy Vengeance, whereby I ought to tremble all over before Thy Sight? Where is that love and longing for the recovery of Thy Peace, and Love, and Favour, with which I ought to burn? Where is that flood of tears, wherewith I ought to wash out my impurities before Thee? Where is the devotion of prayer, with which I ought to appease and propitiate Thee to me? Whither shall I turn me, O merciful and pitiful Father, who am empty of all good, and who appear before the presence of Thy Saints, and all the holy hosts of the armies of Heaven so full of evil?

I know, O Lord GOD, Thou ruler of my life, that every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father and Fountain of Lights. I know that I can offer nothing well-pleasing and acceptable in Thy Sight, unless I have first imbibed it from the well-spring of Thy goodness, and this, too, Thyself enlightening me, Thyself teaching me. I know that this earnest of Thy mercy preventeth me. I know, O most sweet Father, that as I cannot by any fraud steal or carry off Thy good things from Thee, so neither can I by any merits of mine obtain all things by which I may return to Thee and be acceptable in Thy sight. For what can be due to my merits save the punishment of eternal death? I know that it dependeth upon Thy good pleasure to destroy me according to the multitudes of my sins, and wickednesses, and negligences, and omissions, or to re-fashion me and make me acceptable to Thyself according to the inestimable riches of Thy Mercy, Who alone art the Re-fashioner of the creature which Thou alone hast fashioned.

Now, merciful Father, to Thee I fly for refuge, knowing that I cannot fly from Thee except to Thee.

Who can free me from Thy Hands, save Thou Thyself alone? Thy Mercy, which by my many and great iniquities, I have not only failed to deserve, but have even fought against, Thy Mercy can free me from Thy most righteous anger, which I, unhappy and ungrateful, have aroused. Deign then, O Lord, to receive me returning to Thee. Turn away, I beseech Thee, Thy holy eyes from all my acts of ingratitude and impurity. Look, I beseech Thee, on Thyself, to Whom never is supplication made without hope of pardon. In Thyself Thou wilt find that from which and for which Thou mayest pity me, according to the abundance of Thy sweetness, and the immeasurableness of Thy Mercy. Look not, I beseech Thee, on me, for in me Thou wilt find nothing but that for which Thou shouldest be angry, nothing but what is most worthy of everlasting death. Turn away, I beseech Thee, Thy Holy Eyes from the sight of my deformities and abominations, which if I could see and behold clearly and fully, for utter horror I could not bear them, but should shudder at and fly from myself. Turn away, I beseech Thee, Thy Nostrils from my foulness, and turn them to Thyself. I know, O Lord of pity, that Thy Holy Eyes are pure, and cannot look upon the horribleness of my deformity, except Thou give me good, whereby I may please Thee. I know that the whole court of Heaven turns away its eyes, and shuts its ears, unable to bear my abominations. But do Thou, Merciful Father, turn Thyself to that Fountain of Mercy, of Whose Mercies there is no number nor end, and with loving and calm countenance look Thou upon me Thy creature. I am Thy creature, O Lord, and the work of Thy Hands.

Re-fashion then, I beseech Thee, what in me Thou *hast made*. Unmake what in me I have against

Thy commandments made. This then destroy which in me Thou hatest, and which Thou verily hast not made, but I miserable. That re-fashion and re-make which Thou Thyself hast made and fashioned: for this is Thine, O Lord my GOD. To hate is to be unable to do. Thou hatest nothing of those things which Thou hast made. This destroy in me, which is mine, which Thou hast not made, that is, the deformity of my abominations. Destroy not me. This destroy, merciful and pitiful Lord, for this Thou hatest; and that I begin to hate it, Thou hast given unto me.

MEDITATION VIII.

THE PENITENT'S LIFTING UP OF HIS HEART TO HIS FATHER.

Look, I beseech Thee, Holy Father, Almighty Everlasting God, upon that most overflowing abyss of Thy Love, which, for the purifying of the world, overflowed as it were into that most precious and life-giving deluge of cleansing, in Thy most dearly beloved and Only-begotten Son, by Whose Death it pleased Thy Goodness to quicken us, and in His Blood to wash us. And Thou gavest also Thy most dearly beloved Son to the world for a Shield of Thy good-will, wherewith they might defend themselves from Thy wrath, and that the death which they fear He might receive on His Shield, to intercept Thy Justice and most righteous wrath.

And here Thou didst deign to shew how great good Thou of Thyself willest to us, while Thou didst deign to set Thy most dearly beloved Son, as a Shield, to face Thine anger. And it pleased Thy Mercy that He should receive on Him both Thy wrath and our death, the wrath which we had deserved and the death. And He, Thine Only-begotten, bore alone our death.

Remember Thy tender mercies, O Lord, and Thy loving-kindnesses, which have been ever of old, and stretch forth Thy Right Hand to Thy creature striving to come to Thee. Help Thou the *weakness* of him that striveth to come to Thee;

draw him, for Thou knowest that he cannot come to Thee, unless Thou, Father, draw him with Thy Love and longing. Make Thou me, Thy servant, well-pleasing and acceptable in Thy sight, Who knowest that otherwise I cannot please Thee. Give, I beseech Thee, those holy gifts, by which alone I can please Thee, Thou Who givest good things to them that ask Thee. Cause, I beseech Thee, that Thou alone mayest be my love and my longing, Thou alone my love and my fear. Claim me wholly for Thine own, Who know that to Thee alone I owe all that I am, all that is in me, all my thoughts and every motion. Turn Thou me wholly to Thy Praise and Glory, who owe my whole self to Thy Praise. Deliver not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy creature over to Thine enemies: keep him to Thyself, Whose alone he is most fully; and complete in me piece by piece what Thou hast begun, and confirm what Thou hast wrought.

Hear, I beseech Thee, my prayer, Thou Who didst give and inspire it before I called upon Thee. Look back upon me supplicating Thee, Who thus didst deign to look upon me, until I should pray to Thee. Not for nothing, O Merciful Lord, didst Thou deign to inspire that prayer; not in vain didst Thou give it me. For this very purpose didst Thou deign to give it, that Thou mightest hear me. For this very purpose gavest Thou it, that I might offer supplication to Thee, that Thou mightest have mercy upon me, and that to whom Thou hast given the earnest of Thy mercies, Thou mightest give the remainder. Recover me, O Lord my God, and deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, for they too are Thine, and are subject to Thine Hand; who also hate nothing in me, save what Thou hast given me in all good actions. Nothing do they hate in me, save that I love Thee. This with all their zeal and

all their strength and all their teaching they endeavour, that I may not love Thee, nor glorify Thee, nor seek Thee at all.

Let not then the enemies of Thy Glory prevail against me; rather let them be confounded with the multitude of Thy Mercies, when they see me wholly turned to Thy praise and glory, and seeking Thy praise and Thy glory against those who lie in wait for me, and watch for my halting. Suffer not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, so wicked and so execrable a wish of theirs to be fulfilled upon me and against me. Magnify Thou, O my God, my soul to tell forth Thy praise and the proclamation of Thy glory, that henceforth I may live entirely according to the greatness of Thy glory, and my whole life may glorify Thee. By my example invite and provoke many of the predestinated to glorify Thee. Let, I beseech Thee, the brightness of Thy Presence and the sweetness of Thy Glory, which they cannot bear, drive away from me the vile, and impure, and abominable spirits of darkness. Tear asunder my chains, and lead me forth from confinement, and from the horrible, and dark, and noisome prison, and from the lake of misery, and the mire and clay, and from the depths of death and darkness, into Thine admirable liberty and light.

Enlighten me with Thy most healthful Faith, gladden and strengthen me with Thy most joyous and certain Hope. Quicken me with Thy most strong and righteous Love. Bow me down and humble me, and guard me with Thy most strong, and safe, and invincible Fear. Healthfully confound me with Thy most beautiful and glorious Shame. Often as I bring before Thine Eyes ought which may offend them, torment me and afflict me with grief as of a woman, and with the sweetest measure of compunction, Thy most effectual medicine: let me not depart

from before the Face of Thy Pity empty and confounded; but may I obtain whatever by Thy bidding and gift and inspiration I shall ask, and what Thou hast promised to them that seek Thee. May I perceive that not in vain, O merciful and pitiful Lord, does one fly for refuge to Thy Mercy, and that Thou art ready to be found of them that seek Thee, and that I shall not fail to find the fountain of Thy Mercy with Thee, Who hast snatched me from the deep, and hast conferred upon me what and how great and how many things Thou knowest. For with the same power of Thine Almightiness, and Wisdom, and Goodness, wherewith Thou spakest the word, and all things were made, with the same readiness of Thy Mercy Thou canst speak the word and all things which have been deformed in me shall be reformed.

Behold, O Almighty and Merciful Father, I have recounted the many great benefits which I have received of Thee; I have recited the many great evils with which I have repaid Thy Goodness; miserable am I and ungrateful, who despite so many and so great evils which await and threaten me, still remain with hard and shameless and dead and senseless heart before Thee, and blush not. Convicted in so many and so great robberies, and expecting nought save infernal torment, I am neither shaken by fear, nor distracted with grief, nor confounded with shame, nor kindled with love of Thy so gentle, so enduring Goodness.

Dost Thou wait, most sweet Father, and delay to look upon me, and to have pity upon me, until according to Thy Mercy I appear worthy in Thy Sight, and offer before Thee somewhat worthy of my request and Thy hearing? Behold, coming to Thee, the Giver of Life, I have brought before Thee a carcase dead and teeming with worms, that

hath been three days dead, and now stinketh. Behold I offer to Thy Almighty Mercy one blind, for Thee to enlighten; sick, for Thee to make whole; bound by so many and so great debts, for Thee to loosen; utterly naked and poor for Thee to enrich, in Whose eyes it is easy at once to make the poor honourable.

Nought else can I, most Merciful GOD, offer to Thee save myself, such as I am, and shew Thee my death and my wounds, my nakedness, and poverty, and debts, according to which I fear the prison of everlasting death. Shew Thou therefore the Eyes of Thy Mercy, if by any means Thou mayest turn and pardon me, and pour the grace of Thy blessing upon me. For I cannot turn myself to Thee, weighed down and weakened by so many and so grievous wounds and sicknesses. But do Thou, Merciful Father, turn me, and I shall be turned. Turn me, O my GOD to Thee, and bruise and crush my heart, and send into it the feeling of quickening grief. For no other Fountain of good is there save Thee. None else is there from whom I may receive love and fear, and grief and shame, whereby I may be found worthy of mercy in Thy Sight, unless from Thy most overflowing Mercy Thou pour out Thy Grace upon me, most utterly unworthy. Lord, if Thou grant me this, I shall be blessed. If Thou deign to punish my sins and wickednesses according to Thy Judgment and Thy Righteousness, I shall be happy, not, if according to Thine Anger, which in the end seizeth those who rebel against and despise Thy Mercy.

And *this* is Thy Righteousness and Thy Judgment, O Merciful Father, which by fear, and love, and shame, and grief is performed in the hearts of them that truly repent and turn to Thy Goodness, that they may obtain Mercy. Pierce Thou then

me, a robber, with Thy Holy Fear; burn up me, a deserter, with the fire of Thy Love and Charity. Pierce through me, a malefactor, with Thy quickening and most healthful Grief; confound me, a shameless wanderer, with thy glorious Shame. Fix Thou me, wicked, to the Cross of labour of pennance, and Thy acceptable Mercy; make me with my whole heart to hunger and thirst after Thee, with my whole bowels and with all my longing to embrace Thee. Make me with my whole heart to serve Thee alone, all my zeal to seek those things which are well-pleasing in Thy Sight, to Whom with Thine Only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost the Comforter, Thy most Holy Gift, be all honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

MEDITATION IX.

ON THE MANHOOD OF CHRIST.

JESUS of Nazareth, by the Jews condemned when innocent, by the Gentiles nailed to the Cross, let us Christians honour with divine obedience. For us, who are Christ's, reverently to adore, lovingly to embrace, bravely to imitate the weakness of the Saviour, is meet and right, and healthful, and honourable. For these are the mighty means whereby the Almighty Power and unsearchable Wisdom of GOD hath powerfully and wonderfully worked, yea and doth ever now work the restoration of the world. Christ our Lord was made a little lower than the Angels, to make us equal to Angels; and who, for Christ's sake, would not humble himself? Christ our Lord, for our sins was crucified, and for them that love Him sweetened the bitterness of the Cross; He died, and killed death, that we might live through Him: and who will not love Christ our Lord? who not suffer for Christ? Christ, through the shame of the Cross, passed to the glory of Heavenly brightness, and unto Him for His obedience was given of GOD the Father all power in Heaven and in earth, that all the Angels of GOD should worship Him, and that at His Name every knee should bow, both of things in Heaven, and things in earth, and of things under the earth.

Where then is thy glorying, O Christian, save in the Name of thy crucified Lord Jesus Christ, in

that Name which is above every name, wherein whoso is blessed upon earth shall be blessed in Heaven? Glory ye in His Holy Name, ye sons of Redemption; give honour to your Saviour, Who hath done so great things in you, and magnify His Name with me, saying, "We adore Thee, O Christ, King of Israel, Chief of the kings of the earth, Light of the nations, Lord of hosts, most strong Power of Almighty GOD. We adore Thee, O most precious Price of our Redemption; Atoning Victim, Who by the mere wondrous sweetness of Thy Savour hast inclined Thy Father, Who dwelleth in the Heavens, to look down upon our humility, and alone hast made Him placable towards us. Thy Compassions, O Christ, we preach; the memorial of Thy Sweetness abundantly we set forth: to Thee, O Christ, we offer the sacrifice of praise, for the multitude of Thy Goodness, which Thou hast shewed forth to us, a wicked seed, evil children."

For while yet we were Thine enemies, O Lord, and death of old exercised dominion over all flesh, to which all the seed of Adam was subject, by the law of the first offence, Thou didst remember Thy most plenteous loving-kindness, and didst look down from Thine abode on high on this valley of tears and misery. Thou sawest, Lord, the affliction of Thy people, and inwardly touched with the sweetness of charity, Thou didst set to Thine Heart to think concerning us thoughts of Peace and Redemption. And verily, though Thou wast the Son of GOD, Very GOD, co-eternal and consubstantial with GOD the Father and the Holy Ghost, inhabiting the light which none can approach unto, and upholding all things by the word of Thy Power, yet Thou disdainedst not to stoop Thy Loftiness to this prison-house of our mortality, that in it Thou mightest taste, and drain to the dregs, our misery, and restore

us to glory. Too little was it for Thy Love, to destine Cherubim or Seraphim, or one of the Angels, to consummate the work of our salvation; Thyself didst deign to come to us, by the will of Thy Father, Whose mighty Love we have experienced in Thee. Thou didst come, I say, not by changing Thine abode, but by exhibiting Thy Presence to us in the Flesh. Thou didst come down from the royal Throne of Thy Glory on high, to a maid humble and lowly in her own eyes, sealed with an early vow of virginal chastity. And in her sacred womb the ineffable power of the Holy Spirit caused Thee both to be conceived and born in the very nature of Manhood, in such wise that the occasion of Thy Birth should violate neither the Majesty of Deity in Thee, nor the perfection of virginity in Thy mother.

O condescension worthy of all love and admiration! God of boundless Glory, Thou despisedst not to become a contemptible worm: Lord of all, Thou willedst to appear a Fellow-Servant of servants. Too little did it seem to Thee to be our Father; Thou didst deign, Lord, to be our Brother too. Yea moreover, Lord of the Universe, Who knowest not want, in the very beginning of Thy Birth Thou abhorredst not to taste the hardships of most abject poverty. For, as the Scripture saith, there was no room for Thee, when Thou wast born, in the inn.[a] No cradle hadst Thou to receive Thy tender Body, but Thou Who holdest the earth in the palm of Thine Hand, wast laid, wrapped in swaddling clothes, in the poor stall of a dirty stable: yea and this very stall Thy mother borrowed from the brute beasts. Be comforted, be comforted, ye who are reared in the meanness of poverty; for your God is with you in poverty. He lieth not in the delights of a splendid chamber, nor is He found in the land of them

[a] Luke ii. 7.

that live delicately. Why boastest thou any more, O rich man, in thy gilded furniture, in the sensuality of thine embroidered and delicate couch, when the King of kings chose rather to honour with His lying thereon, the straw of the poor? Why hatest thou to lie hard, when the tender Infant, in Whose Hand are all things, preferred before thy silks and down the hard litter of cattle?

But even this Thy tender Infancy, O Christ, was not safe from the swords of persecutors. For still Thou wast hanging on Thy mother's sweet breasts, when "an Angel appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise and take the young Child and His mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word, for Herod will seek the young Child to destroy Him."[b] Already, O Good Jesu, Thou beginnest to suffer. But not only in Thyself didst Thou endure that harassing of Thine Infancy, but death itself too in Thy little ones, many thousands of whom, at the very breasts of their mothers, Herod's savageness slew for Thee.

But when Thy more tender Infancy was passed, Thou didst give us a pattern of humbly learning the Truth; for Thou didst not sit in the council of vanity, but in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions, though Thou wast Thyself the Lord of Knowledge, and the very Wisdom of God the Father. Of obedience too Thou didst afford us a pattern, when Thou, the Ruler of the world, wast humbly subject to Thy parents' authority.

But when the fulness of stronger age came, about to put Thy Hands to mighty deeds, Thou didst go forth for the salvation of Thy people, as a mighty giant to run the course of all our misery. And first indeed, that in all things Thou mightest

[b] Matt. xi. 13.

make Thyself like Thy brethren, Thou didst approach, as a sinner, to Thy servant, baptizing sinners unto repentance; Thou didst call upon him to baptize Thee too, O Thou innocent Lamb of GOD, Whom no spot of sin ever stained. Thou wast baptised, sanctifying not Thyself in the waters, but the waters in Thee, that by them Thou mightest sanctify us. From Thy Baptism Thou didst go in the spirit of fortitude into the wilderness, that the solitary life too might not lack an example in Thee. Solitude, the Fast of forty days, the pangs of hunger, the temptations of the insolent spirit, Thou didst bear with patience, that Thou mightest make all these things bearable to us.

At length Thou camest to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, lifting openly on high the Light of the Word of GOD, to enlighten the world; and, announcing to all the Kingdom of GOD, Thou wast made the cause of eternal salvation to all that obey Thee, and didst confirm the Word with signs following: Thou didst manifest the power of Thy Divinity in all that were afflicted, giving freely to all all things which might help their salvation, that Thou mightest gain all. But their foolish heart was darkened, O Lord, and they cast Thy Words behind them, neither gave they heed to all the wonderful things which Thou hadst wrought among them, save a few more noble combatants, whom Thou chosest among the weak and despised things of the world, that by means of them Thou mightest mightily overcome the lofty and strong. Nor were they only ungrateful for Thy free benefits, but also treated with insults Thee, the Ruler of rulers, and did on Thee whatsoever they would. For when Thou didst works of GOD, such as none other did, what said they? "This man is not of GOD:" "by the prince of the devils casteth He out devils;" "He hath a

devil;" "He stirreth up the multitude;" "He is gluttonous and a wine-bibber;" "a friend of publicans and sinners."

Why weepest thou, why sighest thou, O man of GOD, while thou endurest hard words? Hearest thou not how many revilings, for thy sake, fell upon the LORD thy GOD? "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more those of his household?" These and the like blasphemies they uttered, and sometimes they attacked Thee with stones, and Thou, O good Jesu, didst patiently endure them: and "Thou becamest unto them as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth was no reproof." Last of all they bought Thy righteous Blood from Thy disciple, the son of perdition, for thirty pieces of silver, that without cause they might hurry Thy Soul to death. And the treachery of Thy most accursed betrayer was not unknown to Thee, when at the Supper, kneeling upon bent knee even before him, to wash him, Thou didst deign to handle with Thy most sacred Hands, to wash, to wipe, his accursed feet, swift to shed blood. And dost thou still, O earth and ashes, walk with outstretched neck? still doth pride lift thee above thyself? still doth impatience vex thee? Look then on the Master of humility and gentleness, our Lord Jesus Christ, the Maker of all creation, the terrible Judge of quick and dead, bowing His Knees before the feet of a man, His betrayer. Learn that He is meek and lowly in heart, and be confounded in thy pride, blush for thine impatience. Of Thy Gentleness, too, was it, O Lord Jesu, that Thou willedst not openly to detect and confound that traitor in the assembly of his brethren, but after gently warning him, didst bid him do quickly what he was about to do. By all this his fury was not turned away from Thee, but he went forth and

busied himself about his repeated evil deed.[c] How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, who didst arise in the morning in the delights of Paradise? Thou didst appear glorious, partner of the citizens of Heaven, and guest of the Word of God. Thou that wast "brought up in scarlet, how hast thou embraced dunghills."[d] Then was Thy family, O Christ, purified, like a company of Angels; then at length that happy assembly was made to drink of the plenteous flood of the Divine Word. For then had that corrupt vessel been sent forth from among them, whom Thou knewest to be unworthy of the infusion of this so clear stream.

But when Thou hadst given the salutary command of charity and patience, and hadst assigned to Thy brethren the Kingdom of Thy Father, Thou wentest forth with them to the place known to Thy betrayer, knowing all things which were about to come upon Thee. There Thou didst not blush to acknowledge in the ears of Thy brethren the sorrow of Thy Soul, which, as well as all things which Thou didst suffer, Thou didst of Thine own accord take upon Thee from Thine approaching Passion, saying, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Moreover Thou didst kneel down and fall upon Thy face, praying in an agony, and saying, "Abba, Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." And the anguish of Thy sad Heart was shewn by that bloody Sweat, which at the time of Thy Prayer ran down in drops to the earth from Thy most sacred Flesh. O Lord Jesu Christ, our Governor, whence this so violent sorrow of Thy Soul? whence the distress of so mighty a sweat, and so anxious sup-

[c] "Frequens maleficium." I have supposed the twofold act, S. Matt. xxvi. 14—16; S. John xiii. 27—30, to be alluded to besides the final betrayal.

[d] Lam. iv. 5.

plication? Didst not Thou offer a perfectly voluntary Sacrifice to the Father, and endure nothing against Thy Will? Verily, O Lord. But we believe that this too Thou didst take upon Thee, to console Thy weak members, lest any perchance should despair, if the weak flesh rebel, although the spirit is willing to suffer. Yea, and that we might have greater incitements to love and gratitude towards Thee, Thou didst set forth in Thyself by these kind of tokens the natural weakness of the flesh, that we might be taught thereby that Thou hast truly Thyself borne our griefs, and not without sense of pain didst run along the thorns of Thy Passion. For that speech seemeth to have been the speech of the flesh, not of the spirit, from that which Thou didst subjoin, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." For how ready Thy Spirit, O good Jesu, was for Thy Passion, Thou didst clearly shew when the men of blood came to Thee with the traitor, and sought Thy Life with lanterns, and torches, and staves, by night. For Thou didst go to meet them of Thine own accord, and by the sign which they had received from the leader of the wickedness, Thou didst manifest Thyself. For Thou didst not turn away from the blood-thirsty wild beast approaching to kiss Thy Mouth, but sweetly didst apply that Mouth, wherein was found no guile, to his mouth which overflowed with malice.

O innocent Lamb of God, what hadst Thou to do with that wolf? What concord hath Christ with Belial? But this, too, was of Thy Kindness, O Lord, that Thou mightest shew him all which might have softened the obstinacy of his wicked heart. For Thou didst both remind him of former friendship, saying, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" And Thou willest to strike the wicked one's heart with horror at his crime, when Thou saidst to him,

"Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" And lo! "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson." It terrified them not away from Thee, that in the very hour of Thy seizure, Thou with Thy Almighty Arm didst dash them to the ground; and that, not for defence, but that man's presumption might know that it could do nothing at all against Thee, except so far as it were permitted by Thee. And who could hear without a groan, how they laid their murderous hands on Thee, and binding together Thy innocent Hands, O good Jesu, with bonds, led like a thief Thee, a most gentle Lamb, unresisting, to the slaughter? But not even then did the honeycomb of Thy Sweetness, O Christ, cease to distil Thy Mercy upon Thine enemies. For the ear of Thine enemy, wounded by Thy disciple, Thou didst heal, and the zeal of Thy defender Thou didst restrain from injuring them that were dragging Thee. Cursed was their madness, for it was obstinate; which neither the majesty of the miracle, nor the love of the healing could overcome.

Thou wast brought before the council of the priests, who were maliciously set against Thee, and having confessed the truth, as was right, wast adjudged to death for blasphemy. Most loving Lord Jesu, how great indignities didst Thou there endure from Thine own nation! Thine honourable countenance, Which Angels desire to look on, Which filleth all the Heavens with joy, Whose favour all the rich among the people intreat, they defiled with the spittle of their polluted lips, they struck with sacrilegious hands, they covered with a veil in derision. Thee, the Lord of the whole creation, as a contemptible slave they buffeted. And further, they delivered up Thy Soul to the uncircumcised dog to be devoured, inasmuch as they carried Thee bound before Pilate, the governor, demanding that Thou

Who knewest no sin should be put to death by the punishment of the Cross, and that a man that was a murderer should be given unto them, preferring a wolf to a Lamb, mire to Gold. O unworthy and unhappy exchange! And verily that wicked man was not ignorant that this was done to Thee for envy, and yet he kept not off from Thee his rash hands, but filled Thy Soul with bitterness without a cause. He sent Thee to Herod to be mocked; mocked, he received Thee back again; he made Thee stand naked in the sight of Thy mockers; nor spared he by most bitter stripes to tear with gashes Thy virgin Flesh, bruise upon bruise most cruelly inflicting.

O beloved Son of my Lord, what hadst Thou done worthy of so great bitterness, so great confusion? Nothing. I, lost man, was the cause of all Thy grief, of all Thy confusion. I have eaten the sour grape, and Thy teeth are set on edge; for then Thou payedst what Thou hadst never taken. And in all this was not the wickedness of the abandoned Jews satisfied: but at last Thou wast given up into the hands of uncircumcised soldiers, to be destroyed by the most disgraceful death. Too little was it for these sacrilegious wretches to crucify Thee, unless first they too had filled Thy Soul with mockings. For what saith the Scripture of them? "They took Him into the common hall, and gathered unto Him the whole band of soldiers: and they stripped Him, and put on Him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His Head, and a reed in His Right Hand, and they bowed the knee before Him, and mocked Him, saying, 'Hail, king of the Jews.' And they spit upon Him, and took the reed and smote Him on the Head. And after that they had mocked Him, they took the robe off from Him, and put His own raiment on Him, and led Him away to crucify Him,

bearing His Cross. And they led Him to Golgotha, and gave Him to drink wine, mingled with myrrh and gall, and when He had tasted thereof He would not drink. Then they crucified Him, and two thieves with Him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst. And Jesus said, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. After this, Jesus, knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith, 'I thirst.' And one of them ran and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink. And when He had received the vinegar He said, 'It is finished.' And He cried out with a loud voice, and said, 'Father, into Thy Hands I commend My Spirit,' and He bowed His Head, and gave up the Ghost. Then one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His Side, and forthwith came there out Blood and Water."

Awake, now, O my soul, shake thyself from the dust, and with deeper attention contemplate this wondrous Man, Whom, in the glass of the Gospel story, thou, as it were, gazest upon, present before thee. Consider, O my soul, Who He is, Who walketh with the fashion, as it were, of a King: and nevertheless He is filled with the confusion of a most despised slave. He goeth crowned: but His very crown is a torture to Him, and woundeth with a thousand punctures His glorious Head. He is clothed in royal purple; yet more is He despised than honoured in it. He beareth a sceptre in His Hand; but with it His reverend Head is beaten. They worship before Him with bowed knee; they hail Him King; but forthwith they leap up to spit upon His cheeks lovely to look upon, they smite His Jaws with the palms of their hands, and dishonour His honourable neck. See further, how in all things He is constrained, spit [illegible]pised. He is bid to bend His Back be-

neath the burden of His Cross, and Himself to bear His own ignominy. Brought to the place of punishment, He is given to drink myrrh and gall. He is lifted up upon the Cross, and He saith, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." What manner of Man is This, Who in all His afflictions not even once opened His Mouth to utter a word of complaint or pleading, or of threatening or cursing against those accursed dogs, and last of all, poured forth over His enemies a word of blessing such as hath not been heard from the beginning? What more gentle than this Man, what more kind, O my soul, hast thou seen? Gaze on Him, however, yet more intently, for He seemeth worthy both of great admiration and of most tender compassion. See Him stripped naked, and torn with stripes, between thieves ignominiously fixed with nails of iron to the cross, given vinegar to drink upon the cross, and after death, pierced in His Side with the spear, and pouring forth plentiful streams of blood from the Five Wounds of His Hands and Feet and Side. Pour down your tears, mine eyes; melt, O my soul, with the fire of compassion at the sufferings of that Man of love, Whom in the midst of such gentleness thou seest afflicted with so bitter griefs.

And now hast thou seen, O my soul, His Weakness, and pitied Him? Now look on His Majesty, and thou shalt wonder at Him. For what saith the Scripture? "But from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour, and the sun was darkened, and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake and the rocks were rent, and the graves were opened, and many bodies of saints that slept arose." What manner of Man is This, that Heaven and earth compassionate Him; Whose death maketh the dead to live? Learn, O my soul,

the prison of the grave, than for the glory of the world to consent to the words of an adulteress; that voice I mean by which it was said to Him, "All these things will I give unto Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me," which verily would have been to lie with the adulteress. And now, O Lord our Father, we know that Thy Son liveth, and ruleth over the whole land of Egypt, yea, in every place of Thy dominion. For, led forth to Thy kingdom from the prison-house of death and hell, and shorn of the locks of mortality, He hath changed the garment of the flesh, and come forth again in the splendour of immortality, and Thou hast received Him with glory. He hath overthrown the kingdom of savage Pharaoh, and by His own power hath in glorious triumph entered the Heavens; and now behold, crowned with glory and honour, He standeth before Thy face in our behalf at the Right Hand of Thy Majesty. For He is our Brother and our Flesh.

Look, O Lord, upon the Face of Thine Anointed, Who became obedient to Thee even unto death, and let not the scars of His Wounds be hidden from Thine Eyes for ever, that Thou mayest remember how great a satisfaction for our sins Thou hast received from Him. Would, O Lord, that Thou wouldest put in the balance the sins by which we have deserved Thy wrath, and the sufferings which Thy innocent Son endured for us! Verily, O Lord, *these* will appear the heavier; the more worthy they, that through them Thou shouldest pour out Thy mercies upon us, than are the sins, that through them, Thou shouldest restrain Thy Compassion in anger.

O Lord, Holy[e] Father, let every tongue give thanks to Thee for the abundance of Thy Love, Who sparedst not the only Son of Thy Heart, but gavest

[e] Quoted in the Paradisus Animæ, P. vi. § 12. wrongly as S. Bernard's. The order is slightly varied in the Paradise.

Him up to death for us, that we might have so great and so faithful an Advocate in Heaven before Thee.

And to Thee, O Lord Jesus, most mighty, most jealous,[f] what thanks, what return can I, Thy creature, who am dust and ashes, and a poor vessel of clay, worthily return to Thee? For what couldest Thou have done for my salvation that Thou hast not done for it? The waters of Thy Passion drowned Thee, they covered Thee wholly from the sole of Thy Foot, and passed over Thy Head, that Thou mightest draw me wholly out from them; yea, they entered even into Thy soul. For Thou abandonedst Thy soul to death, that my soul, abandoned to destruction, Thou mightest restore to me.

And lo! by a two-fold obligation hast Thou bound me to Thee. For both for that which Thou hast given me, and for that which for my sake Thou hast lost, I am debtor to Thee. And for mine own life, which twice Thou hast given me, once in creation and once in redemption, I have nought which more justly I can give Thee back than it itself. But for Thine own precious Soul so sorely smitten, what worthy return man can give I find not. For though for it I could give Thee Heaven and earth, and all their glory, most surely not even then could I reach the measure of the debt. And even if I give Thee back that which I both ought and can, this, too, O Lord, cometh of Thy gift. Therefore I must needs love Thee with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my mind, and with all my strength, and Thy footsteps alone I must follow, Who hast vouchsafed to die for me. And how shall this be wrought in me but by Thee? O may my soul cleave after Thee, for all its strength hangeth upon Thee.

And now, O Lord Jesu, my Redeemer, I adore

[f] i.e. For His own, whom He has redeemed, as in Zech. i. 14. viii. 2. The place is quoted in Exodus xx. 5.

Thee as Very God. I trust in Thee, I hope in Thee, with all the longings I can, I pant after Thee: help Thou mine imperfection: I incline my whole being at the glorious ensigns of Thy Passion, wherewith Thou wroughtest my salvation. The royal standard of Thy victorious Cross, in Thy Name, O Christ, I adore. Thy thorny diadem, the nails ruddy with Thy Blood, the spear plunged in Thy sacred Side, Thy wounds, Thy death, Thy burial, Thy victorious Resurrection and Glorification, meekly I adore and glorify.

For the odour of life breathes upon me in all these; with the life-giving odour of these, raise my spirit, O Lord, from the death of sin: by the virtue of these, shield me from the cunning of Satan, and so strengthen me, that I may find the yoke of Thy commandments sweet, and that the burden of the Cross, which Thou biddest me carry after Thee, may be light and bearable to the shoulders of my soul.

For what is my strength, that according to Thy precepts, I should sustain with unbroken mind so manifold pressures of the world? Are my feet like hind's feet, that I should be able to come up with Thee, Who runnest swiftly along the thorns and roughnesses of Thy Passion?

But hear Thou, I beseech Thee, my voice; and extend down upon Thy servant that sweet Cross of Thine, which is a Tree of Life to those that lay hold on it: so shall I run, as I hope, eagerly, and bear unwearied after Thee that other cross, which mine enemies lay upon me. Lay Thou, I say, upon my shoulders that divine Cross, whose breadth is charity, stretching itself out over all creation; whose length is eternity; whose height is almightiness; whose depth is inscrutable wisdom. Fasten to it my hands and my feet, and clothe Thou me, Thy servant, with the entire likeness of Thy Passion.

Give to me, I beseech Thee, to abstain from the works of the flesh, which Thou hatest; and to do righteousness, which Thou lovest; and in both, to seek Thy Glory: so shall I deem my left hand fastened by the nail of temperance, and my right hand by the nail of righteousness, on that Cross on high.

Give to my mind to meditate unceasingly in Thy Law, and unceasingly to cast all its thoughts upon Thee; and fix Thou my right foot to the same tree of life by the nail of wisdom.

Grant that neither the hapless happiness of this waning life may unnerve my senses which minister to my spirits, nor its happy unhappiness confuse to my sight the rewards of the endless life; so shall my left foot also be held to the Cross by the nail of fortitude.

But that there may appear in me also some likeness of the thorns of Thy Head, be there given also, I beseech Thee, to my mind, both the compunction of healthful penitence, and compassion for others' misery, and the spur of zeal, emulating what is right before Thee; and may I be turned to Thee in my sorrow, while this triple thorn is driven into me.

I would too that Thou wouldest put to my mouth the sponge on a reed, and give to my taste the bitterness of vinegar. I would that by Thy Scriptures Thou wouldest give to my reason to taste and see how this flowery world is, as it were, an empty sponge, and all its desires more bitter than vinegar. So, Father, may it come to pass in me, that that golden cup of Babylon, which maketh drunk all the earth, may neither seduce me with its empty splendour, nor make me drunk with its false sweetness, as it doth those who "call[s] darkness light, and light darkness, who put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter."

[s] Is. v. 20.

The wine mingled with myrrh is suspicious to me, for that Thou wast not willing to drink of it, perhaps because it indicated the too great bitterness of Thy crucifiers.

Conform Thou too Thy servant to Thy life-giving Death, working in me that I may die to sin, according to the flesh, and live to righteousness, according to the Spirit.

But that I may glory that I bear the whole image of the Crucified, do Thou also fashion in me the likeness of that which after Thy Death, the insatiable malice of the wicked practised upon Thee. Let Thy Word, quick and powerful, and more piercing than the sharpest spear, wound my heart; and, piercing even to the inmost parts of my soul, let it draw forth thence, as though from my right side, in the stead of blood and water, the love of Thee and of my brethren.

Lastly, wrap Thou my spirit in the clean linen of the first robe,[h] that in it I may rest, coming to Thee into the place of Thy wonderful[i] Tabernacle, and Thou mayest hide me till Thy fury be overpast.

But on the third day, after the day of toil, after the day of single glory, do Thou, at the first dawn of the everlasting Sabbath, raise me, unworthy, up again among Thy sons, that in my flesh I may see Thy Brightness, and be filled with the joy of Thy Countenance. O my Saviour and my GOD, may the time, I beseech Thee, come when what now I believe I shall at length with unveiled eyes look upon: what now I hope for and welcome from afar, I shall lay hold on: what now, with all my power

[h] The "first robe" is the bliss of the soul in the intermediate state before the Resurrection, in allusion to Rev. vi. 11. It means the same as the "single glory" which immediately follows. See the passages of S. Gregory, S. Anselm, and S. Bernard, at the end of the Meditation.

[i] Ps. xli. 5. Vulg. xlii. 4. Engl. Vers.

I long for, with the arms of my soul I shall embrace and kiss, and be absorbed entirely in the abyss of Thy Love, O Thou my Saviour and my GOD. But now, in the meanwhile, bless Thou my soul, my Saviour, and magnify His Name Which is Holy, and filled with all holy delights.

O how good and sweet art Thou, O Lord Jesu, to the soul that seeketh Thee. Jesu Ransomer of the prisoners, Saviour of the lost, Hope of exiles, Strength of the toil-worn, Freedom of the straitened spirit, pleasant Consolation and sweet Refreshment of the tearful soul that runneth after Thee in haste, Crown of the conquering, only Reward and Joy of the citizens of the Heavenly Jerusalem, most abundant Source of all Graces, glorious Offspring of Almighty GOD!

O Mighty GOD, may all things which are in Heaven above and in the earth beneath, bless Thee, for Thou art great and great is Thy Name. O unfading Glory of GOD above, and purest Brightness of eternal Light. O Life that enlivenest all life, Light that enlightenest all light, and that keepest in perpetual splendour the ten thousand times ten thousand lights that shine before the Throne of Thy Divine Majesty from the first dawn of creation! O Thou eternal and inaccessible and bright and sweet Stream from the Fountain hidden from the eyes of men, Whose waters are without beginning, Whose depth without measure, Whose height without bound, Whose breadth is not to be circumscribed, Whose purity not to be ruffled. Thee the Heart of the Most Highest sendeth forth from the impenetrable abyss of His own Depth, Life of Life, Light of Light, GOD of GOD, Eternal of Eternal, Immeasurable of Immeasurable, and in all things Co-equal with Himself; and of Thy Fulness have all we received. Thee, most bounteous Source of all

Good, precious Light of sevenfold Grace, Thee, most Holy Spirit I implore, that if of my frailty I have failed to understand ought of the truth of Thy Majesty, or in the Commandments of my Lord I have neglected ought which I have understood through the wantonness of the flesh, do Thou deign to enlighten me with Thy visitation; that so I may correct all those things as befits me and is needful for me, and through Thee I may attain forgiveness of my error, so that through Thee, Whom in the dangerous sea of this life I have called to my aid, I may be brought without shipwreck to the haven of everlasting rest. And Thee too, O Father most Merciful, I beseech that Thou, Who in the beginning didst create me, and by the Passion of Thine Only-Begotten Son hast re-created me, wouldst make me to think on and to love whatsoever pertaineth to Thy Praise. But forasmuch as I am weak, and unable to perform this, yet by careful confession grant me to strive to attain the Grace of Thy Redemption and Salvation. And whatsoever work henceforth I engage in, of and through and in Thy Grace, make Thou it to tend entirely to Thy Praise, and keep me henceforth from sin, and teach me to be more strong in good works, that so long as I live in this body I may ever shew forth some service to Thee; and after the departure of my soul from my body, grant that I may obtain pardon of all my sins, and attain eternal life, through Him Who with Thee liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

NOTE TO p. 87.

This exposition of Rev. vi. 11. occurs in S. Gregory the Great Præf. ad Mor. fin. (p. 30. Oxf. Tr.—"Before the Resurrection they are said—each to have received one robe, for that as yet they have the joy of blessedness of mind alone; two they will then receive, when with the perfect joy of their souls they shall be clad with incorruptibility of bodies." And S. Anselm himself, (Hom. i. fin. p. 158. ed Ben.) more fully than here in commenting on Ecclus. xxiv. 20. S. Gregory is followed also by S. Bernard in Test. Omn. Sanct. Serm. iii. § 1. (vol. i. p. 1039, ed. Ben.) "Ye have perceived, I trust, from what was said in the previous discourse, that there are three states of holy souls; the first in the corruptible body; the second without the body; the third in the body now glorified: the first in warfare; the second in rest; the third in bliss consummated: the first again in tabernacles; the second in courts; the third in the House of God. 'How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!' much more, however, are His courts to be desired, according to that He addeth, 'My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord.' But, because even in the very courts, as thou hearest, there is some defect, 'blessed' altogether 'are they that dwell in Thy House, O Lord.' 'I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the House of the Lord.' But if ye ask, whence so confidently I presume this; undoubtedly from this, that many from among us are already standing in the courts, waiting until they receive their bodies, till the number of their brethren is fulfilled. For into that most blessed House neither without us shall they enter, nor without their own bodies; that is, neither the saints without the commonalty, nor the spirit without the flesh. For neither is it fitting that complete bliss be given, till the man be complete, to whom it is to be given: nor that the Church, still imperfect, should be gifted with perfectness. Wherefore when they asked for the resurrection of their bodies, as we have already said in the previous discourse, they received the Divine answer, saying, 'that they should rest yet for a little season, till their brethren also should be fulfilled. (Rev. vi. 11.) Yet they have received already a single robe, but with the twofold robe they shall not be clothed, till we too are clothed, as the Apostle speaks of the Patriarchs and Prophets, 'God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.' (Heb. xi. 40.) Whence is this to thee, thou miserable flesh, thou foul, thou decayed, whence this to thee? Holy souls which GOD adorned with His own Image long for thee; souls which He redeemeed wait for thee; and without thee their joy cannot be fulfilled, their glory *perfected, their* bliss consummated." See also Serm. xli. de Div.

§ 12, p. 1180, ed. Ben. "The souls of the Saints which, stripped of their earthly bodies, have already flown aloft to the abodes above, though they drink, yet are not fully filled, are not inebriated. For although they enjoy great bliss, yet are they waiting for the resurrection of their dead bodies, that when 'in their land they shall possess the double,' (Isaiah lxi. 7), they may be flooded with everlasting joy. For now to each of them is a single white robe given, and they are enjoined to wait yet a little while, until the ungodly are crushed with a double destruction, and themselves be crowned with a twofold joy. Since then they have not as yet what they desire to have, they cannot be inebriated; but that vision is a draught to them; so that as it is drunk without toil, so without toil they rest, until they be satisfied when the glory shall appear. But when we shall rise to a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, and that glorious city shall be adorned with pearls, and all shall in joy dwell in her, then shall He fill us to the full with joy through His countenance, because we shall see Him as He is. Then shall we be inebriated with the richness of His house, and He shall give us to drink of the torrent of His pleasure, and He shall say to us, Drink and be inebriated, beloved, because both the soul shall have enlightenment for a perpetual possession, and the body, glory." The text in Rev. vi. 11. varies, either as in the E. V. "And white robes were given them;" or "And a white robe was given them;" or, "There was given to them, to each, a white robe."

MEDITATION X.

OF THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

SWEET is JESUS in the bowing of His Head and His Death, sweet in the outstretching of His Arms, sweet in the opening of His Side, sweet in the piercing of His Feet with the nail.

Sweet in the bowing of His Head; for bowing His Head upon the Cross, He seems as it were to say of His beloved, "O My beloved, how often hast thou longed to enjoy the kiss of My Mouth, sending messages to Me by My companions, 'let Him kiss me with the kisses of His Mouth.'[a] I am ready, I bow My Head, I stretch forth My Mouth; kiss as much as thou wilt, and say not in thy heart, I desire not that kiss, which has 'no form nor comeliness,' but that glorious one which the Angels of Heaven ever long to enjoy. Err not so: for unless thou first kiss that Mouth, thou canst not in any way attain to the other. Wherefore kiss thou now that Mouth, which now I offer to thee, for though it be without form or comeliness, yet is it not without grace."

Sweet is He in the outstretching of His Arms; for stretching wide His Arms, He gently teacheth us that He longeth to embrace us, and seems as it were to say, "O ye who labour and are heavy laden, come ye and be refreshed in Mine Arms, in My

[a] Cant. i. 2.

Embrace; see that I am ready to gather you within Mine Arms: come then all; let none dread to be thrust away: for 'I will not the death of a sinner, but that he be converted and live.'[b] For 'My delights are to be with the sons of men.'[c]"

Sweet is He in the opening of His Side, forasmuch as that opening revealed to us the riches of His Goodness, the love, that is, of His Heart toward us.

Sweet is He in the piercing of His Feet with the nail, for by it He seems as it were to speak thus to us, "Behold, if ye think that I ought to fly from you, and therefore are slow to approach unto Me, knowing that I am very swift, even like a roe; see that My Feet are pierced with a nail, so that I cannot at all fly from you, because My Pity keepeth me closely bound, nor can I flee from you, as your sins have deserved, because My Hands are pierced with nails.

O kind JESU, lowly JESU, loving LORD, sweet art Thou to the mouth, sweet to the heart, sweet to the ear, inscrutably and ineffably lovely, loving and pitiful, powerful, wise, kind, bountiful, yet not prodigal, sweet is Thy Taste, sweet Thine Odour. Thou alone art the chiefest good, beautiful in Thy Form above the sons of men, fair and pleasant, and chiefest among ten thousand, and all to be desired. Beautiful things become the beautiful. O my LORD, how my whole soul longeth for Thine Embraces and Thy Kisses. I seek nought save Thyself, though no reward were promised me, though heaven and hell were not, yet for Thy sweet Goodness, yea for Thyself, I would will to cling to Thee. Thou art my continual meditation, my word, my work. Amen.

[b] Ezek. xxxiii. 11. [c] Prov. viii. 31.

S. Anselm's Meditations.

MEDITATION XI.

OF THE REDEMPTION OF MANKIND.

CHRISTIAN soul, soul raised again from a heavy death, ransomed and set free from a wretched slavery, by the Blood of GOD, arouse thy mind, remember thy resurrection, meditate on thy ransoming and thy liberation. Consider where and what is the power of thy salvation, employ thyself in meditation thereon, delight in contemplation thereof, shake off thy disgust, do violence to thy heart, apply to this thy mind, taste thou and see how gracious thy Redeemer is, be kindled into love for thy Saviour. Eat of the honey of His Words, relish their savour, sweeter than honey, taste their healthful sweetness. Eat by meditation, relish by understanding, taste by loving and rejoicing. Eating, rejoice; relishing, give thanks; tasting, be joyous.

Where then and what is the power and strength of thy salvation? Truly Christ raised thee; He, the good Samaritan, healed thee; He, the good Friend, with His own Life ransomed and freed thee. Christ, I say. Wherefore the power of thy Salvation is the power of Christ. And where is the power of Christ? Truly "His Horns are in His Hands, and there is the hiding of His power."[a] His Horns are in His Hands, forasmuch as His Hands were

[a] Habak. iii. 4.

fixed to the arms of the Cross. But what strength is there in so great weakness? what height in so great humiliation? what venerable in so great contempt? Verily therefore is it "hidden," because in weakness; therefore concealed, because in humiliation; therefore unseen, because in contempt.

Oh hidden strength! that a man hanging on the Cross should suspend the everlasting death which weighed down the whole race of man; that a man fixed on the wood should unfix the world, affixed to eternal death. Oh concealed power! that a man, condemned with thieves, should save man, condemned with devils, that a man, stretched out on the tree of shame, should draw all things unto Himself. Oh power unseen! that one soul, breathed forth in suffering, should draw forth souls innumerable from hell; that a man should take upon Him the death of the body, and so destroy the death of the soul.

Why, good Lord, loving Redeemer, mighty Saviour, why hast Thou hidden so great power under so great humiliation? Was it that Thou mightest deceive the devil, who, by deceiving man, cast him from Paradise? But verily the Truth deceiveth no one. Who knoweth not, who believeth not the Truth, deceiveth himself; who seeth the Truth, and hateth and despiseth It, deceiveth himself. So then the Truth deceiveth none.

Was it then that the devil might deceive himself? But in truth, just as the Truth deceiveth none, so He desireth not that any deceive himself, though He be said to do so, when He permitteth it. For Thou tookest not on Thee man's nature that, being known, Thou mighest hide Thyself, but that being unknown, Thou mightest disclose Thyself. Thou saidst that Thou wast Very God and Very Man, and Thou shewedst it by Thy works. The matter was secret of itself, not made secret purposely; it

was not so done, that it might be hidden, but that it might be accomplished in its proper order; nor that it might deceive any, but that it might be done as it ought.

And if it be called "hidden," it meaneth nought else than that it is not revealed unto all; for although the Truth manifesteth not Himself to all, yet to none doth He deny Himself.

Wherefore O LORD, neither that thou mightest deceive, nor that any might deceive himself, hast Thou thus done, but that Thou mightest do what was to be done, as it was to be done, through all Thou perseveredst in the Truth. Whoso then deceived himself in Thy Truth, let him complain not of Thee, but of his own falsehood.

Had then the devil any righteous claim either against GOD or against man, for which GOD ought to have acted against him in man's behalf, in this way rather than by open power, so that while he unrighteously destroyed man when righteous, he righteously should lose the power which he had over them unrighteous? But certainly GOD owed nought to the devil but punishment, nor to man, but a reversal: that as he easily allowed himself to be overcome by Satan by sinning, so he should overcome him by preserving righteousness entire even to the straits of death. But even this, man owed not, but to GOD: for he sinned not against the devil, but against GOD, nor was man the devil's creature, but man and devil alike GOD's. Moreover in that the devil tormented man, he did so, not from zeal for righteousness, but for wickedness; nor did he it at GOD's command, but under His permission, the righteousness, not of the devil but of GOD, requiring it. Nothing therefore was there in the devil why GOD, in saving man, ought to have concealed or laid *aside* His Power.

Did then any necessity compel the Most High so to humble Himself, the Almighty so to toil to accomplish anything? No. All necessity, all impossibility is subject to His Will. For what He willeth, must needs be; what He willeth not, cannot be.

By His Will then only, and because His Will is ever good, by His Goodness did He this. For God needed not in this way to save man, but human nature required that in this way it should make satisfaction to God. God needed not to suffer such toil, but man required to be reconciled to God. God needed not so to be humbled, but man required so to be delivered from the depths of hell. The Divine Nature needed not and could not be humbled and toil. It was needed that human nature should do all this, that it might be restored to that for which it was made: but neither it, nor all else which is not God, could suffice for this. For man is not restored to that which he was made, unless he be advanced to the likeness of Angels, in whom is no sin: and this cannot be, but by his having received remission of all his sins, which is not granted except there precede a perfect satisfaction: which satisfaction must be such that the sinner, or some one for him, give to God of his own, something not already due to Him, such as may surpass all that is not God. For if to sin be to rob God of His Honour, and man ought not to do this, even though it were necessary that all which is not God should perish, then surely unchangeable Truth and manifest reason require, that whoso sinneth, give back to God, for the Honour he has taken from Him, something greater than that for which he ought not to have robbed Him of His Honour. And forasmuch as human nature of itself had no such thing to give, and without due satisfaction

could not be reconciled; that the righteousness of God might not leave in His Kingdom the disorder of sin, the Goodness of God came to help, and the Son of God took man's nature into His Person, that in that Person He might be God-Man, and might have what should surpass, not only every essence which is not God, but all the debt which sinners owe to pay: and, seeing that for Himself He owed nothing, might pay this for others who had not wherewithal to pay what they owed. For the Life of that Man is more precious than all which is not God, and surpasseth every debt which sinners owe in satisfaction. For if His Death surpasseth the number and the magnitude of all sins which can be imagined, being apart from the Person of God, it is plain that His Life is greater in good, than all sins, being apart from the Person of God, are in evil. As a debt that Man owed not to die, seeing He was not a sinner; of His own accord, He of His own gave that Life to His Father's Glory, when He, for righteousness' sake, allowed it to be taken from Him, that He might give an example to all, that they should not abandon the righteousness of God for death's sake, which of necessity they must some time or other pay; seeing that He, Who owed it not, and without violating righteousness, might have avoided it, did, for righteousness' sake, of His own accord endure its being inflicted upon Him. In that Man therefore, human nature gave to God of its own accord, and not of debt, that which was its own, to redeem itself in others, in whom what was exacted as a debt, it had not to pay. In all this the Divine Nature was not humbled, but the human nature was exalted: the Divine was not injured, but the human was pitifully helped.

Nor did human nature in Him suffer anything of

necessity, but of pure free-will. Nor did it yield to any compulsion, but of spontaneous Goodness, for the Glory of God and the benefit of other men, in praiseworthy and pitiful manner It endured what out of evil will was inflicted on it: and that, not on the compulsion of any obedience, but by the disposal of powerful Wisdom. For the Father urged not Him with compulsion to die, but He of His own accord did what He knew would be well-pleasing to His Father, and profitable to man. For the Father could not compel Him to that which He had no claim to exact from Him; and so great honour could not but be well-pleasing to the Father, which of such good-will the Son freely offered.

So then He exhibited to the Father a free obedience, when of His own accord He willed to do that which He knew would be well-pleasing to His Father. Finally, since the Father gave Him this good-will, free though it was, not unjustly is it said, that He received it, as it were, a precept of His Father's. And so in this way He was "obedient unto the Father even unto death." And "as His Father gave Him commandment, so did He." And "the Chalice which His Father gave Him, He drank." For this is that free and perfect obedience of human nature, when willingly it submits its free-will to the Will of God, and when without any requirement, of its own spontaneous freedom, it perfects in work the good-will which it has received.

And so that Man redeemed all others, seeing that this, which He gave to God, He reckoneth for the debt which they owed. And by this price man is not once only redeemed from sin, but as often too as in meet penitence he returns, he is received; which penitence however is not promised to the sinner.

And since this was wrought upon the Cross, by His Cross Christ hath redeemed us. Whoso then

wills to approach to this grace with meet affection, is saved: but whoso despises it, seeing that he pays not the debt which he owes, justly is condemned.

Lo! Christian soul, *this* is the "Power of thy Salvation;" this is the Cause of thy liberation; this is the Price of thy ransoming. Thou wast a captive; in this way hast thou been ransomed: thou wast a slave; in this way hast thou been made free. Thus being an exile, thou hast been brought back home; lost, hast been found; dead, hast been brought to life again. This, let thy heart, O man, eat; this let it digest; this, relish; this, taste; when thy mouth receiveth the Flesh and Blood of the same thy Redeemer. Make this in thy life here, thy daily Bread and Nourishment, thy Food for the way; for by this, and not except by this, shalt thou "abide in Christ, and Christ in thee," and in thy life hereafter it shall be thy fulness of joy.

But O Lord, Thou Who, that I might live, tookest upon Thee death, how shall I rejoice at my liberation, won only by Thy chains? how shall I be glad at my safety, won only by Thy pains? how shall I rejoice at my life, won only by Thy Death?

Shall I rejoice at those things which Thou sufferedst, and at their cruelty who did all these things unto Thee? For had they not done them, Thou hadst not suffered; hadst Thou not suffered, these good things had not been. Or if I mourn for them, how shall I rejoice at those things for the sake of which they were, and which had not been, unless they too were? But surely their wickedness could do nought, save only because Thou of Thine accord permittedst it; and Thou hadst not suffered, save only because Thou in Thy love willedst it. Therefore their cruelty I ought to hate; Thy toils, by suffering *with Thee, to imitate*; Thy loving Will, by offering

thanks, to love; and so in safety to exult in the good things conferred upon me.

Wherefore, weak man, leave to the Judgment of God their cruelty, and think on those things which thou owest to thy Saviour. Consider what thou hadst, and what has been done for thee, and think of what love He is worthy, Who hath done all this for thee. Look on thy needs and His Goodness, and see what thanks thou renderest, and how much thou owest to His Love. Thou wast in darkness, in a slippery place, on the descent to the pit of hell, whence none return; a huge weight, as it were of lead, hung from thy neck, and was dragging thee downwards; a burden which thou couldest not bear was pressing thee down from above; invisible enemies were driving thee on with all their power. Thus wast thou, and thou hadst no help, and thou knewest not that so wast thou conceived and born. O what was then thy case? Whither were all these things dragging thee? Remember and shudder; think and tremble.

O Thou the Good One, O Jesu Christ my Lord, when thus I was placed, and sought not nor expected, as the Sun Thou didst shine upon me; Thou shewedst me in what state I was. Thou castedst off from me the lead which dragged me downwards; Thou removedst the weight which pressed me down from above; Thou drovest back those who were driving me on; Thou opposedst Thyself to them for me. Thou calledst me by a new name, which Thou gavest me from Thine own Name; bowed down, thou raisedst me up to look on Thy Face, saying, "Trust in Me, I have ransomed thee, I have given My Soul for thee. If thou clingest to Me, thou shalt both escape the evils in which thou wast, and shalt not fall into the pit whither thou wast hastening, but I will bring thee into My King-

dom, and will make thee an heir of God, and joint heir with Me."[b] Then didst Thou receive me under Thy protection, so that nothing might hurt my soul against its will. And lo, when not as yet did I cling to Thee as Thou counselledst me, not as yet however didst Thou suffer me to fall into hell; but as yet Thou waitest, that I may cling to Thee, and Thou mayest do what Thou hast promised. Lord thus was I, and thus hast Thou done unto me. I was in darkness, for I knew nothing, no not even mine own self: I was in a slippery place, for I was weak, and prone to fall into sin; I was on the descent into the pit of hell, for in my first parents I had fallen from righteousness to unrighteousness by which men go down to hell, and from bliss to temporal misery, by which men fall to everlasting misery. The weight of original sin dragged me downwards, and the unbearable weight of the Judgment of God pressed me down, and my enemies, the devils, to make me by other sins yet more worthy of damnation, as far as lay in their power, urged me on. When I was thus destitute of all help, Thou didst shine upon me, and shewedst me in what state I was. For when I could not yet know all these things, Thou didst teach others to know them for me, and afterwards myself, before I asked it of Thee. Thou didst cast off from me the lead that drew me down, and the weight that pressed upon me, and the foes that urged me on; for Thou didst remove the sin in which I was born and conceived, and its condemnation, and forbaddest the evil spirits to offer violence to my soul. Thou madest me to be called Christian after Thy Name, whereby both I confess myself, and Thou acknowledgest me

[b] Bened. "essent" "who might be for me" as bringing him to Baptism, wherein original sin, of which he had just spoken, was forgiven, and grace given.

among Thy Redeemed, and Thou hast lifted me up, and exalted me to know and to love Thee; Thou hast made me to be confident in the salvation of my soul, for which Thou gavest Thy Life, and Thou hast promised to me, if I follow Thee, Thy Glory. And lo, when as yet I follow Thee not, as Thou hast counselled, but in addition have committed many sins which Thou hast forbidden, Thou still waitest that I may follow Thee, and Thou mayest give what Thou hast promised.

Consider, O my soul, and all that is within me weigh carefully, how much all my substance oweth to Him. Verily, O Lord, because Thou hast made me, to Thy Love I owe all myself; because Thou hast redeemed me, I owe all myself: because Thou promisest so much, I owe all myself: yea, rather I owe to Thy Love more than all myself, in proportion as Thou art greater than I for whom Thou gavest Thyself, to whom Thou promisest Thyself.

Make me, O Lord, I beseech Thee, to taste by love, what now I taste by knowledge, to perceive by affection what now I perceive by understanding: more do I owe than all myself, but neither have I more, nor even this all can I of myself give back to Thee. Draw me, O Lord, into Thy Love, yea, draw all this self. All that I am is Thine by creation: make it all Thine by Love. Behold, O Lord, my heart is before Thee: it endeavours, but of itself it cannot; do Thou what it itself cannot. Admit me within the chamber of Thy Love: I ask: I seek: I knock. Thou makest me to ask, make me also to receive: Thou givest me to seek, give also to find: Thou teachest me to knock, open to me knocking. To whom givest Thou, if Thou refusest to one who asks? Who findeth, if he that seeketh is baffled? To whom openest Thou, if Thou shuttest to him that knocketh? What givest

Thou to him who prayeth not, if Thou refusest Thy Love to him that prayeth? From Thee I have that I long: from Thee let me have that I obtain. Cling thou to Him, cling importunately, O my soul. O Good, Good LORD, reject her not: she fainteth with hunger after Thy Love: refresh Thou her: let Thy loving-kindness satisfy her, Thine affection enrich her, Thy Love fill her. May it occupy me wholly, and possess me wholly; for Thou art, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, One GOD blessed for evermore. Amen.

MEDITATION XII.

OF THE HUMANITY OF CHRIST.

Our Saviour's most holy Nativity and Infancy overflow with delight, with compassion, with profit. With delight, in regard of our exaltation; with compassion, in regard of His Passion; with profit, in regard of the meaning thereof. For what more delightful than to see Him a Man, Whom we know to be man's Creator? What again ought to the same man to seem more compassionate than to see clearly that in this Mediator between God and man, our Lord Jesus Christ, in a wondrous and ineffable manner, Eternity hath a beginning, loftiness is humbled? He is conceived in the womb of His Mother, Who is from everlasting in the Bosom of the Father. Born from everlasting of the Father, without mother, He is born in time of a mother, without father. He is wrapped in swaddling clothes, Who clothed the earth with shrubs and trees, adorned the sky with lights, filled the sea with fishes. He Whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, is contained in the narrowness of a manger, nourished with a mother's milk. He increaseth in wisdom, Whose Wisdom hath neither beginning nor end, Who is the Wisdom of God the Father: in age, Whose Eternity, as it hath no augmentation, so neither hath it any diminution: in grace, Himself of all Grace the Author, and Preserver, and Rewarder. He is subject to

His parents, Whom all creation adores, to Whom every knee is bowed. Yea further, He is baptized, and that too, the LORD by His servant, GOD by man, the King by His soldier. He is tempted by the devil, to Whom Angels minister. Our Food, He hungereth; our Fount, He thirsteth; our Way, He is wearied; our Exaltation, He is lowered; our Strength, He is weakened; our Might, He is enfeebled; our Glory, He is wronged; our Joy, He mourneth; our Gladness, He grieveth; our Majesty, He is humbled; our Life, He dieth.

Oh good Jesu, how sweet art Thou to the heart of him who thinketh on Thee and loveth Thee! And verily I know not, for I am not able fully to comprehend, how it is that far sweeter art Thou to the heart of him that loveth Thee, in that Thou art Flesh, than in that Thou art the Word: sweeter in Thy Humiliation than in Thine Exaltation. For indeed far sweeter is it to the memory of him who loveth Thee, to see Thee born in time of a Virgin Mother, than Begotten in splendour of the Father before the worlds: that Thou hast emptied Thyself and taken upon Thee the form of a servant, than that in the Form of GOD Thou art equal with GOD: sweeter to see Thee dying before the eyes of the Jews on the Cross, than ruling over the Angels in heaven: to see Thee among all things subjected, than over all things preferred: that as Man Thou hast borne the lot of man, than that as GOD Thou hast done what belongs to GOD: that Thou art the Redeemer of them that perish, than the Creator of them that exist not.

Oh how sweet is it, O Good Jesu, in the innermost heart to recall Thee to mind, for us conceived in the Virgin's womb, without defilement; born without violation of her virginity; wrapped in *swaddling* clothes and laid in a manger; enduring

reproaches; silent under revilings; washing Thy disciples' feet, and wiping them with a towel; at night praying long; pouring forth bloody sweat; sold for thirty pieces of silver; betrayed with a kiss; taken with swords and staves, bound, judged, condemned to be scourged; when Thou wast afflicted, opening not Thy Mouth; when Thou wast accused in many things, answering not; buffeted; smitten with the palms of the hand; scourged with rods; livid with blows; spit upon; clothed in a purple robe; crowned with thorns; worshipped in mockery; smitten on the Head with a reed; mocked in a white robe; condemned to death; bearing Thy Cross, and nailed thereon; praying for Thy murderers; given vinegar to drink, and gall to eat; reviled by the thief; shedding forth Thy Blood by the five Wounds of Thy Body; bowing Thy Head; giving up the Ghost; commending Thy beloved Spirit into the Hands of Thy Father; and enduring all this for us. All these things create and increase more and more exultation, confidence, comfort, love and longing.

For who would not rejoice and be glad? who would not above measure be merry and joyful, seeing that for him, his Creator not only became Man, but also endured such hardships, such indignities? What sweeter can the mind ruminate upon, what pleasanter can it taste, what more joyous think upon? Who can take from me my place in the Kingdom, where He is Almighty, Who is my Brother and my Flesh? What event can bring upon me any desolation, on whom so high a hope confers so great security? How can any sadness have place in him in whom this thought continually dwells? Nor doth it less give birth in him to trustfulness, since it too is unremittingly kindled towards his Creator.

Safe certainly in all ways, and in no way rash is the confidence, which is raised in the mind by meditation on the Manhood in Christ. How can I but hope that I belong to the number of the elect, when I see to have died for me the very Creator of all men? He shed His Blood for me from His Side; how can I but be confident that I have been redeemed, seeing that I know that such and so great a Price has been given for me? He shed too for me Water: how should I not trust that I have been cleansed from all my pollutions, who know that I have been cleansed with water which flowed from the bowels of Christ? The one, I say, was shed: shed too was the other: the former to redeem me, the latter to wash me, redeemed: the former to ransom me, captive, the latter to wash me, unclean. The Son was given for me, a slave, that by His Death He might purchase for me an inheritance. How shall I then not believe myself an heir: yea, "heir of GOD and joint heir with Christ?" When I was an enemy, I was reconciled to GOD by the Death of His Son; how then, being justified by His Blood, shall I not be saved from wrath by Him? The loving Father spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for me; how shall He not also with Him give me all things? Who shall be my accuser, when His Charity covereth the multitude of my sins? His Blood crieth from the ground, speaking better things than that of Abel; and shall not the sound of such a cry move the Heart of the Father?

Far be it from me, again and again far be it, that I lack the bowels of compassion, when I see Thee, O Good Jesu, die for me. Before mine eyes Thou art crucified; and shall no emotion touch my heart? Thy sword appeareth to me, and shall it not go through my soul? O sweet Jesu! what is it not to me, that I should suffer with Thee? Nor doth

it less profit me. How can it less profit me, when it is clear, if he seeth and feeleth aright in whom Thou speakest, that "if we suffer with Thee, we shall also reign with Thee;" and elsewhere, "if we be dead with Thee, we shall also live with Thee?" But in order that this compassion of which we speak may be strong in the mind, needs must there be in it, burning love; for whom with glowing love we embrace, with his adversity it follows that we suffer, and with his prosperity we joy. Jesu, my mind sufficeth not to conceive, nor my tongue to express, how worthy Thou art to be loved by me, Who hast deigned so greatly to love me. "Thou hast loved me and washed me from my sins in Thy Blood." If I love Thee much, verily Thou hast loved me both first and more. "For herein is manifest the Love of GOD, not that we loved GOD, but that He first loved us." "He loved" when I loved not. For unless Thou hadst loved me when I loved not, Thou hadst not made me to love. I love Thee above all things, O most sweet Jesu, yet all too little; for much less than Thou deservest, O most Beloved, and therefore less than I ought. And who could love Thee as he ought? One may love Thee, if Thou grant it, as much as he can, never as he ought. Who shall give Thee baek Thy guiltless Blood, whereof not a *drop*, but a *stream* flowed forth from five parts of Thy Body? Thou didst create me when as yet I was not; Thou didst redeem me when I was lost. But both of my creation and of my redemption the sole cause was Thy Love. What then, O Jesu, sweetness of my life, what didst Thou see in me for which to give so great a price? Nothing whatever, except that so it seemed good unto Thee. Much indeed didst Thou confer on me, when Thou createdst me; much more when Thou redeemedst me.

O how beautiful art Thou, O LORD Jesu, and how sweet! Beautiful, but to those who see Thee; sweet, but to those who taste Thee. Thou art not known, unless Thou art seen; Thou art not sweet, unless Thou art tasted. Make Thou me to seek Thee; seeking, to find Thee; finding, to possess Thee; that Thou alone be sweet to me, Thou alone be pleasing to me. Make me to acknowledge Thee, to fear Thee, to love Thee, to long for Thee. Suffer me not to fall back unto love of temporal things. Alas, my LORD, that I cannot incessantly taste how pleasant and sweet Thou art.

I am a sinner, O most pitiful Jesu. Pity Thou me, who camest not to call the righteous, but sinners. Fountain opened for the House of David, appear, and be poured forth, and wash me. For Thou art open to all who thirst for Thee, and Thou washest away all the filth of all true penitents; giving them back, O most sweet Jesu, good for evil, gifts for iniquity, merit for offence, righteousness for guilt, grace for faults. This did king David experience, who, when penitent, heard from Thy messenger, "The LORD hath put away thy sin, thou shalt not die." For in Thee was he washed with tears of penitence, and cleansed from the stain of grievous sin. Yea, Thy Purity washed in him the crime of adultery, Thy Love wiped away the cruelty of murder. In Thee was cleansed the Prince of the Apostles, who bitterly wept, that fearfully he had denied. In Thee, too, O Fountain of purity and sweetness, that woman, that far-known sinner, being washed white, attained to be treated with so close familiarity, that before Thine Apostles themselves she saw the new glory of Thy Resurrection, and announced it to them. In Thee, too, he was cleansed, who hanging by Thy Side upon the Cross, *while he both* acknowledged that he received the

due reward of his deeds, and begged Thee to remember him in Thy Kingdom, merited forthwith to hear from Thee, "Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt Thou be with Me in Paradise." And how many in Thee, O loving Jesu, are daily enlightened and washed, from darkness to light, from filth to purity! O receive Thou me, long time an exile from Thee.

Sweetness of my life, and soundness that failest not, O good Jesu, if I have sown in the flesh, what of the flesh shall I reap but corruption? If I have loved the world, what fruit shall I receive therefrom? O LORD my God, a threefold tribute used I to pay to the king of Babylon in my sinful obedience to him. Obedience to him what is it, but sin? And the tribute is threefold, delight, consent, custom; and this tribute was paid in thought, word, and work. Behold with what fire was heated that seething-pot,[a] whose face is from the face of the north, whose coals the suggestions of the enemy kindled, who set on fire the thoughts of my heart. Behold, O merciful GOD, the threefold cord, binding violence, mind, tongue, body. Never was there in me soundness, from the sole of the foot to the head. "Heal Thou therefore my soul, for I have sinned against Thee." Do Thou then Thy work, O loving Jesu, and save Thou me. For Thou art called Jesus for no other reason than that Thou wilt save Thy people from their sins: Thou Who with the Father, and the Holy Ghost livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

[a] Jer. i. 14.

S. Anselm's Meditations.

MEDITATION XIII.

OF CHRIST.

I HAVE A secret word unto Thee, O my LORD, King of Ages, Jesu Christ. In the boldness of Love, the work of Thy Hands presumeth to address Thee, longing for Thy Beauty, and craving to hear Thee. Thou Whom my heart longeth for, how long shall I endure Thy absence? How long shall I groan and my eyes run down with tears for Thee? Lord of my love, where dwellest Thou? Where is the place of Thine abode, where Thou sittest joyful among Thy most beloved, and satisfiest them with the manifestation of Thy Glory? How happy, how glorious, bow holy, with how great eagerness to be sought, is that place of deifying pleasure, that place of everlasting delights! Mine eye hath not ever approached, nor mine heart come near to the abundance of Thy Sweetness, which Thou hast laid up in store within for Thy children. With its fragrance alone am I sustained, as I stand without. The breath of Thy Sweetness cometh to me from afar, which is to me above the odour of balsam, and the fragrance of frankincense and myrrh, and sweet scents of every kind. It begetteth in me chaste desires, whose burning is sweet, though scarce endurable. For what have I in Heaven? what is my treasure in that celestial storehouse? what is my inheritance in *the land of* the living? Is it not Christ my LORD,

my only Salvation, all my Good, my full Joy? And how, LORD, can I hold my heart, in that it love Thee not? If I love not Thee, what shall I love? If I transfer my love from Thee, where shall I worthily place it? LORD, much to be longed for, where out of Thee should my longings rest? If anywhere out of Thee my love set foot, it will be polluted; if my longings decline from Thee, they will be empty. Art not Thou the object of love and longing, above all things which can be longed for? From Thee every creature hath whatsoever it hath of beauty and value. And what wonder, seeing that Thou alone surpassest all things? Thou hast clothed the sun with surpassing brightness among the stars, and Thou art Thyself brighter than the sun. Yea what is the sun, what is every created light in comparison of Thee, but darkness? Thou hast adorned the sky with stars, the heavens with Angels, the air with birds, the water with fishes, the earth with grass, the shrubs with flowers. But no beauty is there beyond, nor comeliness in all these, which may compare with Thee, O Fountain of universal Beauty, LORD Jesu. Thou hast given to honey its sweetness, and sweeter than honey art Thou. Thou hast given to oil its fragrance, and more fragrant than oil art Thou. Thou hast assigned to all spices their odours, and Thy odour, O Jesu, is above all spices sweet and pleasant. Gold, precious among all metals, and beautiful in singular excellence, was created by Thee; and what is this, compared to our priceless LORD, and to Thy immense Brightness which Angels desire to look into? Every stone that is precious and desirable to the sight is the work of Thy Hands, sardine stone, topaz, jasper, chrysolite, onyx, beryll, amethyst, sapphire, carbuncle, emerald. And what are these but straws in comparison of Thee, O King, exceeding beautiful

and much to be loved. Of Thy workmanship are the living and immortal precious stones, with which, O wise Architect, in the beginning of the ages, Thou hast beautifully set the court above the sky to the praise and glory of the Father.

By Thee thousands of thousands of beings, to fulfil the mysteries of the Father, continually pass with eager course between heaven and earth, like busy bees between the hives and flowers, ordering all things sweetly, a people whose loins are girt, knowing no fall, nor the delay of disobedience. By Thee ten thousand times ten thousand stand by in the sanctuary of the heavenly temple, gazing with bright and unswerving vision upon the countenance of Thy Majesty, and sounding forth the harmony of ceaseless hymns to the glory of the Trinity in Unity. By Thee the Seraphim burn, by Thee the Cherubim shine, by Thee the Thrones judge.

Thou, O our LORD, art a fire burning without injuring, and from the immediate approach of Thy Divinity the whole sacred order of Seraphim is set on fire with Love, and clothed in brightness of flame; they sprinkle the superabundance of their sweet burning upon the rest of the armies that fight for Thee, and of their plenty we also taste.

Thou, O our GOD, art the True Light, and the mountains receive light for Thy people. For of Thyself Thou pourest forth largely the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, which are hidden in Thee, into the eyes of the Cherubim who gaze on Thee near, and makest them stream forth to enlighten those chosen lamps of Thine admirable dwelling-place, which are subordinate to them, and which shine inextinguishably before Thy Face, O LORD.

Thou King of kings, and Judge of judges, great and to be feared, sittest upon those lofty Thrones, *which* have above them nought save Thy Loftiness,

Seats living and pleasant, most peaceful, and compacted together in the oneness of the highest tranquillity, by Thee discerning the ways of Truth, by Thee judging the judgments of equity.

O LORD our Governor, Thee the holy majesty of the Dominions adoreth, with singular freedom extending their mind into things Divine, and by Thee, among the most noble heroes of Thy Court, exercising the chieftainship of lofty dominion, without the loftiness of pride.

By Thee, O LORD my GOD Who art the noble Glory of princes, the high order of Principalities, without invidious pre-eminence, exerciseth principality over the soldiery of Heaven, to whom, in fulfilling the Divine mysteries, it, according to the disposition of Thine Heart perceived within, exhibiteth the leadership of a pleasant command.

Thine is power, O Thou LORD of the Powers, who with flaming weapons, press upon the necks of the chiefs of hell, and Thee in them do those chiefs dread, lest they avail not to achieve for our destruction, as much evil as they will.

Thine, O Virtue of the Father, is all the wondrousness of the blessed Virtues, by whose ministry it is accomplished that all the world admires Thee, and, struck dumb with amazement at Thy wonderful deeds, exclaims, "Whatsoever the LORD pleased that did He in Heaven, and in earth, and in the sea, and in all deep places."[a]

Thine, O sweet Jesu, is the magnificence of the Archangels, in Whom Thy Goodness worketh a work of much condescension, while Thou thinkest not scorn to send those so glorious attendants of Thy Palace to these low regions of earth, to help our infirmity, who are compared to mire, and likened to dust and ashes. Yea by them, at Thy command,

[a] Psalm cxxxv. 6.

are administered the highest works of our salvation, and the highest mysteries of the counsels of Heaven are brought down to us. By them are provided healings for mortals, by them kingdoms and empires of the world stand. And among them we know, as chief, Thy servant Michael, noble standard-bearer, citizen of Heaven, who standeth before the army of the living GOD, stretching forth a sword of championship, and with terrible voice thundering forth, "Who is like the LORD?" over those who oppose themselves.

And that lovely innocence too of the blessed Angels, is it not the precious work of Thy Fingers, O Wisdom of GOD, whereby Thou didst adorn them, as it were, with an incorruptible clothing, in the day in which Thou createdst them for the work of Thy sacred ministry? They are the living stars of the Heaven above, lilies of the inmost Paradise, roses planted by the waters of Siloah, which flow in silence; to Thee with the roots of their minds they immovably cling, O River of peace, and Odour of the delights of the field. O Wisdom, which alone goes about the whole circle of Heaven, from Thee they shine, they glisten, they glow in much wisdom, in virgin chastity, in the everlasting fires of Love. This bright band of youths faithfully serveth Thee, LORD, in our infirmity, while with a guardian's guidance they direct our steps in the darkness of this world, while they repel from us the attacks of the enemy, while they announce to us the secrets of Thy Will, strengthen our relaxed minds to all good, bear the incense of our prayers to the golden Altar, aud perpetually entreat the Face of the loving Father for us. So, loving Father, Thou hast some care for us, yet living far away from Thee. And if this tenth piece of silver, once lost from Thy Bosom, *and now* by Thy toils resought, hath ought of value,

this is of Thy loving gift, O Good Jesu. If this tenth string of divine strains hath ought of sweet sound, Thy sweet touch worketh this upon it, while on the psaltery of ten strings Thou singest the Glory of the Father. Sing, as Thou singest, O Lord, tune a sweet strain to Thy Father, with the swift fingers of manifold graces. Touch those nine most pure strings in Heaven, which never have uttered sorrowful strains; touch too that tenth deep string, whose upper part, already drawn to Thee, soundeth joyfully; the lower, yet bound to the earth, knoweth only to echo sad sounds.

All the works of Thine Excellence, O Only-Begotten Son of God, while I consider with attentive mind, I stand struck with awe and amazement, because in every way Thou appearest very glorious in them. For very great and beautiful and good are they, but in comparison of Thee they are nothing and empty. The Heavens and the earth and all their adornment by Thy Creation and government subsist, and proclaim Thee powerful and to be feared, wise and beautiful, good and lovely; and as far as the light surpasseth the darkness, so far Thou Alone surpassest all things. And Thou abidest safe in Heaven, my God, the Reward of Thy servant, Thyself the Giver and the Gift of Salvation, which my soul waiteth for from Thee. And what upon earth hath it desired in comparison of Thee? Why fall I from Heaven to this central earth?[b] What did I think better, what more lovely than Thee upon earth, that I should draw away my heart from Thee, that I should desire anything in the world without Thee? Why have I loved, why have I desired in all my life anything beside Thee, Jesu, my God? Why have I deferred, why have I at any time left off, to keep

[b] Quid volvor de cœlo ad centrum? to make this earth, which was thought to be in the centre of the system, his own centre.

Thee, Jesu, in my heart; to embrace Thee with my whole mind, to delight with Thy Sweetness all the inward parts of my spirit? Where was I, when in my mind I was not with Thee? Whither had my desires strayed, when they had not Thee alone?

God of my life, how vainly were spent, how fruitlessly passed away the times of my life, which Thou gavest me to do Thy Will in them, and I did it not! How many years, how many hours have perished with me, in which I lived without fruit before Thee! And how shall I now abide? How shall I be able to lift up mine eyes to Thy Face in that great Judgment of Thine, if Thou shouldest bid me call to mind all my sins, or all the times of my life, and demand the fruit of each? Father most long-suffering, be it not so; but let the times, alas far too many, which I have lost, be had in oblivion before Thee. And if any, by Thy help, I have preserved and used aright, and their number, O Lord, is small, make Thou them to remain in everlasting remembrance; at least, O Father of my love, let this residue of my time be fruitful and sanctified in Thy Grace, that in the days of Eternity it may find place, and be reckoned before Thee.

Now henceforth, all ye my longings, be ye kindled, and flow forth to Jesus my Lord: run; long enough have ye tarried heretofore; hasten whither ye are going; seek Whom ye seek. "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, Who was crucified." He is ascended into Heaven. "He is not here." He is not where He was. He is not, where He had not where to lay His noble Head. He is not where He walked in the midst of tribulation, filled with contempt. He is not where He stood to be judged before the face of Pilate. He is not where He stood scorned and mocked before Herod. He is not where He *hung, spit* upon, smitten, wounded, covered with

blood, in the midst of the wicked. He is not where He lay, shut in with a stone, and guarded with the soldiery of the Gentiles. But where He, the best beloved of the LORD is, He dwelleth confidently, and the scourge approacheth not to His Tabernacle. Above the height of Heaven, above all the excellence of Angels, by His own Power He hath ascended: upon the Throne of singular glory, on the right hand of the Father, Co-Eternal and Con-Substantial with Him, He sitteth, clothed with Divine Light, crowned with glory and honour, as beseemeth the Only-Begotten Son of GOD, serene in joy, full of Almighty Power, LORD in Heaven and in earth. There all the Angels of GOD worship Him, and the whole multitude of the citizens of the Heavenly Sion. In Him with one mind the hearts of all rejoice; on His longed-for Countenance the eyes of all the good feed. Toward Him from all sides flow together the longings of all the Saints; to Him rejoiceth, Him applaudeth, Him magnifieth all the whole state of Heaven, glorious in every way in His Splendour.

"Cry out and shout, Thou habitation of Sion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of Thee."[c] Exult in your noble Son, ye illustrious Patriarchs, for in Him is all your expectation fulfilled, and He is very high, and "in Him," your seed, "shall all the nations of the earth be blessed:" for so the word divine hath promised.

Rejoice in Jesus, the great Prophet, all ye Prophets, truthful men; for in Him ye see wonderfully and gloriously fulfilled all things which of Him ye, in the Holy Spirit, announced, and by Him ye are found faithful in all your words.

Rejoice in the LORD Jesus, your Master, ye noble chiefs of Heaven, blessed Apostles, rejoice in Him,

[c] Is. xii. 6.

and "again I say rejoice" with Christ with familiar joy. For lo, Whom ye saw in the midst of you, hungry, thirsty, wearied, and enduring other like infirmities of the flesh, rejected of all, and numbered among the transgressors, how hath He conquered, how doth He reign, how are all things under His Feet, how glorious doth He shine in His Lordly Light! And of His Joy and of His ineffable Glory He now hath you partakers, who formerly continued with Him in His temptations, and were partakers of His sufferings. Adore now those sweet Knees, which bowed themselves before you to the ground, as ye sat at that most Holy Supper. Adore now those holy Hands, with which He, the King of kings, deigned to wash and wipe off the dust of your feet.

Rejoice in Jesus, the Captain of your warfare, ye victorious Martyrs, who now possess, as the Reward of your conflict, Himself, for Whom ye gave your souls to death, Himself I say, Jesus, the Son of GOD.

Rejoice in Jesus, the great Teacher of the Truth, ye venerable Confessors and Doctors; for He Whom, once by your holy doctrines and righteous works ye confessed before men, He now confesseth you before His Father and the Holy Angels.

Rejoice in Jesus, Virgin, and Sanctifier of virgins, ye virgins inhabitants of Paradise, ye, like to Angels: for lo! Whom ye loved, Whom ye hoped for, Whom with burning longings ye sighed for, for love of Whom ye despised earthly espousals and all the pomp of the world, Him, the Son of the Great King, ye now see, now hold; now in His chaste Embraces ye rest, and by no cunning of the deceiver can He be torn from you.

But among all the inhabitants of Heaven, chiefest joy be to thee, Mary, Virgin singular among virgins, *rose of Heaven*ly sweetness, star shining brightly

among the first-born luminaries that received the light of God. In thy most Sweet Son Jesus, do thou alone above all rejoice with great joy, for Whom as Man thou didst bear, and nourish with thine own breasts, Him now with Angels and all the Company of Heaven thou adorest as the Living and True God. Rejoice, happy mother, for Whom thou sawest hanging on the wood of the Cross, thou now seest reigning in Heaven with great glory, all the loftiness of things in Heaven, and in earth, and under the earth, bowed to His Majesty, and all the strength of His enemies crushed beneath Him.

Joys of joys are to Thee, Thou entire fulness of the Saints, blessed Jerusalem, our mother which art above: keep thou a joyous and unceasing festival in the peaceful vision of thy Jesus, the Author of thy freedom.

And thou too now lift up thyself again, my soul, with what effort thou canst, and join thyself to the thousands of Saints who rejoice in the Lord Jesus. Thither hasten, up-borne by faith and hope; there have thy conversation by the burning of love, where Christ sitteth at the Right Hand of God. Fix the gaze of thy mind on the Light of His Countenance. Survey and kiss with thankful devotion each mark of His blessed Wounds, whence came forth those precious streams of Sacred Blood, wherewith the Only-Begotten Son of God bought thee and sanctified thee unto life everlasting.

Jesu, who loveth not Thee, let him be anathema! who loveth not Thee, let him be filled with bitterness. Chaste is Thy Love, O Lord, and admitteth nought of impurity. Sober is the taste of Thy Love, and leadeth no mind astray from right. Sweet is Thy Love, and nought hath it of bitterness; for the bitterness of the world it sweeteneth, and its sweet things it maketh bitter. In straits it is not

straitened; amid pressure it is not depressed; it perisheth not under want, it is not contracted by sorrow. In the toils of the hands it is even-minded; amid threats, fearless; in blandishments, uncorrupted; in torments it persevereth unconquered; in death it is always living. As the covetous man delighteth in his treasure, and as a mother delighteth in the love of her only son, so is there joy and pleasant delight in Thy Love, O Sweet Jesu, to the soul that loveth Thee. The sweetness of honey, and pleasantness of milk, the inebriating savour of wine, and all other delicacies, delight not so the mouths of them that taste them, as Thy Love doth the minds of them that love Thee.

O Sweet Jesu, true Bread much to be desired, sweet Grape, Oil mingled, gentle Lamb, bold Lion, beauteous Panther,[d] simple Dove, swift Eagle, Morning Star, Everlasting Sun, Angel of Peace, Fontal Light of the everlasting lights, may every good sense that becometh Thy Praise, love Thee, delight in Thee, admire Thee. O God of my heart, and my Portion, Jesus Christ, may my heart fail in its spirit, and my flesh from its desires, and Thou live in me: and may the living coal of Thy Love be kindled in my spirit, and grow to a complete fire. Let Thy Grace cherish and nourish it in me, that it burn continually on the altar of my heart. Let it burn in my marrow, and blaze in the hidden parts of my soul; in the day of my consummation may it be found consummated with Thee.

In the day wherein Thou shalt see me stripped of this mortal clothing which I now bear about with me, may it be to my soul as a beautiful garment, that it be not found naked, but clothed. and may have wherein its infirmities may be hidden from Thine eyes. May the fervour of Thy Love drive

[d] *See note* at the end of the Meditation.

far from me strange fire, fire which burneth through Thine adversaries; may it raise my soul to Thee its Creator, and plunge it, so far as may suffice, in Thy Divine Light.

LORD Jesu, may all who love Thee be filled with Thy Blessings. Coming to Thee, may they be written in Heaven, that they may have peace for ever under the covering of Thy Wings. To Thee, O Only-Begotten Son of GOD, with the Eternal Father, and the Holy Spirit, be unfailing praise, inviolable glory, a firm kingdom, abiding for ever and ever. Amen.

NOTE TO p. 122.

The remarkable title of "Panther," is taken from the qualities ascribed to the animal by Aristotle, Hist. Anim. ix. 8.; and mentioned by Ælian, Hist. Anim. v. 40; and Pliny, N. H. viii. 23. (See note 48, ed. Delph.) S. Isidore Hisp. Etymol. xii. 2. n. 8. says—"The Panther is so called, either because it is the friend of all animals, except the dragon," &c. It was said to attract all other animals by its fragrance. The stories are expanded in Hugo de S. Victore Institt. Mon. ii (de bestiis) c. 23. He thus applies them:—"So also our Lord Jesus Christ, the true Panther, drawing, through His Incarnation, to Himself the whole human race which had been taken by the devil, and was liable to death, rescued it, and, 'leading captivity captive, gave gifts unto men.' For 'Panther' is explained 'every wild beast,' as by its smell, taking every animal. So also God (as we said) seeing the whole human race taken by dæmons, enslaved to idols, and all together become a prey to the devil, descended from Heaven with the exceeding fragrance of His Incarnation, and rescued us, and we follow 'the Lord and the Lamb wheresoever He goeth.'" Hugo de S. V. continues at some length to dwell on other properties attributed to the panther, T. ii. p. 426.

S. Anselm's Meditations.

MEDITATION XIV. [XVIII.]

THANKSGIVING FOR THE BENEFITS OF GOD'S MERCY, AND PETITION FOR GOD'S HELP.

O Christ, my God, my Hope, of men Thou Lover and Delight,
My Life, Light, Health, and Peace, of Thine the Grace and Glory bright,
For whose salvation Thou didst deign their every ill to bear,
The flesh, the bonds, the cross, the wound, the death and sepulchre;
Then after three days, over death triumphant didst arise,
To raise Thy servants' drooping hearts, to glad their downcast eyes;
Then on the fortieth, high above the Heaven of Heavens didst soar,
Where now Thou ever livest, where Thou reignest evermore.

THOU art my living GOD, my holy Christ, my loving LORD, my great King, my good Shepherd, my true Master, my Helper in my need, my Beloved surpassing in beauty, my living Bread, my Priest for ever, my Guide to my country, my true Light, my holy Sweetness, my true Life, my glorious Wisdom, my pure Simplicity, my peace-making Concord, my Safeguard, my good Portion, my everlasting Salvation, my great Mercy, my strong Endurance, my Victim without spot, my holy Redemption, my firm Hope, my perfect Charity, my holy Resurrection, my Life eternal, mine Exultation, my blissful Life, to continue without end. Thee I implore, I supplicate, I entreat, that Thou perfect in me the work of Thy Mercy which Thou hast begun; for I, the last

of Thy servants, not unmindful of the benefits of Thy Compassion which have been conferred upon me a sinner, thank Thee, that of Thy sole Clemency Thou didst make me, unworthy, to be born of Christian parents, and by the water of holy Baptism, and renewal of the Holy Ghost, didst set me free from the bonds of original sin, and didst place me among the number of Thy sons by adoption; that Thou hast given me true faith, and hast deigned ever to increase and strengthen it in my heart, by the illumination of Thy Grace, and the teaching of my holy mother, the Church; and I beseech Thee, LORD, and suppliantly implore, ever increase in me this faith, true faith, faith holy Catholic and orthodox, faith most wise and most invincible, adorned with every good and every virtue, faith which by love may work in me that which pleaseth Thee, which may never be conquered amid words of controversy, in the time of persecution, or in the day of necessity and death.

O Thou Fountain and Source, Giver and Preserver of all Virtues, O God, increase in me, I beseech Thee, true faith, unshaken hope, perfect charity, profound humility, patience most invincible, perpetual chastity both of body and mind. Give Thou to me wisdom, righteousness, fortitude and temperance, discretion in all things, and senses very wakeful, that I may be able wisely to discern between good and evil, between the right hand and the left. Make Thou me rich in Thy holy Virtues, that by them I may serve Thee, through them please Thee in Truth, for a lover of their beauty have I been made through Thy Grace. Give me them for the honour and glory of Thy Name, join Thou them to my faith, that they may be its inseperable companions through the whole time of my life; wherefore, I beseech *Thee, make* me, by Thy Grace, ever both steadfast

in faith, and profitable in every good work; that Thy faith, which my tongue speaketh and the writings of my hand testify, an acceptable life by good habits may confess.

I give Thee thanks, O LORD, that Thou hast filled me, a vessel empty, useless, ignorant, with knowledge and understanding, and hast ever given me that lowly knowledge which edifieth. Give me too, such gentle and wise eloquence as may never know how to be puffed up above my brethren. Put Thou, I beseech Thee, in my mouth the word of comfort, and edification, and exhortation, by Thy Holy Spirit, that I may be able both to urge on the good to still better things, and, by word and good example, to recall those who walk contrary to the path of Thine Uprightness. Let the words which Thou givest to Thy servant be as sharp darts to pierce and kindle the minds of them that hear them, to Thy Fear and Thy Love.

O Thou Shepherd and Ruler of all, Christ my GOD, Who for no merits of mine own, but of the sole vouchsafement of Thy Mercy, hast called my littleness to this pastoral office, for Thy own sake and for Thy Names' sake make me fit for this ministry, and that I may wisely rule Thine House, and in all things be able to feed Thy flock according to Thy Will. Grant, for Thy Loving-kindness and for Thy Goodness' sake, that I may become in Thine House a burning and a shining light: grant, for the honour and glory of Thy Name, that with much good fruit in this society of brothers I may be found meet to attain to Thy Glory, for to Thee nought is difficult, nought impossible. With Thee, to will is to do; Thy Will is Work. And therefore do I believe with mine heart and confess with my mouth, that Thou canst and willest wonderfully to fulfil that work through me, mean as I am: I know

and am certain that Thou art able to bring forth great and good fruit from Thy flock by me, small and weak though I be. Yea, I am small, and a mean man of no excellence, having nought in me which is fitting or worthy of so high an office; therefore despairing utterly of my littleness, I respire not again but in Thy Mercy alone.

But though Thou art great in great things, yet still more gloriously dost Thou work great things in the least. Verily Thy praise will be sweeter and more abundant in the mouths of men, when through me, so mean, Thou hast deigned to work great things for Thy flock. Send Thou therefore to my aid Thy Holy Angel from Heaven, who, helping me in all things, may make Thy work to prosper in my hands, so that Thy blessed Name may be glorified in me, miserable sinner. O Thou, rich in mercy, bountiful in gifts, Who givest all to all, and losest nothing, give Thou unto me both Heavenly and earthly supplies, unto all-sufficiency; that I may have whence I may be able to feed and sustain Thy flock, both spiritually and bodily, and to receive without any hesitation those who come to me in Thy Name, and at the same time to order the places committed to my charge, and prepare for the quiet and health of my brethren, as is meet and right. All this I ask of Thee, O Lord our God, for all our good things are Thy Gifts: for not from ought else are we able to serve and please Thee, save from Thy Gift.

But if perchance it be not in the counsel of Thine Eternal Will, through me to make of Thy sheep good and abundant fruit, I beseech and suppliantly beg Thee, set me free from the ties of so great an office, in whatever way seemeth good to Thee, in whatever order pleaseth Thee. For Thou knowest and canst all things. What do I here? Why tarry

I in these turmoils, if I be not destined by Thy Grace to bring forth some fruit in the salvation of my brethren. Two things I beseech of Thee: one of them, of Thy Clemency deny me not. By all Thy Compassions, I beseech Thee, give me Thy Heavenly consolation in my many tribulations. For that most heavy burden which is laid upon my shoulders I am unable to bear, to lay it aside I fear: I am in straits on all sides, and what to choose I know not. O GOD, the Helper of all that trust in Thee, let not Thy Love desert me, let not Thy Grace abandon me. Help Thou me, O GOD, who hope in Thee, and trust in Thy Mercy alone, for without Thee I cannot please Thee. Who ever hoped in Thee and was abandoned? It hath not been heard from the beginning. Thou art the good GOD of infinite Love and immeasurable Goodness, Who hast never been wont to leave them which hope in in Thee. Shew Thou, I beseech Thee, Thy Mercy in me, for I flee unto Thee for succour; "that they who hate me may see it, and be ashamed, because Thou, LORD, hast holpen me and comforted me."[a]

I thank Thee, O LORD, that Thou hast both severed me from the vain fellowship of this world, and hast drawn me to Thy holy service for no merits of mine own, but of the sole vouchsafement of Thy Mercy. I bless Thee, O Lord our GOD, Who givest to me, unworthy, to enjoy the society and the love of Thy servants. Give me rest and health of body and soul, and at the same time, convenient freedom for Thy service. Free me from the vain entanglements of this world, for the profit of my soul, for Thine Honour's sake, and for the Glory of Thy Name, and because it is written, "No man that warreth, entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please Him Who hath chosen him

[a] Ps. lxxxvii. 17.

to be a soldier,"[b] and because Thou separatest the souls of them that serve Thee, from all the turmoils of cares, that they may be free for Thee alone, their GOD, both day and night; and Thou givest profitable and spiritual rest to those who renounce the world, that with the very palate of their heart they may taste and feel that Thou art sweet and pleasant, O LORD, as Thy Scripture teacheth us, saying, "Be still and know that I am the LORD,"[c] and elsewhere, "Wisdom is learned in a time of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise."[d] Yea, and that most sacred sentence, uttered by Thy Holy Mouth, more fully informeth us, and utterly prohibiteth us from the cares of this world, saying, "Ye cannot serve GOD and Mammon:"[e] and again, "No man putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of GOD:"[f] and elsewhere Thou deignest, by a plain example to draw us back, saying, "Remember Lot's wife."[g]

I thank Thee, O most Merciful LORD, Who, though I have been a miserable and very careless sinner from the beginning, from my cradle running through almost every kind of sin and wickedness, yet kindly and patiently waitedst for my repentance, not willing to destroy me with my sins and iniquities, and faults and negligences. For if Thou, O LORD, hadst willed to do to me according to my sins, long ago the earth should have swallowed me up quick. But I beseech Thee, O Loving LORD, let not Thine expectation be vain in me; let it not be, far from it, unfruitful. Thou Who willest not the death of a sinner, give me, for my past evils, forgiveness; for the present, grant me amendment; for the future, bestow continually watchfulness and caution. Give room and space for worthy fruits of

[b] 1 Tim. ii. 4. [c] Ps. xlvi. 10. [d] Ecclus. xxxviii. 24.
[e] *Matt. vi. 24.* [f] Luke ix. 62. [g] Luke xvii. 32.

repentance. Open the eyes of my heart by Thy Holy Ghost, that I may see and weep for all my sins. LORD, now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation. Pity me, O LORD, and destroy me not with my sins; reserve not my evil deeds to be punished in that future life, in those infernal torments, in that Thy Tremendous Judgment. For Thy great Mercy's sake loosen Thou the bonds of all my sins, before I depart from this life. Give me a contrite and humbled heart; give me the grace of tears. Give me light in my heart, strength in my body, that I may see what I ought to do, and may be bold and strong to fulfil what I see, all the days of my life. Have mercy upon me, O LORD, have mercy upon me. Suffer not this sinful soul, for which Thou didst deign to be born of a Virgin, and to die upon the Cross, bid it not, I beseech Thee, be severed from this mortal body, before Thou make me fully and perfectly to repent of and to mourn for all my sins which since my Baptism I have committed from my very cradle, whether in knowledge or ignorance, whether in pride or carelessness; so that in the day of my departure, all my sins being purged away, and my life amended, safe and joyous I may see Thy most sweet and beautiful Face with joy and exultation for Thy great Mercy and Goodness.

I thank Thee again and again, O Almighty and Merciful Christ, Who, for Thine own sake, and for Thy Holy Name's sake, hast thus far deigned to set free my undeserving littleness from many straits and tribulations and calamities and infirmities, from many pits and snares and stumbling-blocks and sins, from many evils, and most grievous dangers, wonderfully and mercifully guiding my life amid adversity and prosperity; so that neither adversity should cast me down, nor prosperity puff me up.

For Thou hast put Thy bridle in my jaws, and hast not left me altogether in the hand of mine own will, taking care of me with Thy Fatherly Loving-kindness, and not permitting me to be tempted above that which I should be able to bear. Where there was opportunity for sinning, often there was not the will; or where there was the will, there was not the opportunity.

To Thee then be praise, and blessing, and thanksgiving, O Lord my GOD, for all Thy Gifts and Bounties, and for all Thy Benefits which Thou hast bestowed on my soul and my body, and ever hast bestowed from my very cradle; for Thy Loving-kindness and Goodness; not because my merits demanded it, but rather, notwithstanding my most grievous sins. But I beseech Thee, O LORD, I beseech Thee, suffer me not to be ungrateful for so great benefits, nor unworthy of so many compassions. Be it not allowed to me, nor to the devil, nor to the world, nor to any created thing, nor any man whatever, to overthrow in me Thy Gifts; for all is frail, whatsoever striveth to oppose Thee. Place I beseech Thee more and more Thy bridle in my jaws, and draw me after Thee, as some tamed animal, in nothing kicking against Thy commands, but with even and moderate step bearing Thee, my LORD, and in all things obedient to Thy Will. Arouse, O LORD, my sluggishness with Thy goads, and make me with my whole heart and with all my strength to seek Thy Face all the days of my life. Draw me to Thee, O GOD the Strength of our salvation, by the bridle of Thy powerful Grace, and suffer me not by mine own will to wander after mine own judgment. Suffer not Thy Likeness to be obscured in me, which, if it be maintained by Thee, is ever splendid, noble, clear. Pity, O LORD, *me, Thy most* miserable and unworthy servant, for

that I am not as innumerable and manifold servants of Thine, who from their very cradles have served Thee most devotedly. I am not as those who, by penitence after open sins, have attained to be devoted to Thee. I am not as some Christian women married to husbands, who serve Thee in acts of mercy with deepest devotion. I am not as many too of those who, in the eyes of men, seem unrighteous and perverse, but are very different in Thy Sight. "For Thou alone knowest the hearts of the sons of men."

If however, O LORD, ought of good I do or have done by the gift of Thy Grace, to what end I shall do this, or with what strictness it will be weighed by Thee, I know not. Wherefore, O LORD, terrible in counsel above the sons of men, suppliant and trembling exceedingly, I implore Thy Holy and boundless Clemency, O Thou Who willest not that any should perish, but to save all, leave me not in the hand of mine own counsel, nor in the judgment of mine own will, nor in the power or temptation of devils, nor in the erring judgment or hurtful counsel of men; but of Thy Goodness and Loving-kindness, according to Thy most benign Providence, which can never be deceived in its dispositions, dispose Thou here and everywhere, now and ever, the days of my life according to Thy good pleasure; and by Thy Holy Spirit direct my heart, and tongue, and actions, according to Thy Will in Thy Mercy, that Thou being my Ruler and my Guide, I may study ever to speak, and think, and do those things which please Thee in truth, according to Thy Grace, and which may at length bring me to life everlasting, by Thy Pity and Thy Gift, Who art the Giver of all good things; and Who, with the Father and Holy Spirit, art GOD blessed for ever and ever. Amen.

S. Anselm's Meditations.

MEDITATION XV. [XIX.]

UNSPEAKABLE GOODNESS OF GOD, AND MAN'S MISERY, SAVE IN GOD.

I.

WHILE I consider what GOD is, how sweet His Nature, how lovely, how unspeakable, how wonderful, how greatly by all creation to be reverenced and adored, and then see and understand what man is, whom GOD Himself made after His own Image and Likeness, and whom further He created of such a nature, that, as he ever sets forth in himself the image of his Creator, so he should always have in his memory His Will and His Love, Who made him such, I wonder much and am amazed, both at the inestimable goodness of GOD the Creator, and at the great misery of man the created.

At the unspeakable goodness of GOD I wonder, in that, while He is Himself most Almighty and most Righteous, yet He suffereth man to live even for an hour, whom for this cause He willed to make so honourable, that as man himself is more honourable than all the other works of His Hands, so he might live more honourably than all the others, always according to the Will of his Creator; and yet he, most miserable and most unhappy, doeth the very reverse; in that, while all the rest of the works of His Hands are ever in accordance with the Will of their Creator, he alone always, or almost always, *resisteth His* Will.

And at the unspeakable misery of man I wonder, how he hath so lost all sense, liveth so like the beasts that have no sense, that he should ever forget his Creator, who cannot forget himself. I suppose, unless he be beside himself, he never forgetteth himself, so as not to understand that he is, and lives, and understands. But seeing that man understandeth that he hath all these things, it is wonderful and very amazing, how he ever forgetteth Him, Whose good pleasure it hath been to give all these things to him.

II.

For the man to whom any good in this world is given by another man, is often wont so fervently to love him who hath given him this good, and so continually to give himself to his service, that if the cause of that his benefactor required it, oftentimes he would not fear to meet even death for him; and yet anything which ever man in this world can have, or which one man can give to another, none is so devoid of understanding as not to perceive that he cannot retain for ever, but must give up either before his end come, or, if not before, at least then, when his end has come.

But what God giveth to man in this world is either such as he can never lose, and none can ever take from him, or such that even though man lose it, yet by it he may obtain, that, when this present life is ended, he may be ever with his Creator in a life of bliss.

God giveth to man oftentimes, in this life, to live according to reason, and as He hath commanded, and as is right, to love his Creator; and in all things, without any contradiction, to obey His commandments; and this good, no man, except he himself of his own will, let it go, can take from him.

This world's riches, whether he will or no, he

must needs give up; but while he hath them, if he bestow them as his GOD hath commanded, he may so be able to attain to everlasting life.

O immeasurable Goodness of our Creator! O inestimable Mercy! Himself in nothing ever needing man, yet of His Goodness alone He created man; creating, He adorned him with reason, that he might be able to be partaker of His Happiness and His Eternity, and so with Him possess for ever Joy and Gladness.

Still further, while man in many things is contrary to Him, knowingly and wilfully doeth many things, although they are displeasing to Him, yet He warneth him to return, to seek again the Mercy of His Creator, nor for any sin, however grievous, presume to despair. For He is the Fountain of Loving-kindness and Mercy, and all, with whatever stain of sin they are defiled, He longeth to cleanse; cleansed, to give them the joy of everlasting life.

III.

O most sweet and dearest Jesu Christ, Thou that art the tender Lover of men, and most kind Redeemer of sinners, may my soul adore Thee, all my life serve Thee, all my bowels long after Thee. O most loving LORD, my miserable soul willeth to think on Thee, to look into Thy wondrous things, and to understand how good and merciful Thou art toward sinners; lest, despairing on account of my sins, I choose, miserable that I am, to separate myself from Thy Goodness; that so thinking, and believing in Thee, Who art the Truth, I may now at length be able to cease from mine iniquities, and to re-fashion to works of uprightness my mind, bowed down by evil deeds and sins.

Behold, O LORD, I know that Thou hast made *of nothing all things* which are. That is, they were

not, and Thou didst make them: but Thou Thyself, Who didst make them, ever wast, and there never was a time when Thou wast not; and Thou wast ever Good, and ever Almighty, and therefore all things, whatsoever Thou hast made, Thou madest good.

Thou then, Who ever wast, and art, and shalt be, and Who never camest from not-being into being, as Thou ever hadst being, so Thou ever hadst Goodness and Almightiness. And therefore nought else is Thine Essence but Goodness and Almightiness; but what is Essence to Thee, the same is Goodness and Almightiness. And therefore Thou canst not be other than Good and Almighty, and all those other things which in like manner are said and believed of Thee.

Thou then truly art, and nought else is, save Thee; and Thou hast nought but that one I AM; for not what now Thou art, at another time Thou art not; but what now Thou art, Thou ever art. But to Thy creature, which had not always being, but which came from not-being into being, by Thee and from Thee Who hadst always Being,—its being is not in itself goodness and power: but when it is good and when it can do good things, from Thee is it good, and from Thee can it do good, Who essentially art Good and Almighty.

But Thou didst make all Thy creation good; yet not to all Thy creation, although made good by Thee, didst Thou give reason, to understand Thee. And though all creation praiseth Thee, and proclaimeth Thee its Creator and Governor, yet not all creation understandeth Thee, but only that which is reasonable, and which Thou hast made after Thine own Image and Likeness.

IV.

That creature too, to which Thou hast not given the gift of understanding, praiseth Thee, when the

rational creature seeth that it hath been by Thee created good, and beautifully ordered; and this is Thy being praised by it, namely, its being understood by the rational creature that Thou hast made it good and hast beautifully ordered it.

But the human nature which Thou hast made rational, and the nature to which Thou hast not given the gift of understanding, Thou hast thus distinguished, that the human nature, for whose sake Thou hast made the rest of Thy creation, should order it according to Thy Will, and from it, by Thy Gift, should take the nourishment whence to sustain itself.

But because man is made up of two natures, of soul, that is, and flesh; the nourishment whereon he liveth according to the flesh, he receiveth from the creature; that from which he liveth according to the soul, he receiveth from the Creator; yet both from the Creator. But man liveth here according to the flesh, while he is nourished with natural food; according to the soul he liveth, while he observeth the Will and the Commandments of his Creator. And as he dieth, according to the flesh, if he is not sustained with natural food, so, according to the soul, he dieth, if he keep not the commands of God.

Man then, who is made up of soul and flesh, liveth both in flesh and soul, by doing what God commandeth, forasmuch as by so doing, he attaineth to live happily with his Creator in everlasting life. But if he endeavour to go astray from doing what his Creator commandeth, and rather seeketh to live according to the desires of the flesh, which is not truly to live, but miserably to take away one's own life, if any one were carefully to look into him, he would see in him not the fashion of that man who was made after the Image of God, but the fashion *of a beast, whose* habits he studieth to imitate.

And then it may truly be said that he is dead, destined without doubt to suffer eternal death, if he dieth, persisting in this.

V.

God the Creator made man after His own Image and Likeness, in that He made him rational. And as God is good in Will, so man, being made after His Likeness, is good in will; in this, being like to His Creator, that the Creator is good in Will, man is good in will; but differing in this, that the Creator is eternally and essentially good of Himself, while man is therefore good because he imitateth Him Who is eternally and essentially good of Himself.

The Creator again is, as I said, good in Will, and man, being made after the Likeness of His Creator, is good in will also; yet differing in this, that the Creator neither willeth, nor can be, nor wills to be anything else than good, for will and power are His Essence; while to man, will and power are one thing, essence, another. But if he agreeth with the will of God, and willeth what God willeth, then he setteth forth in himself the Image of God.

And if he persevere in this unto the end, by the operation of the Divine Mercy, he obtaineth, that thereafter for ever he shall cling to the will of His Creator, and no longer be able to be torn asunder from it. And as hereafter he will always be what he will be, so he will be whatever he shall will. And as in the Creator, Essence is not different from Will, nor Will from Essence, so to man, in *that* his existence of happiness, according to his measure, by the gift of his Creator, his will will be as unchangeable as his essence, which as undoubtedly will be able to do whatever it shall will, as, existing happily, it will be a happy essence. And then shall man have a free will, truly and wholly set free from all evil,

according to which, while meantime he liveth here, by the working of the Grace of God, he willeth to do what God hath commanded, and to leave undone what He forbiddeth.

VI.

But man consisteth of two natures, of the nature of the soul, and of the nature of the flesh. Now the nature of the soul, forasmuch as the soul is spiritual, tendeth to things above; but the nature of the flesh, forasmuch as the flesh from its desires goeth forth into carnal appetites, tendeth, as it were, naturally, to lower things. But between these two natures of which man consisteth, the will occupieth as it were a middle place, having a free choice. By which free choice if it join itself with the soul, which naturally tendeth toward things above, then the soul and the will (with the help however of the Divine Grace,) raise up the flesh along with them to lofty things, and place it in everlasting felicity, there to live without end: so that there is then no longer any opposition between the soul and the flesh, but both have ever the same love and the same will. And then there will be one and the same will of the Creator and of the created, man, whom He created after His own Image and Likeness; when God shall be all in all.

But if with the same free choice it join itself to the desires of the flesh, which, naturally as it were, tendeth to things below, then the will, abusing its free choice, together with the flesh drags down to lower things the soul, destitute of help from above, and the man's sins overwhelm the whole man, that is, soul and flesh, in perdition, so that he no longer has aught but evil, nor aught to be subject to, but torment.

VII.

O sweetest Lord, O my most loving God, my Creator, my Salvation, my Life, my Hope, my Consolation and my Refuge, by Thy Grace and by Thy most loving Mercy govern Thou and sustain my free choice, that I may not be able, by abusing it, to offend Thee, my sweetest Creator; and so oft as evil pleases me, before that I perfect it in act, destroy Thou and confound every evil desire of mine.

Rather had I, sweetest Father, be drawn by Thee, even against my will, or even be bound with chains and cast aside in any corner of Thy House, than be separated from Thee: for there, even though for my sins I be unable to see Thy most loving Countenance, yet at least I may be able to hear the joy and gladness of those who wait on Thee.

Who, O sweetest Creator of mankind, can estimate Thine unspeakable Goodness, whereby Thou hast so greatly loved our human nature, that not only didst Thou create it, when it was not, but Thyself, its Creator, for love of it, didst become a creature! Whose heart so hard, so iron, that, knowing and understanding Thy so great Love toward man whom Thou hast created, it cannot be softened and entirely melted into thanksgiving, and veneration of so great Sweetness?

Verily, O my soul, verily, O my heart and all that is within me, wondrous is it if ever ye can forget so great Love and so great Affection of your Creator. Behold, O wretched man, what Thy Creator, what Thy Lord, hath done! He Himself, Who ever hath, and ever hath had Being, unchangable and invisible, unappreciable and incomprehensible, in a wondrous and unspeakable manner, without giving up His own Being, emptied Himself

for thee, when for thee He willed to become a creature, that thee, who from not being, hadst come into being, He might reconcile the more closely to Himself, Who had not come from not Being into being, but Who ever had Being; that, reconciled and entirely re-fashioned to thy former dignity, He might bring thee back to His own Being, that ever happy and joyous in His eternal Glory, thou mightest rejoice with Him for ever.

Behold, O my God and my Creator, behold Thou seest whither in my meditations I have attained, and yet, while I thus meditate, to how great vanities and follies my unhappy soul is subject! If ever, looked upon by Thy Grace, I begin to think what pertaineth to the advantage of my soul, it, unstable and almost void of all good, quickly glideth away to things empty and hurtful, as the straw which the lightest breath of wind bloweth off from the floor.

Seeing then, O my Creator, so great inconstancy of my mind, seeing it so slothful and sluggish to meditate upon those things which are useful; so eager and zealous after those things which are hurtful: look not upon this, that I am a sinner. I confess, I confess I am a sinner, I am unworthy, I am unclean, and yet I depart not from Thee, most Sweet Jesu Christ; wilt Thou or no, I will not let Thee go; with my hand, weak as it is, I will hold Thee, nor shalt Thou depart from me until Thou deliver me from every thought of sin. Scourge me, amend me, reprove, yea and chastise Thy servant, until, by Thine unspeakable goodness, Thou bring me to the Glory of the contemplation of Thee.

MEDITATION XVI. [XX.]

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF GOD.

It sufficeth not, Lord, it sufficeth not to my sinful soul, that, out of the abundance of Thine unspeakable Mercy, it hopeth that its sins may be forgiven it, unless in some way it strive that the grief be lessened which it feeleth for the absence of Thy Countenance, at least by setting forth its complaint before Thee. For it is far away from Thee, and that, on account of its iniquities. Wherewith then shall I begin to speak? I desire that my grief should be comforted; and I perceive that by the very gaining of comfort, it is enlarged.

For the very searching out of comfort sets again before my mind the recollection of my grief. For I should not seek comfort for my grief unless I remembered that I grieve; for, from recollection of grief is sought the refuge of comfort, and from the seeking of comfort is increased the recollection of grief; and the oftener grief is set before the mind, with the greater increase is it multiplied.

What then am I doing? Doth the very setting forth of my grief give some kind of profit of consolation? Then will I set forth, O Lord, before Thy Mercy the bitterness of my soul, wherewith it is surrounded from the abundance of its iniquities; for on account of these iniquities it suffereth the bitter

absence of Thy most beautiful Countenance. From this then, O my GOD, from this is the whole of my grief, that I know that I have, by mine iniquities, grievously offended Thy Clemency, and that for this mine iniquity, the eyes of my heart have been darkened, that they should not look upon the light of Thy desirable Brightness. Thou didst make me that I might rejoice in Thee; and I have made myself so foul, that I blush to appear before Thee. "Mine iniquities are gone over my head, and are like a sore burden, too heavy for me to bear:"[a] my mind is drunk with the gall of wickedness, and my soul is bowed down with the weight of my sins; my understanding is defiled with the mire of vices, and my heart is filled with the pollution of unrighteousness; my soul is entangled in the meshes of sins, and my whole substance is weighed down with the burden of my crimes.

Who then shall help me, set as I am in so great a depth of miseries? Who shall stretch forth a hand to me? Have I alone, as is the truth, by so great iniquities embittered GOD against me, so that neither He nor any of His creatures ought of right any more to look upon me? Ah me! why should I have remained in this world one hour after my birth, that so great evils should be practised by me against GOD? Why is life granted to me so long, seeing it is entirely spent in evil affections?

But why do I mourn the prolongation of my life, seeing that I know that by it, GOD inviteth to repentance? "Knowest thou not," saith the Apostle, "that the goodness of GOD leadeth thee to repentance? But after thy hardness and impenitent heart treasurest up to thyself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of GOD?"[b] For this cause then my life is allowed me,

[a] *Ps. xxxviii. 4* [b] Rom. ii. 4, 5.

that it may be amended. Why then should not this be done? If for penitence sake life is prolonged, why is penitence itself only feigned? If GOD spareth my life, by maintaining it up to this time, why doth itself not spare itself, by putting away its sins? O senseless hardness of my heart! for this, is death delayed, that life may be improved, and while life is prolonged, a worse death is being earned.

I am in a strait on both sides. While I am in the body, I am far away from my LORD; and yet, lest it should be worse with me out of the body for my sins' sake, I fear to depart from the body. I grieve to be deprived of the presence of GOD, and yet I fear to undergo the absence of the corruptible body, without which I cannot be even led to the presence of GOD. What is it, O LORD, what is it, which the heart of this sinner seeth, yet availeth not to set forth in words? Verily, O good Jesu, to be set free, and to be with Thee is far better. Wherefore then is that not longed for, which is proved to be the best? To be set free from the mortal body, and to be with Christ, is bliss; to be imprisoned in the body, and to be far away from Christ, is misery: wherefore then do I fear to lose misery? wherefore do I not long to gain bliss? This is the reason why we do not long to be set free from the body, because when we have been set free, it is doubtful whether it be our lot to be with Christ. And on account of this, delaying in the flesh is judged to be profitable for this reason, because while we live in the flesh, amendment of life is hoped for.

Woe for the sins of men, by whose deserts it is brought about, that the very misery of human life is judged to be profitable! Is not the whole of this present life misery? And yet this misery sometimes is profitable even to the righteous themselves, for the increase of good works, but to the

unrighteous most needful, for the medicine of penitence. But *then* does this very misery seem, to good minds, most to be mourned, when by the foolish, to their peril, it is overmuch loved. For when men continue in the love of it, by this very same misery they come to everlasting misery: and in a miserable manner a passage is made through misery to misery, while both this present misery is consumed in the toils of lusts, and everlasting misery succeeding to it, is endured in everlasting pain. But verily the everlasting misery itself will be the more severe in punishment, the longer the misery of this present life is prolonged by our merciful Saviour for the sake of penitence.

O Father, Who truly art, since perfectly Thou art, "for Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail," help Thou me, overwhelmed with misery. If the very misery which I suffer, by the disposal of Thy Pity is prolonged for the escaping of greater misery, which is wont to be accomplished by the practice of penitence, why then is the misery itself the object of my love? Why love I that which I must very soon lose, and why long I not for that which, when the misery of this present life is ended, might make me blessed? If I am not able to love, as it were good for me to do, the bliss which Thou promisest to them that love Thee, wherefore at all events do I not dread the punishments which Thou threatenest to them who despise Thee, of whom alas I am one? For if I dreaded them, in some degree at least I should amend myself, and by the gift of Thy Mercy it would come to pass that by fear and rebuke I should come at length to love.

But wherefore do I not fear Thy Judgments, except because I neglect to think upon them? And that I be not able to think upon them oftener, my vices, flattering me with deadly delights and plea-

sures, cease not to hinder. O LORD, O LORD, "behold I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine Handmaid."[c] For although I be a sinner, yet am I a son of Thy Holy Church. But what have I said? with what daring have I presumed to call myself Thy servant, when I knew well that I was the servant of sin? "For whoso committeth sin, is the servant of sin."[d] And I leave not off to sin incessantly: how then have I dared to call myself Thy servant? Verily I should not say this, save that of Thine unspeakable Compassion I have presumed so to say, because, though I am a servant of sin through my weakness, yet I am Thy servant by the longing which I rejoice to have been bestowed upon me by Thine adorable Goodness. I am Thy servant then, O LORD, if not in work and conversation, at least in affection and will. But in this am I miserable, and much to be wept over, that though I know myself to be Thy servant, yet I strive not, as it were good for me to do, to pay to Thee the honour of a Master. For if I did this, verily there would be nothing which would call me back from the recollection of Thee, from the desire of understanding Thee, from the blessed sweetness of Thy Love.

O my LORD, my LORD, wherefore, seeing that Thou art my LORD, live I not as befitteth Thy servant? I know that Thou art my GOD, and I desire to be Thy servant. Wherefore am I not able to maintain in my conversation the life of Thy true servant?

Yet why seek I the cause of this my misery, when I cannot doubt that my iniquity has deserved it? Ah me! wherefore do I live? wherefore do I live so long, who live so ill? Therefore is life granted to me that death may be escaped; and life

[c] Ps. cxvi. 16.

[d] John viii. 34.

is found by me to be worse than death itself! Thou grantest it to me, O my most wise Creator, that I may study to prepare myself to contemplate Thy Beauty; and I cease not daily to shew myself more foul! What, O my God, what more beautiful than Thine unspeakable Brightness, what more foul than mine iniquity? O my whole heart, delight thou in sighs, by the practice whereof both thy beauty may be enlightened, and thine inner eye may more easily be lifted up to contemplate the brightness of the heavenly Light. O my whole soul, lay now aside all thy wanderings, gaze only upon the Divine splendour; out of longing for Him pour forth copious showers of tears, by the flood whereof both thine own innumerable foul guiltinesses may be washed away, and the natural beauty, which the good Creator of all things conferred upon thee, may by the working of His Compassion be restored to thee. Yea I say, all that is within me, take courage, put forth all your endeavours to seek that true, that single, that eternal and only blessed Good, Whose Light may drive away your darkness; Whose most clear Fountain may wash away your stains; Whose Liberty may unloose those bonds by which you are held tight under the dominion of sins; Whose Strength may strengthen your weakness; Whose Wisdom may clear away your folly; Whose Life may snatch you from everlasting death, and make you partner of His own Immortality.

O Good that surpassest all goods, for of Thee and in Thee are all goods; for Thou art all goods; I confess that too great are my evils, too many and too grievous my sins, and mine iniquities are increased without measure, for miserably intent upon them hath my mind been until now. O my evils, why rush ye upon me so cruelly, to make me alien *from* all good? O my vices, why glue ye my

unto you with your deadly allurements, that, n I am set in any path, ye allow me not even to ep onwards? Be distressed, my mind; faint, u, my heart; my soul, tremble with fear; mine es, fail ye with weeping. For what can be found ore miserable than I in my whole condition? All her things keep inviolate the order assigned to em: I daily violate it.

But He Who so long beareth me sinning, will He not receive me penitent? It cannot be, but that He will suffer me to live. Therefore will I go to my Father, unworthy son though I am; I will go to Him, after having squandered the innocence which He gave me, after the long famine as to His Heavenly speech which I endure. And I will say to Him, "Father, I am no more worthy to be called Thy son; I presume not to match myself with Thy sons for rank; but with Thy servants I seek Thy Mercy; and therefore make Thou me as one of Thy hired servants." Thence, O loving Father, shall Thy Clemency be proclaimed, and Thy Riches not be diminished, if Thou see me desiring to return to Thee, if Thou embrace me with the arms of Thy Mercy, if Thou bid me be invested with the ring of faith and the robe of righteousness, if Thou deign to say of me to Thine Angels, "it is meet for us to rejoice, for this My son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." But who, O Good and wonderful Father, who will give to me, with meet affection of faith and holiness, to eat of that fatted Calf, Which, for my redemption, Thou hast bidden be sacrificed on the Altar of the Cross? And Who is that Calf, so gentle when sacrificed, so healthful to eat of, save He, Thine Own and Only-begotten Son, Whom Thou sparedst not, but gavest Him up for us all? He it is, O Lord, He it is, with Whose Sweetness mine heart longeth to

be refreshed, He it is Whom, above all, my mind desireth to love; He it is from Whose Presence my soul, with mighty groanings, complaineth that it is separated.

But while I long for the Son, do I at all neglect the Father? Be it far from me. For how can this be, when nothing else is the Father That begat, than the Son Who is begotten; that Substance is the Father which is the Son, though He is not the same Person Who is the Father, as He Who is the Son. And how can I long for the Father and the Son, without the Love of the Father and the Son, Who is nothing else than what the Father is and the Son is, though He is another Person than the Father and the Son? In no way.

Say then, O my soul, say to thy Creator, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God, "I have sought Thy Face; Thy Face, Lord, will I seek!" Behold, O Lord, I ask, I seek, I knock; when shall I find? when shall I receive? when shall it be opened unto me? To Thee, O Lord, are open the secrets of my heart: Thou seest that the presence of Thy Countenance is the only hope of my comfort. Ah me! how far am I cast forth from the unspeakable joy of that Countenance! How then shall I be comforted? How, unless that Beauty of Thy Countenance appear, whereon hangeth the hope of all my comfort? Let then, O Lord, "mine eyes long sore for Thy Word, saying, O when wilt Thou comfort me?"[e] Listen, O Lord, to the one only desire of my soul; listen to the groaning of my heart, and put before Thy Sight my tears, which I shed in the grief wherewith my soul is stricken, failing for the absence of Thy Countenance; "for my life is waxen old with heaviness, and my years with mourning."[f] Have mercy upon me, O Lord,

[e] Ps. cxix. 82. [f] Ps. xxxi. 11.

have mercy upon me; in season and out of season will I cry unto Thee: nor will I leave Thee until Thou make me glad with the presence of Thy Countenance; I will refuse myself all comfort. By grief alone for the absence of Thy Countenance will I chasten myself.

O glorious Countenance! O bright Face of GOD! so long as I shall not see Thee, my soul will remain in darkness. O hard, O bitter absence of the Face of GOD, how long wilt Thou torment me? O burdensome life of this vain world, how long wilt Thou keep my soul, unhappy in dwelling in thee, shut up, as in a prison, in thy vanities? O my soul, what delighteth thee in this mortal life? Why hastest thou not to come to the happiness of the Vision of GOD, from Which by the deserts of thy fault thou art severed? Wherefore dost thou not shudder to be absent from the Face of GOD, and to be fettered in the impure chains of this world? Wherefore with all thine affection desirest thou not to share in the joys of that happy life, and to be away from the filthiness of this foul life? Why fliest thou not from this? why runnest thou not to that? If this life be given thee for an intermediate time, why delayest thou? why stayest thou to offer quickly such penitence to GOD, that He may pardon thy sins and mercifully take thee to Himself?

But to Thee, O GOD, do I turn, that Thy Mercy may look upon me, and strengthen my mind in its longing for Thy Countenance, and Thy Clemency may restore me persevering; for I believe that I shall not be kept away from Thy Bliss, if I be not wearied with longing.

May my soul continually long for the Glory of Thy Countenance, may my mind love it, may my thoughts stretch out to it, the whole affection of my heart

sigh for it, my whole substance be occupied with love for it; only, while I bear this mortal body, let Thy Love bid me to be rooted in Thy Fear, to be bold in Thy Love, to be learned in Thy Law, to be devoted to Thy Commandments, to be most fervent in longing for Thy Promises, to trample under foot vices, and to practice virtues, wherewith adorned, I may attain both ever to please Thee, and with all speed happily to reach Thee, where there is Glory to Thee without end, Praise without limit, Honour for ever. Amen.

S. Anselm's Meditations.

MEDITATION XVII. [XXI.]

ADDRESS TO ALMIGHTY GOD;[a] OR "TRUTH SEEKING TO UNDERSTAND GOD."

COME now, hapless man, flee awhile thine earthly occupations, hide thyself a space from thy troublous thoughts, cast away now thy burdensome cares, and defer thy toilsome engagements. Be at leisure awhile for GOD, and rest awhile in Him. Enter into the chamber of thy mind; shut out all else beside GOD, and what may aid thee to seek Him; and when thou hast shut to the door, seek Him, and say now, O my whole soul, say now to GOD, "I seek Thy Face, Thy Face, O LORD, will I seek."

Come then now, O LORD my GOD, teach Thou my heart where and how to seek Thee, where and how to find Thee. LORD, if here Thou art not, where shall I seek Thee absent? But if Thou art everywhere, why see I not Thee present? But truly Thou dwellest in the light which none can approach unto; and where is that light? or how shall I approach to the light which none can approach unto? or who shall guide me and bring me

[a] Collected from the Proslogion of S. Anselm.

to it, that in it I may see Thee? Lastly, by what signs, under what appearance shall I seek Thee? I have never seen Thee, O LORD my GOD, I know not Thy Face. What shall he do, O LORD most highest, what shall Thy exile so far from Thee do? What shall Thy servant, distressed with love for Thee, and cast away far from Thy presence, do? He panteth to see Thee, and Thy Face is too far distant from him: he longeth to approach Thee, and Thy dwelling none can approach unto: he desireth to find Thee, and he knoweth not Thy place; he striveth to find Thee, and he knoweth not Thy Countenance.

LORD, Thou art my GOD and my LORD, and I have never seen Thee. Thou hast made me, and re-made me, and all my goods Thou hast conferred upon me, and as yet I know Thee not. Finally, I was made to see Thee, and as yet I have not done that for which I was made. O miserable lot of man, that man has lost that for which he was made. O hard, O dreadful downfall. Alas, what has he lost, and what has he found? What is gone, and what has remained? He has lost the bliss for which he was made; he has found misery, for which he was not made. That is gone, without which nothing is happy; that has remained, which in itself is only miserable. Man then ate the bread of Angels, which now he hungreth after; he now eateth the bread of sorrows, which then he knew not. Ah, common grief of mankind, universal wailing of the sons of Adam! He nauseated his fulness; we sigh over our hunger. He had plenty; we are beggars. He happily possessed, and miserably abandoned; we unhappily lack, and piteously long, and alas! remain empty. Why kept he not for us, when he easily could, what we so grievously want? Why hath he thus shut out the light from us, and covered

us with darkness? For what hath he taken from us life, and brought upon us death? Miserable, whence have we been expelled? whither have we been impelled? Whence have we been hurled headlong, whither have we been whelmed? From our home into exile; from the vision of GOD into our blindness; from the joyousness of immortality, to the bitterness and shuddering of death. O miserable change! From how great good to how great ill!

Heavy loss, heavy grief, heavy all! But ah wretched me, one of the rest of the wretched sons of Eve, far away from GOD, what have I begun? what have I done? whither was I going? whither have I arrived? to what was I aspiring? in what do I now suspire and sigh?[b] "I sought for good, and behold trouble." I was aiming at GOD, and I have stumbled upon myself. I sought rest in my secret soul, and I have found tribulation and grief in my inmost heart. I willed to laugh from the joy of my mind, and I am compelled to roar from the groanings of my heart. I hoped for joy, and lo! whence my sighs are increased. And Thou, O LORD, how long? How long dost Thou, O LORD, forget us, how long turnest Thou away Thy Face from us? When wilt Thou look back upon us, and hear us? When wilt Thou lighten our eyes, and shew us Thy Face? When wilt Thou give back Thyself to us?

Look back upon us, O LORD, and hear us, and enlighten us, and shew us Thyself. Give back Thyself to us, that it may be well with us, Thou, without Whom it is so ill with us. Have pity, O LORD, upon our toils and our strivings after Thee, for without Thee we can do nothing. Thou invitest us: help Thou me, I implore Thee, O LORD, that I despair not in sighing, but breathe again in hope.[c]

[b] Aspirabam, suspirabam.

[c] Ne desperem suspirando, sed respirem sperando.

I beseech Thee, O LORD, my heart is embittered by its desolation; sweeten Thou it with Thy consolation. I beseech Thee, O LORD, hungry I have begun to seek Thee, let me not desist fasting from Thee: craving I have approached, let me not depart unfed. I have come, poor, to Thee rich; pitiable, to Thee pitiful; let me not depart empty and despised. And if before I eat, I sigh, give me, after my sighs, what I may eat.

LORD, I am bowed down, I am unable to look except downwards. Raise Thou me up, that I may be able to gaze upwards. "My iniquities have gone over my head" and overwhelm me, and like a heavy burden weigh me down; deliver me, free from my burden, that the pit of them shut not its mouth upon me. Let it be allowed me from afar to look on Thy Light, even out of the depth. Teach me to seek Thee, LORD, and shew Thyself to me seeking; for neither can I seek Thee, except Thou teach me; nor find Thee, unless Thou shew Thyself to me. May I seek Thee, by longing; long for Thee, by seeking; find Thee, by loving; love Thee, by finding. I confess, O LORD, and I give Thee thanks, that Thou hast created me in this Thine Image, that I may be mindful of Thee, think on Thee, love Thee. But it is so worn away by the attrition of vices, so darkened with the smoke of sins, that it cannot do that for which it was made, unless Thou renew and refashion it. I try not, LORD, to penetrate Thy Height, for in no degree do I match my intellect with it; but I long, in some degree, to understand Thy Truth, which my heart believes and loves; for I seek not to understand, that I may believe; but I believe, that I may understand. For, for this very reason do I believe, because, unless I believe, I shall not understand.

Truly, O LORD, this Light wherein Thou dwellest

none can approach unto. For, truly, there is nothing which may penetrate it, that in it it may see Thee. Truly, I see it not, for it is too great; and yet, whatever I see, I see through it, like the weak eye, which sees, whatsoever it does see, through the sun's light, which, in the sun itself, it cannot look upon. My understanding cannot approach unto it, for it shineth too brightly. Therefore it containeth it not; nor doth the eye of my soul suffice long to gaze on it. It is dazzled by its brightness, overcome by its vastness, overwhelmed by its immensity, confounded by its capacity. O supreme Light, which none can approach unto, O holy and blessed Truth, Who art so far from me, who am so near unto Thee. How far removed art Thou from my sight who am so present to Thy Sight! Everywhere Thou art wholly present, and I see Thee not. In Thee I move and have my being, and yet I cannot approach Thee. Thou art within me and around me, and I perceive Thee not.

As yet, LORD, Thou art hidden from my soul in Thy Light and Bliss; and therefore, as yet, it abideth in its darkness and misery; for it looketh, and seeth not Thy Beauty; it listeneth, and heareth not Thy Harmony; it smelleth, and perceiveth not Thy Fragrance; it feeleth, and perceiveth not Thy softness; it tasteth, and recogniseth not Thy Savour. For Thou hast these things in Thee, O LORD my GOD, in Thine ineffable manner, Who hast given them to created things in their sensible manner. But the senses of my soul are stiffened, and deadened, and blunted, by the ingrained weakness of sin. What art Thou, O LORD, what art Thou, what doth my mouth understand Thee to be? Verily, Thou art Life, Thou art Truth, Thou art Goodness, Thou art Bliss, Thou art Eternity, Thou art every Good.

Awake now, O my soul, and lift up all thine un-

derstanding, and consider of what kind, and how great is that Good. For if separate goods are delightful, think deeply how delightful is That Good which containeth in itself all goods, and the delight of all goods; not such delight as we have experienced in created things, but differing as far as the Creator differeth from a creature. For if that life be good which is created, how good is the Life which createth! If that health be delightful which is made, how delightful is that Health which made all health! If the wisdom which consisteth in the knowledge of created things be lovely, how lovely is the Wisdom which made all things out of nothing! Lastly, if there be many great delights in things which are delightful, what and how great delight is there in HIM, Who made all delightful things!

Happy he who shall enjoy this Good! What shall he have, what shall he not have? Truly, whatsoever he willeth, he shall have; what he wills not, he shall not have. For good will there be there of body and soul, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man conceived."

Why then wander up and down, thou hapless man, among manifold things, seeking good things for thy soul and for thy body. Love that One Good in Whom is all good, and it sufficeth. Desire that simple Good, Which is all good, and it is enough. For what lovest thou, my flesh? what longest thou for, my soul? There is all ye love, all ye long for. Doth beauty please? "The righteous shall shine like the sun." Or speed, or strength, or freedom of body, which nought can let? "They shall be like the Angels of GOD;" for "it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body," in power that is, though not in nature. Or long and healthful life? There is healthful eternity, and eternal health; for the "just shall live for ever;" and, "the health of the

righteous is from the LORD." Or fulness? "They shall be satisfied when they awake up after His Likeness." Or melody? There Angels sing in unbroken harmony to GOD. Or ebriety? "They shall be out of themselves with the richness of the House of GOD." Or any not impure but pure pleasure? "GOD shall give them to drink of the River of His Pleasure." Or wisdom? The very Wisdom of GOD shall manifest itself to them. Or friendship? They shall love GOD, more than themselves; and GOD them, more than they themselves. For they shall love Him, themselves, each other through Him, and He Himself, and them by Himself. Or concord? They all shall have one will; for they shall have no will but only GOD's Will. Or power? They shall have all power over their own will, as GOD over His. For as GOD can what He willeth, by Himself, so shall they what they will by Him. For as they shall will no other than what He, so He shall will whatsoever they will, and what He willeth cannot but be. Or honour and riches? GOD shall "set His good and faithful servants over many things;" yea, they shall be called "Sons of GOD," and "Gods;" and where His Son shall be, there they too shall be "Heirs of GOD, and joint heirs with Christ." Or true security? Verily, they shall be sure that of their own accord they will not lose it, nor will GOD, Who loveth, take it away from them that love Him; nor shall ought more powerful than GOD, sever, against the wills of both, betwixt GOD and them.

But what and how great shall be the joy, where such and so great is the good? O thou heart of man, thou poor, troubled, overwhelmed heart of man, how wouldst thou joy, hadst thou all this abundance? Ask thine inmost self, could it contain its joy at such its bliss? But, verily, if any other whom thou alto-

gether lovest as thyself, had also this bliss, thy joy would be doubled; for thou wouldst joy for him not less than for thyself. But if two, or three, or many more had that same joy, thou wouldst joy for each as much as for thyself, if thou lovedst each as thyself. So then, in that perfect love of countless Blessed, both Angels and men, where none shall love another less than himself, no otherwise shall each one rejoice for each of the others than for himself.

If then the heart of man could scarce contain his own joy at such his own good, how shall it so many and so great joys. And since as each joyeth in another's joy in the degree he loves him, so in that perfect bliss, as each shall love GOD incomparably more than himself and all else with him, so beyond compare shall he joy in this bliss of GOD more than in his own and all beside. But if they shall so love GOD with the whole heart, whole mind, whole soul, that yet the whole heart, whole mind, whole soul suffice not for the dignity of that love, verily the righteous shall so rejoice with the whole heart, whole mind, whole soul, that the whole heart, whole mind, whole soul, suffice not for the fulness of the joy.

O my LORD and my GOD, my hope and the joy of my heart, say to our souls, is this the joy whereof Thou tellest us by Thy Son, saying, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full?" For here have I found a joy full, yea more than full. For when heart, and life, and soul, and the whole man shall be filled with that joy, still shall it beyond measure overflow. For not into those who joy shall that joy wholly enter, but they who joy shall wholly enter into that joy.

Say, O LORD, say to Thy servant within, in his heart, if this is the joy into which Thy servants shall enter, who shall "enter into the joy of their LORD." But truly that joy with which Thine elect shall re-

joice, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man conceived," in this life. I have not then said, as yet, or thought, O LORD, how much those Thy blessed ones shall rejoice. Surely they shall rejoice as much as they shall love, and love as much as they shall know. How much, LORD, shall they, shall they know Thee then? how much love Thee? Verily eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man conceived, in this life, how much in that life Thy saints shall know Thee, how much shall love Thee.

I pray Thee, O my LORD, that I may know Thee, love Thee, rejoice in Thee; and if I cannot fully in this life, yet let me at least advance daily, until it come to the full. Let Thy knowledge here grow in me, and there be full. Let Thy love grow here, and there be full, that here our joy may in hope be great, and there in deed be full.

LORD, by Thy Son Thou biddest, yea counsellest to "ask," and promisest that we shall "receive, that our joy may be full." I ask, LORD, what Thou counsellest by Thy "wonderful Counsellor;" may I receive what Thou promisest by Thy Truth, that my joy may be full. Thereof meanwhile may my mind meditate, thereof my tongue speak; this my heart love, my mouth discourse of; this my soul hunger, my flesh thirst after, my whole substance long for, until I enter into the joy of my LORD, the Trinity in Unity, GOD blessed for evermore. Amen.

S. Anselm's Meditations.

MEDITATION XVIII.[a] [XIV.]

A MANUAL, TO EXCITE LOVE OF GOD.

THE INTRODUCTION.

[b]SEEING that we are placed in the midst of snares, we readily grow cold in heavenly longing. Wherefore we need some continual reminder, that, when we fall back, we may awaken ourselves, and hasten to our GOD, the true and highest Good. Wherefore not in rashness of presumption, but in great love of my GOD, have I bestowed my pains on this little work for His Praise, that out of the choicest sayings of the holy Fathers I might have ever with me a short manual concerning my GOD, from the fire of the reading of which, as often as I grow cold, I may be kindled into love of Him.

BE Thou now present with me, my GOD, Whom I seek, Whom I love, Whom with heart and mouth I confess, and, with what power I may, praise and adore. [c]My mind, devoted to Thee, kindled with love of Thee, to Thee breathing, to Thee panting,

[a] This is unquestionably not even compiled by S. Anselm. It is retained, as having been so long associated with his name. See Preface.

[b] Taken from the Speculum fin. last section.

[c] Taken from "Meditations," c. 22.

Thee alone desiring to see, holdeth nothing sweet, save to talk of Thee, to hear of Thee, to write of Thee, to converse of Thee, frequently in heart to meditate upon Thy Glory; that the sweet remembrance of Thee may, in the midst of all these storms, be in some degree my rest. Thee then I call upon, most longed-for; to Thee I cry, with great crying, in my whole heart.[d] And when I call upon Thee, verily I call upon Thee in myself; for I should not be at all, except Thou wert in me; and except I were in Thee, Thou wouldest not be in me. Thou art in me; for Thou abidest in my memory: by it I know Thee, and in it I find Thee, when I remember Thee, and from Thee delight in Thee, from Whom, and through Whom, and in Whom are all things.

[e]Thou, O LORD, fillest heaven and earth, bearing all things, yet not burdened; filling all things, yet not enclosed by them; ever doing, yet ever at rest; gathering, and yet not needing; seeking, though nothing is lacking to Thee; loving, yet not impassioned; jealous, yet untroubled. It repenteth Thee, and yet Thou grievest not; Thou art angry, and yet Thou art calm. Thou changest Thy Works, yet Thou changest not Thy Counsel. Thou receivest back what Thou findest, and Thou hast never lost. Thou art never needy, yet rejoicest in gains; never avaricious, and Thou exactest usury. Thou payest over and above to whom Thou owest not; Thou receivest over and above, that Thou mayest owe. And who hath anything that is not Thine? Thou payest debts, owing to none. Thou forgivest debts, losing nothing. Thou art everywhere, and everywhere

[d] S. Augustine's Conf. i. 2.

[e] This and the following paragraph are mostly abbreviated from Speculum c. iv.—viii. A few sentences quoted from S. Augustine's Conf. i. 4.

wholly. Thou canst be felt, and yet Thou canst not be seen. Thou art nowhere absent, and yet Thou art far away from the thoughts of the wicked. But Thou art not absent, even there where Thou art afar off; for where Thou art not by Grace, Thou art by vengeance. Everywhere Thou art present, and scarce canst Thou be found. Thee standing-still we follow, yet cannot lay hold on. Thou holdest all things, fillest all things, enfoldest all things, stretchest beyond all things, sustainest all things. Thou teachest the hearts of the faithful, without the din of words. In place Thou art not divided, nor in time changed, nor dost Thou draw near and then retire. Thou dwellest in light which none can approach unto, and Thee hath no man seen or can see. Abiding still in Thyself, Thou everywhere goest about the whole universe. For Thou canst not be rent and divided, because Thou art truly One; nor art Thou made into parts, but wholly occupiest the whole, fillest the whole, enlightenest and possessest the whole.

If the whole world were filled with books, yet could not Thy ineffable knowledge be told forth. But since Thou art unspeakable, in no way canst Thou be written nor comprised. Thou art the Fountain of Divine Light, and the Sun of Eternal Brightness. Thou art Great without quantity, and therefore immeasurable. Thou art Good without quality, and therefore truly and in the highest degree Good, and none is good save Thou alone. Thy Will is work, and with Thee to Will is to be able. Thou hast created all things of nothing, and made them by Thy Will alone. Thou possessest the whole of Thy creation without any need, and governest it without labour, and rulest it without weariness, and there is nothing which may disturb the order of Thy government, either in highest or lowest. Thou art in all places, without place.

Thou holdest all things together without encircling, and art present everywhere, without position or motion. Thou art not the author of evil, which Thou canst not create. Yet there is nothing which Thou canst not do, nor did it ever repent Thee to have done anything. By Thy Goodness we are made, by Thy Justice we suffer punishment, by Thy Clemency we are set free. Thine[f] Omnipotence governeth, ruleth, filleth all things which it hath created. Nor do we say that Thou fillest all things in such wise as that they contain Thee, but rather are themselves contained by Thee. Nor[g] dost Thou fill all things by parts, nor in any wise may we so think, as that each thing is able to contain Thee according to the size of its share, that is, the greatest things more, the least less, seeing rather that Thou art Thyself wholly in all, and all in Thee. Thine Omnipotence compriseth all things, nor can any find a means of escaping Thy Power. For whoso hath not Thee appeased, will by no means escape Thee angered.

II.

Thee therefore, O most merciful GOD, I invite into my soul, which Thou preparest to receive Thee, by the longing with which Thou inspirest it. Enter, I beseech Thee, into it, and fit it for Thyself, that Thou mayest possess it which Thou hast made and re-made; that I may have Thee, as a seal upon my heart. I beseech Thee, O most Loving, abandon not me inviting Thee; for before I invited Thee, Thou didst call me and seek me, that I, Thy servant should seek Thee; seeking, should find Thee; finding, should love Thee. I have sought and have found Thee, LORD, and I long to love Thee. Increase my longing, and grant what I seek; for though

[f] Speculum, c. 21. [g] Ibid c. 22.

Thou shouldest give me all things which Thou hast made, yet it sufficeth not Thy servant unless Thou give Thyself.[h] Give me then Thyself, O LORD, give back Thyself to me. Behold, I love Thee; and if it be too little, may I love Thee more strongly. With love of Thee I am possessed; with longing for Thee I burn; in the sweet remembrance of Thee I take delight. Lo! while my mind sigheth to Thee, and meditateth upon Thine unspeakable loving-kindness, even the burden of the flesh weigheth me down less, the tumult of thoughts ceaseth, the weight of mortality and misery dulleth not after its wonted fashion; all things are silent, all things are calm. My heart burneth, my mind rejoiceth, my memory is vigorous, my understanding gleameth; my whole spirit, kindled with longing for the Vision of Thee, seeth itself hurried away with love of things invisible. Let[i] my spirit take wings, as of an eagle, let her fly and not faint, let her fly and reach even to the beauteousness of Thine House and the Throne of Thy Glory; and there, at the table of refreshment of the Citizens above, let her feed on Thine Eyes, in a place of pasturage beside abundant streams. Be Thou our Exultation, Who art our Hope and Salvation and Redemption. Be Thou our Joy, Who art to be our Reward. May my soul ever seek Thee, and do Thou grant that in seeking she faint not.

III.

Alas for the miserable soul which seeketh not Christ, nor loveth Him; dry doth it remain and wretched. He[k] loseth all that he liveth, who loveth not Thee, his GOD. Whoso careth to live

[h] S. Aug. Conf. xiii. 8. [i] Meditations, c. 87.
[k] S. Bern. in Cant. xxi.

except for Thee, LORD, is nothing and for nothing. Who refuseth to live to Thee, is dead. Who is not wise for Thee, is foolish. O most merciful One, to Thee I commend myself, I give and yield myself, through Whom I am, and live, and understand. In Thee I trust, and hope, and place my whole hopes, through Whom I shall rise again, live, and be at rest. Thee I desire, love, adore, with Whom I shall abide, and reign, and be blessed. The soul which seeketh Thee not, nor loveth Thee, loveth the world, serveth sin, is subject to vices, never rests, is never free from care. May my soul ever serve Thee, most loving LORD. May my pilgrim-state ever sigh unto Thee, my heart burn in love for Thee. May my soul, O my GOD, rest in Thee, go forth out of itself and contemplate Thee, sing Thy praises with rejoicing; and be this my consolation in my exile here. May[1] my mind take refuge under the shadow of Thy wings from the tumults of the thoughts of this world. May my heart repose in Thee; my heart which is a great sea, swelling with waves. O GOD, rich in every good feast, most bountiful Giver of the fulness which is from above, give Thou food to the wearied, gather the scattered, set free the captive, make whole again the mangled. Behold, he standeth at the door and knocketh. I beseech Thee, by the bowels of Thy Mercy, by which Thou, the Day-spring from on high, hast visited us, bid open to the wretch who knocketh, that with free steps he may come in to Thee, and rest in Thee, and be refreshed by Thee, the Bread from Heaven; for Thou art the Bread and the Fountain of Life, Thou art the Light of eternal Brightness, Thou art all things of which the upright, who love Thee, live.

[1] Meditations, c. 37.

IV.

O God, Light of the hearts that see Thee, and Life of the souls that love Thee, and Excellence of the thoughts that seek Thee, grant that I may cling to Thy Holy Love. Come, I beseech Thee, into my heart, and inebriate it out of the fulness of Thy pleasure, that I may forget those temporal things. It shameth and wearieth me to endure such things as this world doeth. Sad to me is what I see; grievous to me is all that I hear of things which pass away. Help me, O Lord my God, and give joy in my heart; come Thou to me, that I may see Thee. But too[m] narrow for me is the house of my soul, till Thou come to it, and it be enlarged by Thee. It is ruinous; do Thou restore it. It hath very many things, I know and confess, which may offend Thine Eyes; but who shall cleanse it, or to whom save Thee shall I cry? "Cleanse Thou me, from my secret faults, O Lord, and keep Thy servant from presumptuous sins." Make Thou me, O sweet Christ, good Jesu, make me, I beseech Thee, out of love and longing for Thee, to lay aside the weight of carnal desires and earthly concupiscences. May my soul rule over the flesh, reason over the soul, Thy Grace over reason, and subdue Thou me, both inwardly and outwardly, to Thy Will. Grant me that my heart and my tongue and all my bones may praise Thee. Enlarge Thou my mind, and lift up the gaze of my heart, that, if but by a rapid thought, my spirit may reach Thee, the eternal Wisdom, Who abidest above all things. Loosen me, I beseech Thee, from the chains whereby I am bound and held, that, leaving all these things, I may hasten to Thee, cling to Thee alone, stretch on to Thee alone.

[m] S. Aug. Conf. iv. 5.

V.

[n] Happy the soul, which loosened from its earthly prison-house, freely seeketh Heaven; which seeth Thee, its dearest LORD, face to face; which is filled with no fear of death, but rejoices in the incorruption of perpetual Glory. Calm is it, and free from care; it feareth no longer enemy or death. It now hath Thee, its loving LORD, Whom long it sought and ever loved; and united with the chanting choirs, it singeth with them honied strains of perpetual festivity to Thee, O Good Jesu, Christ the King. For it is inebriated with the plenteousness of Thine House, and Thou givest it drink of the torrent of Thy pleasure. Happy is the society of the citizens above, and glorious the festivity of all who return to Thee, from the sad toil of this our wandering, to the joyousness of beauty, and the fairness of perfect splendour, and the dignity of perfect grace, where Thy citizens for ever gaze on Thee, O LORD. Nothing whatsoever which may disturb the mind is it given there to hear with the ear. What songs, what instruments, what strains, what melodies are there without end poured forth! There ever sound the honied strains of hymns, sweetest melodies of Angels, wondrous songs of songs, which are poured forth by the citizens above to Thy praise and glory. Bitterness and all sharpness of gall in Thy region have no place. For there is no wicked one, no wickedness, no adversary and assailant, nor is there any allurement of sin. No want is there, no disgrace, no strife, no reproach, no dispute, no fear, no disquiet, no punishment, no doubting, no violence, no discord; but there is entire peace, full love, everlasting rejoicing and praise of GOD, safe rest without ending, joy for ever, in the Holy Ghost. O how

[n] Speculum, c. 30. Meditations, c. 23.

blessed shall I be, if I shall hear the joyous strains of Thy citizens; honied songs, pouring forth, with due honour, praises to the most High Trinity. Yea, too happy, if I be counted worthy to sing a song, one of the sweet songs of Zion, to Jesus Christ my LORD.

VI.

O Life that givest life, Life everlasting and ever-blessed, where is joy without sorrow, rest without toil, dignity without anxiety, riches without loss, health without langour, abundance without failing, life without death, perpetuity without corruption, bliss without suffering; where all good things are perfected in love; where is sight and vision face to face; where is full knowledge in all and through all; where the perfect Goodness of GOD is seen, and the Light that enlighteneth is glorified by His Saints; where the present Majesty of GOD is beheld, and with this Food of Life the minds of them that gaze thereon are satisfied without failing; see ever, and long to see; long, without anxiety, and without satiety, are satisfied; where the Sun of Righteousness with the wondrous sight of His Beauty refresheth all, and so enlighteneth all the inhabitants of the heavenly country, that they may shine—lights illuminated by GOD, the Light Illuminating—above all the brilliancy of our sun, and the brightness of all the stars, united to the Divine Nature, and thereby rendered immortal and incorruptible, according to the promise of the LORD their Saviour, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My Glory, which Thou hast given Me, that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in US."

VII.

[o]O Kingdom of Heaven, Kingdom most happy, Kingdom free from death and having no end, whereto no other times succeed for ever, where continual day without night knoweth not time, where the victorious soldier, after his toil, is laden with unspeakable gifts, while an unfading crown surrounds his glorified brows; O would that the Divine Love of Christ would bid me, the lowest of His servants, having the whole mass of my sins forgiven me, to lay aside this burden of the flesh, that I might pass into the everlasting joys of His City, there to rest, to live among the holy choirs of the saints above, there, with the blessed spirits, to appear before the Glory of my Creator, to behold the Countenance of GOD present with me, be touched by no fear of death, but rejoice without anxiety in the incorruption of perpetual immortality; so, united to Him Who knoweth all things, I might lose all the darkness of ignorance, might make no account of all earthly things, might no longer deign to look on or remember that vale of tears,[p] where is a life full of toil, a life corruptible, a life full of every kind of bitterness, a life mistress only of evils, and slave of the powers beneath, a life swollen by humours, by griefs wasted away; parched by heats, by the atmosphere diseased; inflated by food, by fastings wasted away; by joy relaxed, consumed by sadness; by anxiety distressed, dulled by security; by riches puffed up, cast down by poverty; uplifted by youth, by age bowed down; by weakness crushed, depressed by sorrow; which the devil lies in wait for, the world

[o] Partly from Meditations, c. 22.
[p] Meditations, c. 21.

flatters; where the flesh is delighted, and the soul benighted, and the whole man affrighted. And to all these many and great ills, violent death succeedeth, and so puts an end to empty joys, that when they have ceased to be, they seem not even to have been.

But what praises or what thanksgivings may we avail to offer to Thee, our GOD, Who even amid these so great miseries of our mortality, ceasest not to comfort us with the wondrous visitation of Thy Grace? Lo, when I am wretched and full of many sorrows, while I fear the end of my life, while I think upon my sins, while I dread Thy Judgment, while I meditate upon the hour of death, while I shudder at the punishments of hell, while I know not with how great strictness and exactness my works may be weighed by Thee, while I am utterly ignorant with what end I shall close them, while I revolve in my heart these and many other things with myself; then Thou art at hand to comfort me with Thy wonted loving-kindness, O LORD my GOD, and in the midst of these complaints and great bewailings and deep sighings of my heart, Thou liftest up my sad and anxious mind above the lofty mountain-tops, even to the beds of spices, and placest me in a place of pasturage beside the streams of sweet waters, where Thou preparest a table before me, of manifold provision, to refresh my wearied spirit and rejoice my saddened heart, by which delights, at length re-invigorated and forgetting my many miseries, lifted up above the level of the earth, in true peace, I rest in Thee.

Prayers of S. Anselm,

SOMETIME ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

PRAYER I.

TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

BE present, Holy Trinity, One GOD Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Who desirest not the death but the penitence of sinners; turn not away wretched me, a frail and unworthy sinner, from Thy Loving-kindness. Look not Thou upon my wickednesses and impurities and foul thoughts, whereby mournfully I dissever myself from Thy Will; but pour out upon me the abundant clemency of Thy Bounty. Suffer not mine enemies to rejoice over my destruction in hell, where "none will give thanks to Thee,"[a] but pity me, depressed with the weight of my sins, and stained with the pollution of all iniquities. Grant, I beseech Thee, to me, miserable, Thy Grace, and set me free from all evils, past, present, and future; from sudden and unending death, from all pestilence and destruction, from every scandal and danger; from every evil desire, from every perverse work, from all sin. Blot out all my crimes, iniquities, offences, and negligences. Be propitious to me in all distresses and tribulations, in necessities and temptations, in all my dangers and infirmities.

Holy and undivided Trinity, unfailing Goodness,

[a] Ps. vi. 5.

be present to my supplications, that as Thou hast made me partaker of Thy Sacraments, for no merits of mine own, but of Thy sole and undeserved Bounty, so even until that hour, when I am to depart hence, Thou wouldest make me to persevere in Faith, and Hope, and Charity; protect and defend me from all evil; grant unto me all that may profit me; free me from everlasting punishment, and bring me to unending joys; and henceforth make to cease that deadly temptation of the devil, which for my sins I fear may prevail against me. O God, Threefold and One, aceept now the prayers of Thy humble servant. Give me, O Lord, diligence, to seek Thee; wisdom, to find Thee; a soul, to acknowledge Thee; eyes, to see Thee; a conversation well-pleasing unto Thee; perseverance unto the end; a perfect end; everlasting reward.

Hear me, praying, as Thou heardest Jonah from the belly of the whale; free me, Who didst free Susannah from false accusation; hear me, as Thou heardest Peter on the sea, Paul in prison. Help me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, and from all evil continually deliver me; snatch me from the jaws of devils; draw me out from everlasting death; fill me with the abundance of Thy Grace; strengthen my breast with Thy Virtue; purify my mind; sanctify my life; amend my habits; enlighten my heart with Heavenly Wisdom; temper the heat of carnal passions; extinguish anger; restrain my tongue from foolish talking; let words of truth and mercy, kindness and concord, proceed out of my mouth. Direct me fully in perfect integrity of life; and, that I be not rebuked in Thine Anger, strengthen me, O most Merciful, in every good work. To Thee, O Lord, I lay open the secrets of my heart; to Thee I confess all my sins; to Thee I lay bare the foulness of my heart; to Thee I uncover the stains of

my baseness. For more heavily have I sinned than Sodom; more grievously have I strayed than Gomorrah. To Thee I am debtor, not only of the ten thousand talents of my sins, but I owe Thee also an account of all my life. For I have been a transgressor of Thy Law, heedless beyond all others; a disobedient breaker of all Thy Commandments all my life long.

Wherefore now I come before Thy Face in confession, beseeching Thee with great anxiety of heart, with contrition of weeping and tears, that Thou "hear me now in a time accepted, and in these days of salvation succour me."[b] All mine actions do Thou order in Thy Good Pleasure, that I may advance from day to day, and "go from strength to strength." To Thee, O LORD, I pour forth suppliant prayers, to Thee the weeping of my heart. Spare Thou me, confessing, that by Thine help I may so in this mortal body mourn my sins, that in the Day of Judgment I may escape the sentence of condemnation. Do Thou, O everlasting Light, enlighten mine eyes from all human darkness; preserve in me the intention and the practice of religion. From all hindrances of this world, from all secular desires defend my heart; and as I wear the robe of innocence, so give Thou to me increase in all virtues, that I may be able to "put off the old man with his deeds, and put on the New Man in righteousness and holiness;" that in all things fortified by the aid of Thy protection, I may ever abide in Thy Love, may receive Thy heavenly benediction, and may rejoice in Thy gift, upheld by Thee in this present life, and in life everlasting. Amen.

Thy boundless Mercy, O merciful and pitiful LORD, again I entreat; forgive me all the offences of my slippery rashness, that my soul may be filled

[b] 2 Cor. vi. 2.

with the sweetness of Thy Loving-kindness; and granting me the pardon of entire remission, whatever, through mine own guilt I have done amiss, do Thou, of Thine ineffable Love, blot out and wipe away. Be not the pity of Thy Clemency far from me; but whatever contrary to Thy Will, either by the deceit of the devil, or by mine own iniquity and frailty, I have contracted, do Thou, in Thy Love and Pity, wash away, by pardoning. Heal Thou my wounds, and forgive all my sins; that severed by no iniquities from Thee, but ever, here and everywhere, fortified by the aid of Thy defence, I may be able ever to cling to Thee, my LORD, and hereafter to attain a portion of the everlasting glory which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man,"[c] which Thou hast prepared for them that love Thee. Amen.

O Trinity, of blessed light;
O Unity, of princely might;

Increase Thou in us faith; increase hope; increase charity; free us; save us; justify us. O blessed Trinity, unloose our crimes; put away our sins; drive away miseries; remove distresses; look into our tribulations; dispel adversities; and in mercy listen to us, granting the fulfilment of our petitions, that freed from all the evils which we suffer, we may ever delight to exult in Thy Judgments. Come, I beseech Thee, O loving LORD, and stand in the midst of us, that we may perceive that we find Thee in our hearts. Receive Thou willingly the confession of our mouth, and grant that we may yield fresh fruit, that watered by Thy showers, we may be made worthy to please Thee in abundance of sweet fruit. So may we be kindled in the light of Thy Love, and be enlightened with the fire of

[c] 1 Cor. ii. 9.

true charity. And as Thou didst enlighten the face of Moses, Thy servant, with wonderful brightness, so deign Thou to enlighten our hearts and our senses, that, cleansed from the stain of sins, we may be able to come to Thee, Who art everlasting life.

We have sinned against Thee, O LORD. Have patience with us, and deliver us from the evils which daily increase over us. "Our iniquities, O LORD, are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens:"[d] spare us, O LORD, and bend down Thy Mercy upon us. LORD we are minished for our sins this day, but in a contrite heart and spirit of humility may we be received; and do Thou unto us according to Thy Mercy, for there is no confusion to them that trust in Thee, O LORD. No other GOD is there save Thee, O LORD, and Thou carest for all, for that Thou art LORD of all. Spare Thy people, Thou Who givest abundance to them that pray to Thee, that evil may be turned into good. Hear Thou, O LORD, the prayer of Thy servants, and have mercy upon Thy people, that all the nations may know that Thou art GOD everlasting. Pity Thou the city of Thy Holiness, O LORD our GOD. Have mercy upon Thy people, O LORD, over whom Thy Holy Name is called, that all the inhabiters of the earth may know that Thou, O GOD, art the Protector of Thy people. Forgive, O LORD, the sins of Thy people, according to the multitude of Thy mercies. As Thou hast been merciful unto our fathers, be Thou merciful also unto us, that Thy Glory may be fulfilled in all the earth.

Hear Thou, O LORD, our prayer, and be propitious to Thy people, and turn our tribulation into joy, that we may live and bless Thee, O LORD. We beseech Thee, O LORD, in Thine entire mercy,

[d] Ezra ix. 6.

that Thine anger and Thy fury may be turned away from this Thy city and from Thy Holy House, for we have sinned. Incline, O LORD, Thine ear, and hear: look down from Heaven, and behold the affliction of Thy people. O LORD, hearken: O LORD, be propitious: delay not, O LORD, for Thy Holy Name is called over us. Many, O LORD, are our sins: against Thee have we sinned: O Thou Patience of Israel, deliver us, O LORD, in the time of our distress. We have sinned, O LORD, and Thou art angry with us, and there is none that shall escape Thine Hand; but we beseech Thee, let Thy loving mercy come upon us. Thou Who sparedst Nineveh, have mercy upon us. Remember Thy tender mercies, O LORD; and whom up to this time Thou bearest, pierce Thou unto penitence. Be propitious, O LORD, unto all Christians, living and departed. Help the very good that they ever persevere in goodness. Have mercy on the good and on the middling, that they may become better. Succour them that are doing evil and falling from Thee, that they may quickly amend. Be propitious also, O LORD, to all heretics and schismatics, Jews and Pagans, that they may return from their evil ways, and learn to know Thee, the living and true GOD, Who hast made heaven and earth, the sea, and all things that are therein. Have mercy upon all the faithful departed, and give unto them a life of bliss, for Thy Loving-kindness sake.

Remember us, O LORD, in the weight of this body: may Thy kindness convert, whom Thy unfailing Love hath sustained. Have mercy upon us, O GOD of all, and look upon us, and shew us the light of Thy tender mercies. We, miserable beings, we are the works of Thine Hand, whom Thou hast given to Thy Son for an heritage for Himself. Shut not Thine ears to our prayers, but mercifully lighten

the affliction of Thy people, calling to mind that which Thou hast promised, saying, "Turn ye unto me, and I will return again to you."[e] Remember us, O LORD, remember us, that we may be made heirs of Thy Kingdom, and seeing Thy Glory, may adore Thy Goodness, and say together, when we see Thine inestimable Beauty, "Glory to the Father, Who hath made us: glory to the Son, Who hath saved us: glory to the Holy Ghost, Who hath renewed us, for ever and ever." Amen.

[e] Zach. i. 3.

PRAYER II.

PRAYER TO GOD THE FATHER, BY THE MERITS OF THE INCARNATE SON.

I CALL upon Thee, O my GOD, I call upon Thee, because "Thou art nigh unto all them that call upon Thee;"[a] to those, that is, who call upon Thee in truth; for Thou art the Truth. Teach me, I beseech Thee, by Thy Clemency, O Holy Truth, teach me to "call upon Thee in truth;" for how this should be done I know not, but humbly implore to be taught by Thee, O blessed Truth. For to be wise apart from Thee is folly; to know Thee is perfect knowledge. Instruct me, O Divine Wisdom, and teach me Thy Law: for I believe that he will be "blessed, whom Thou instructest, and teachest him in Thy law."[b] I long to call upon Thee, and I desire that it may be done in truth. What is it then in truth to call upon the Truth, save in the Son, the Father? Wherefore, O Holy Father, Thy Word is Truth: the beginning of Thy Words is Truth. And verily this is the beginning of Thy Words, that "in the beginning was the Word."[c] In the very beginning Thee do I adore, the highest beginning: in the very Word of Truth, Thee do I invoke, O perfect Truth, that Thou guide me and teach me in that same Truth. For what is sweeter than to prevail

[a] Ps. cxlv. 18. [b] Ib. xciv. 12. [c] S. John. i. 1.

with Him Who begat in the Name of the Only-begotten; to move the Father to pity by remembrance of the Son; to appease the King by making mention of the Name of His dearly-beloved Offspring?

Thus are prisoners wont to be delivered from dungeons; thus those who have been sold into slavery to be set free from their chains; thus those who are awaiting the mournful sentence of death not only to be acquitted, but over and above to obtain unwonted favour, when they plead before angry rulers the love of their beloved offspring. Thus guilty slaves escape the punishment of their masters, when for them the sweetness of their sons intercedes. Thus do I call upon Thee, O Almighty Father, by the Love of Thine Almighty Son; "bring forth my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks to Thy Name."[d] Set me free from the bonds of my sins, by Thine Only Co-Eternal Son, I implore Thee; me, to whom mine own deserts threaten the sentence of death, do Thou, appeased by the intercession of Thy most precious Son, Who sitteth at Thy Right Hand, restore to life. For what other intercessor I may bring before Thee for myself I know not, save Him, Who is the propitiation for our sins, Who sitteth at Thy Right Hand interceding for us.

Lo this is my Advocate with Thee, my GOD and Father: this my High Priest, Who needeth not to be atoned for by the blood of another; for bright He shineth, bathed in His own Blood. Lo this is the Holy Victim, well-pleasing and perfect, offered and accepted for a sweet-smelling savour. Lo this is the Lamb without spot, Who before His shearers was dumb, Who, buffetted, spit upon, mocked, opened not His Mouth. Lo this is He Who did no sin, yet bore our sins; and by His bruises healed our sicknesses. Behold, Holy Father, Thy most

[d] Ps. cxlii. 9.

loving Son, Who for me endured such impieties. Look, O most merciful King, Who suffereth; and in Thy goodness remember for whom He suffereth. Is not He, O my LORD, that Innocent One, Whom, though Thy Son, Thou didst give, that Thou mightest ransom Thy slave? Is not He the Author of life, Who, led as a lamb to the slaughter, and having become obedient unto Thee, even unto death, feared not to endure the most cruel death? Call to mind, O Thou Dispenser of all our salvation, that this is He Whom, though of Thine own power Thou didst beget, yet Thou didst will to become partaker of my weakness.

Verily this is Thy Godhead, Which, clothed in my nature, ascended the Cross of shame; and, in the flesh He had assumed, endured sorrowful punishment. Turn back, O my GOD, the eyes of Thy Majesty on this work of unspeakable Love; behold Thy well-beloved Son, with His whole Body stretched out upon the Cross; behold His innocent Hands, dropping with holy Blood; and be appeased, and remit to me the sins which my hands have committed. Consider His unprotected Side, pierced by the cruel lance; and renew Thou me in the Sacred Stream, which thence I believe to have flowed. Behold those immaculate Feet, which have not stood in the way of sinners, but ever walked in Thy Law, fastened with dreadful nails; and make Thou me to hate every way of iniquity; the way of iniquity, O Thou merciful One, remove from me; and, propitiated, make Thou me to choose the way of Truth. I beseech Thee, O King of Saints, by this Holy of Holies, make me to run in the way of Thy Commandments, that I may attain to be united in spirit to Him, Who abhorred not to be clothed in my flesh.

Seest Thou not, O Loving Father, the dear Head of Thy Son, with its snow-white neck bowed in

early age, relaxed in most precious death? Behold, O most gentle Creator, the Humanity of Thy beloved Offspring, and have pity upon the weakness of Thine infirm creature. His bared Breast is white; red is His Side with Blood; His outstretched Bowels are parched; His beauteous Eyes are dim; His royal Face is pale; His wide-spread Arms are still; His marble Legs hang down; the stream of Sacred Blood flows over His pierced Feet. Behold, O glorious Father, the mangled limbs of Thy most acceptable Offspring, and remember in Thy Goodness what my substance is. Behold the punishment of the God-man, and relieve the misery of created man. Behold the punishment of the Redeemer, and forgive the offence of the Redeemed. This is He, O my Lord, Whom for the sins of Thy people Thou hast stricken, though He is Thy Beloved, in Whom Thou art well pleased. This is that Innocent One in Whom was found no guile, and yet He was reckoned with the transgressors.

What hast Thou committed, O sweetest Child, that Thou shouldest so be judged? What hast Thou committed, O most loving Youth, that Thou shouldest be so roughly handled? why is Thy crime, what is Thy guilt, what the cause of Thy death, what the occasion of Thy condemnation? I, yea, I am the stroke of Thy Grief, I am the guilty cause of Thy slaying. I am the bruise of Thy Passion, the weariness of Thy torments. My merits were Thy Death; my iniquity Thy Chastisement. O wonderful compact of judgment; O arrangement of unspeakable mystery! The unjust sinneth, and the Just is punished; the guilty erreth, and the Innocent is beaten; the unloving offendeth, and the Loving is condemned; what the evil deserveth, the Good sufferetb; what the slave perpetrateth, the Master payeth the penalty for; what man committeth, God

endureth. Whither, O Son of God, whither hath Thy Humility descended? to what degree hath Thy Love burned? to what hath Thine Affection advanced? to what hath Thy Kindness grown? to what hath Thy Regard reached? to what hath Thy Compassion attained? For I have done wickedly, Thou sufferest the penalty: I have committed sin, Thou art visited with the vengeance: I have been guilty of crimes, and Thou art subjected to torment: I have been proud, Thou art humbled: I have been puffed up, Thou art emaciated: I have shewn myself disobedient, Thou, by being obedient to the Father, payest the penalty of my disobedience: I have yielded to gluttony, Thou sufferest with hunger: me concupiscence hurried to the forbidden tree, Thee perfect Love draweth to the Cross: I presumed to do what was forbidden, Thou underwentest the rack: I delight in food, Thou toilest on the Cross: I enjoy delicacies, Thou art mangled with rods: I taste of the sweetness of the apple, Thou of the bitterness of gall: with me guilty Eve laughing rejoiceth; with Thee affectionately weeping, Mary condoleth.

Behold, O King of Glory, behold my impiety, and Thy Piety sheweth clear; behold my unrighteousness, and Thy Righteousness is plain. What, O my King and my God, what shall I repay to Thee for all which Thou hast given to me? For nought can be found in the heart of man which may worthily be matched with such rewards. Can human sagacity devise aught to which the Divine Mercy may be compared? Nor is it the office of the creature to devise that, whereby he may justly repay the protection of the Creator. But there is, O Son of God, there is in this Thine admirable dispensation that, for which my frailness in some measure availeth, if my mind, pierced with compunction by Thy Visita-

tion, crucify its flesh with the affections and lusts; and if this is granted it by Thee, it beginneth as it were to suffer with Thee: for Thou too for my sin didst deign to die. And thus by victory over the inner man, under Thy Leadership, it shall be armed also for conquest without; inasmuch as, when spiritual persecution has been conquered, it fears not, for love of Thee, to subject itself to the material sword. So shall the smallness of my condition, if it be well-pleasing to Thy Love, according to its strength answer to the Greatness of its Creator. And this, O Good Jesu, is the heavenly Medicine, this is the Antidote of Thy Love.

I beseech Thee by "Thy Loving-kindnesses which have been ever of old," pour Thou into my bowels that which may cast forth the bile of the serpent's poison, and restore me to original wholeness; that which, when once I have tasted of the nectar of Thy Sweetness, may make me with my whole affection to despise the alluring prosperities of this world, and for Thy sake to fear none of its adversities. Mindful of my everlasting nobility, may I even despise the winds of this transitory fear.[e] May nothing, I beseech Thee, be sweet to me without Thee, nothing please me: may nothing precious, nothing beautiful be acceptable to me beside Thee; may all things, I beseech Thee, be cheap to me, all things be vile, without Thee. Be what is opposed to Thee grievous to me; and Thy Good Pleasure my unfailing longing: be it a weariness to me to rejoice without Thee; be it a delight to me to be sad for Thee. Be Thy Name to me a refreshment, and Thy Memory a comfort. "Be my tears my meat day and night, while I search out Thy Judgments."[f] "Let the Law of Thy Mouth be dearer

[e] Timoris. Others tumoris, "swelling pride."
[f] Ps. xlii. 3.

unto me than thousands of gold and silver;"[g] be it lovely to me to obey Thee, and to resist Thee execrable. I beseech Thee, O my Hope, by all Thy Loving-kindnesses, that Thou be propitious to all my impieties. Open mine ears to Thy Commands, and for Thy Holy Name's sake turn not aside mine heart to words of wickedness, to offer excuses for my sins. I beseech Thee also, by Thy wonderful Humility, "let not the foot of pride come against me, nor the hand of the ungodly cast me down."[h]

Behold, O God Almighty, Father of my Lord, dispose in Thy Goodness how Thou mayest have mercy upon me. For whatever I have found most precious, devoutly I have offered to Thee; whatever I have found most dear, suppliantly I have presented to Thee; nought have I left, that I have not set before Thy Majesty; nought now remains which I may add; for to Thee I have referred all my hope. I have set before Thee my Advocate, Thy beloved Son; Thy glorious Progeny I have placed between Thee and me as a Mediator. I have sent up to Thee, I say, Him as an Intercessor through Whom I trust for pardon. I have sent up in words the Word, Whom I have said to have been sent for my deeds; and I have paid to Thee the Death of Thy most holy Offspring, which I believe to have been endured for me. I believe that the Godhead, sent by Thee, took my Manhood, wherein He deigned to endure bonds, buffetings, spitting, mockings, yea moreover and to take upon Him the Cross and the nails. This Manhood, first worn with the cries of infancy, wrapped in the mean garments of childhood, harassed with toils, macerated with fastings, worn with watchings, wearied with journeys; afterward beaten with scourges, mangled with punishments, reckoned among the dead, but then

[g] Ps. cxix. 172. [h] Ib. xxxvi. 11.

dowried with the glory of the resurrection, He hath brought among the joys of Heaven, and set on the Right Hand of Thine exaltation. Lo! this atoneth for me; this atoneth Thee.

Here, O Loving Lord, gaze on the Son, Whom Thou hast begotten, and the servant whom Thou hast redeemed; here behold the Creator, and despise not the creature; joyfully embrace the Shepherd, and mercifully receive the sheep, brought back upon His own Shoulders. This is He, that most faithful Shepherd, Who heretofore had sought His wandering sheep over steep mountains and through deep vallies, with many and varied toils; and Who, when it was just dying and fainting through its long exile, having at length found it, laid it upon His Shoulders rejoicing, and when it clung to Him with wondrous exertion of love, lifted it from the deep abyss of confusion, bound it in His loving embraces, and brought back to the ninety-and-nine sheep the one which was lost. Behold, O Lord my King, Almighty God, behold the Good Shepherd bringeth back to Thee the sheep which Thou didst commit to Him. By Thy disposal He took to Him man, to save him, and now He hath restored him to Thee free from every stain; behold Thy most dearly-beloved Son reconcileth to Thee the work of Thy Hands, which had wandered far away from Thee. Lo, the gentle Shepherd re-fashioneth for Thy flock what the violent robber had carried off. He restoreth to Thy Sight the slave whom his own conscience had made a runaway; so that he who of himself merited punishment, by the Creator of the world meriteth pardon; and he to whom, for his own faults, hell remained, under so great a Guide may trust to be recalled to his native country. Of myself, O Holy Father, I was able to offend Thee, but of myself I could not propitiate Thee to myself. Thy beloved

Son, my God, was made my helper, sharing my humanity, that He might heal my infirmity; that so from that same nature whence the guilt had issued, He might offer to Thee the sacrifice of praise. So might He make me capable of atoning Thy Love, in that sitting at Thy Right Hand He ever shewed Himself partaker of my substance. Behold my hope; behold all my confidence. If, as is just, for mine own iniquity Thou despise me, at least look back upon me in pity, for the Love of Thy beloved Son: behold in Thy Son whereby Thou mayest be propitious to Thy servant: behold the Sacrament of His Flesh, and forgive the guilt of my flesh: remember what Thy good Son hath suffered, and forget what Thy wicked servant hath wrought. Oft as the wounds of Thy blessed Son lie open before Thee, let my sins, I beseech Thee, be hidden; oft as the precious Blood from His dear Side is red, let the stain of my pollution, I beseech Thee, be washed out: and because flesh hath provoked Thee to anger, let Flesh, I beseech Thee, bend Thee to mercy; that as flesh seduced me to sin, so Flesh may bring me back to pardon.

Much indeed it is which my impiety would deserve; but far more is it which the Piety of my Redeemer of right demanded back: for great is my unrighteousness, but much greater is the Righteousness of my Redeemer. For in what degree God is higher than man, in the same degree my wickedness is beneath His Goodness, as in quality so also in quantity. For what sin could man commit, which the Son of God, made man, could not redeem? What pride could so swell, that so great Humility could not allay it? How great would be the empire of death, which the punishment of the Son of God upon the Cross could not destroy? Verily, O my God, if in a just balance were weighed the iniquities

of man that sinneth, and the Grace of the Creator Who redeemeth, not so far is the east distant from the west, or the lowest hell from the highest point of Heaven, as the Love of the Redeemer surpasseth the wickedness of the sinner.

Now then, O great Creator of the light, now forgive my faults, for the immeasureable toils' sake of Thy beloved Son. LORD, I beseech Thee, let my impiety be forgiven to His Piety; my obstinacy to His Meekness; my violence to His Gentleness! Now let His Humility win back my pride; His Patience, my impatience; His Kindness, my hardness; His Obedience, my disobedience; His Calmness, my disquiet; His Pleasantness, my bitterness; his Sweetness, my anger; His Love, my cruelty; even His Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost world without end. Amen.

PRAYER III.

PRAYER TO GOD AGAINST THREE ENEMIES, WHO OFTEN ASSAIL THE SINNER MANIFOLDLY, AND, UNLESS THE MERCY OF GOD DEFEND HIM, OFTEN WOUND HIM TO DEATH, VAIN-GLORY, ENVY, AND PRIDE.

O LORD, my GOD, in Thee have I trusted; save me from them that persecute me, and deliver me. In Thee, O LORD, have I hoped, let me not be confounded for ever; in Thy Righteousness deliver me and save me. O LORD my GOD, my Creator and my Governor, as I have said and ever will say, in Thee have I hoped, and in Thee do I hope; nor so long as there is any breath in my nostrils will I despair of Thy Mercy. But of myself, if carefully I look into mine own actions, I do ever despair, for I am ever occupied in evil works; but when I look away to my most sweet Creator, my most long-suffering LORD, Who seeth me live amiss, and still awaiteth mine amendment; waiting and enduring, listeneth if any way I strive to amend my life, then I breathe again, and call upon the Mercy of my Creator, Who so sweetly endureth me. On all sides mine enemies assail me, and now almost on all sides pierce me through, and burst into the inmost parts of mine heart; and unless He, my most loving LORD, Who created me, help me, and, helping me, frighten and drive away mine enemies, who thus oppress me, my soul will soon miserably be bound in their chains and led away captive. Wherefore

free me, O LORD, from all them that persecute me; if not for my sake, at least for Thine. For mine own sake I confess, O my most sweet LORD GOD, no reason is there why Thou shouldest set me free; for almost always it delighteth me to do evil and to persevere in evil works. But for Thine own sake set me free; for shame is it to Thee, that Thine enemies should thus mock the work of Thine Hands; that mocking and defiling it with basest vices, they should thus evilly handle it, which Thou didst create so honourable; which Thou didst adorn with so great honour and reason; which Thou didst fashion after Thine own Image and Likeness.

Behold, O sweetest LORD, behold my unhappy soul, on all sides corroded with evil works, scarce snatched from the teeth of its enemies, whereby miserably it was being torn, imploreth Thy help, sigheth for the visitation of Thy Grace; for unless quickly Thou help it, grievously wearied by their pursuit, soon it will not be able even to pant after Thee. Many are mine enemies, as Thou seest, O most loving Creator, by whose cruelty grievously am I stricken; beaten and mocked, no slight grief do I endure: but one above all the rest ever most grievously assaileth me, and ever without any pity striveth to cast me down even to death. For very often when all my other enemies, as though wearied, desist from attacking me, one, bolder than the rest, the more mightily brandisheth his dart; I mean, vain-glory: which not only staineth wretched man with evil works, but also, if he guard himself not carefully, killeth him with the very good works which he seemeth to do. This plague is the offspring of that pride which overthrew the first man, and drove him, overthrown and wounded, from that happiness which then he possessed. And that more stoutly it may overthrow the wretch whom it assail-

eth, it calleth to its aid envy, whereby death entered into the world. Envy then burneth the wretch whom it attacketh; by burning him, maketh him to go about sad, and as it were seized with languor. And then vain-glory, as though restoring him, puffeth him up with the very good works which he fancieth he doeth. But vain-glory, in order that she may yet more miserably lead captive the wretched man whom once she hath caught, and leave him no hope of escape, betaketh herself to her mother, pride, and, animated by her deadly counsel, cutteth off from him the virtue of first loving God and his neighbour. For while the wretched man, whom vain-glory infecteth, desireth to seem superior to all others; if he perceiveth any one to be better than himself in good works, and cannot deny that he walketh more uprightly, he overthroweth him, if he is able, and all that he doth. But if he is not able, because they are clearly upright, at all events he striveth in whatever way he can to throw a cloud over them, so that they may not be believed to have been done entirely uprightly. And so the miserable soul, held in this captivity, doeth not rightly anything which it seemeth to do rightly, because it neither loveth its neighbour, whom it is bidden to love as itself, nor yet loveth God, Whom, by so doing, it is proved not to love. For who loveth not his neighbour, nor, so far as in him lieth, helpeth him that he may be able to advance in good, God neither loveth him, nor hath respect unto his works, although before men they seem to be good. But what, what can be more wretched than a man who puffeth himself up for any good work? For while he thinketh that he lifteth himself up, he falleth from the highest to the lowest; for pride ever naturally lieth in the pit of hell; humility ever dwelleth in the heavens, and abideth in heaven. And whom vain-glory cast-

eth down from on high, pride, her mother, receiveth in the arms of everlasting perdition; just as, on the contrary, him whose conversation is humble upon earth, GOD, Who "hath respect unto the lowly, but beholdeth the proud afar off,"[a] lifteth up from his lowly conversation into the heavens.

I confess, O most merciful GOD, I confess that by these three evils, yea rather by these three infernal furies, I have been grievously cast down, and wounded almost to death in my soul: and unless Thy most indulgent Mercy quickly help me, I shall be yet more grievously condemned. Ah, wretched, ah wretched, always and everywhere; ah wretched, how great is the captivity of wretched man! If he liveth amiss, there is open condemnation; if he seemeth indeed to live well, but through not carefully watching himself, boasts himself thereof, there again the wretched man hath certain death and everlasting condemnation.

O GOD, our Refuge, O our Creator and our Strength against those who persecute us and, if they should see Thee leave us for our sins, ever lie in wait for us, if help us, O Merciful One, who ever need Thy Help; though we ask the help of Thy Compassion more lukewarmly than it were expedient for us, help us. And if Thou therefore despise us, because we are involved in many wickednesses, at least turn back Thine Eyes upon us in mercy, because we are the work of Thy Hands. And as it is most true that Thou art ever our Creator, so may we always and everywhere perceive that Thou art our Defender and our unfailing Protector against our enemies; that being in this life ever defended and aided by Thee, we may, when our temporal course is finished, come to Thee our Creator and our Lord, cleansed and absolved from all sins. Amen.

[a] Ps. cxxxviii. 6.

Prayers of S. Anselm,

PRAYER IV.

WHEN THE SINNER IS DEEPLY DISTRESSED ABOUT HIS SINS, AND LAYING ASIDE ALL SHAME, LAYS THEM OPEN BEFORE GOD.

O MOST High and most Gentle Lover of men, GOD the Creator and Governor of all the works of Thine Hand, to Thine immeasurable Goodness do I confess all my sins, whatsoever and howsoever committed, from the hour when first I could sin, up to this hour, in which, by Thy Mercy, Thou still sufferest me to live. All however I cannot remember; for they are many, and cannot easily be enumerated. But Thou, O most Loving and most Merciful GOD, to Whom all things are known before they are done; Who art the true Searcher of the thoughts, and Trier of the heart and reins; Thou knowest all my sins, whatsoever I have committed or still commit, either inwardly in my soul, by secret thoughts, or outwardly, by open acts. And therefore because truly Thou understandest that I have done all these things against Thy Will, before Thy Majesty and before all Thy Saints do I confess that I am guilty and worthy of punishment, that, unless Thy most indulgent Mercy previously come to my aid, I must, after the death of the flesh, be condemned to everlasting death, and be everlastingly tormented in everlasting torments.

I know, O most Sweet LORD, I know that Thou hast

created me; when created, didst mercifully love me; and that for this purpose Thou didst create me, that I too should love Thee, my Creator, and in all things be obedient to Thy Precepts. And all this Thou didst for mine own good; not that Thou through me mightest be better or in any way be made richer. For Thou lackest no good; for Thou art essentially The Good; and from Thee is every one good who is good. And therefore Thou canst be neither better nor richer; and this, not through false powerlessness, but through true Power, Thou canst not. For whoso can do and doeth evil, by his own evil he can do and doeth it: for by this power he is not raised aloft happily to high things, but is dragged down unhappily to things below. By this power, or rather powerlessness, miserably led astray, and as a swollen bladder emptily puffed up, driven from reason, and made, as it were, like to a foolish beast, most sadly stricken and cast down by the dart of pride, have I despised Thee, my Creator and most merciful LORD, in Thy Commands, which Thou gavest me for my good, had I observed them. Thus despising, and, as it were, mad, while I was borne along hither and thither in my pride, I lost my true firm footing, and stumbled into the ways of destruction and death; and fondly and foolishly follow the wind of vanity and empty elation.

I confess, O most merciful GOD, I confess before Thine Almightiness, that I am too proud and vain, and filled with all manner of elation. And I think that if I had any power in this world, no one would be able to bear my pride. But although that pride wherewith I am harassed before men is execrable and very perilous; yet there is another pride, whereby, when not dealing gently with myself, I diligently search out the secrets of my heart, my unhappy soul is not a little vexed and distracted.

If at any time it befalls, (which however seldom happens,) that I, unhappy, do something which, according to man's estimation, seemeth some resemblance of good, not a little do I pride myself upon this. And if any one speaks not of it, nor in any way cares to praise me, I despise him, as though foolish and knowing nothing; or even if, as though caring not for it, I fly from the empty and useless praise of men, yet not a little in my inward thoughts, where God alone seeth, do I glory thereat: and in a wondrous manner, while avoiding praise, all the more do I seek praise and vain-glory.

Behold, O Lord my God, and my Creator, behold Thou seest me so doing, so living, and so losing all my life; behold Thou seest and execratest; and for such a life promisest nought save punishment and torments. Come Thou then to my aid, my Creator; come Thou, my Helper in time of need; come Thou and help my soul; and, by Thy unspeakable Mercy, destroy and confound my pride. Behold, O my God and my Lord, behold I confess to Thine immeasurable Goodness that I am altogether infected with the poison of this wickedness, polluted, and destroyed; and already, unless Thy Mercy come to my aid, I am brought almost to nought. But before Thy Majesty I acknowledge my fault. Condemned and guilty, I ask pardon and forgiveness of this and all my sins from Thee, my merciful Creator, Who willest not the death of a sinner, nor rejoicest in the destruction of them that die. Many other things too there are, which spring from the root of this plague, which I confess in like manner that I have; and by their annoyance I am not a little disquieted and often worn. And of all these in like manner I ask pardon and forgiveness. They are these,—anger; impatience; discord, displeasing to God, and hateful to all His Saints; indignation; rancour of spirit;

disgust of mind; greediness of appetite; murmuring; avarice; rapacity; and many other like things, whereby I see my soul miserably vexed and harassed, torn and mangled.

There is too, beside these, one evil, beyond all evils, evil; by which so much the more grievously and miserably do I perceive my soul torn and afflicted, in proportion as from my very cradle it hath been ever with me; it hath grown with me; in infancy, in childhood, in youth, it hath ever clung to me; nor yet, even when my limbs are failing with old age, doth it leave me. This evil is the desire of pleasure, fleshly delight, the storm of concupiscense, which in many and various ways hath mangled and dissipated my miserable soul; stripped it of every virtue; and rendered it powerless and weak. I confess, O most Sweet and Gentle LORD, I confess before Thine Almightiness, that by this wicked work and by the defiling remembrance thereof, I have often been stained and inflamed, and have suffered immoderate and unholy desires; and that not only the evil memories and foolish remembrances of mine own delights hurteth me; but also that the evil deeds of others related to me, and my foul remembrances brought back to memory, defile my heart with no slight stain of iniquity.

Behold, O my GOD, my most loving and merciful LORD, though feeling no little shame, I have laid before Thee mine iniquities; I have shewed Thee my wounds and my sins; I have shewed Thee my soul stained with wicked works; poisoned with the delights of evil works; defiled with the remembrances of evil delights. O GOD. my Mercy, look upon my penitence; look upon Thy Love; receive my confession, and do with me according to Thy Loving-kindness. If Thou, O LORD, shouldest mark iniquities, O LORD, who may abide it? or who, by

his own righteousness, without Thy Mercy, can be set free? Be Thou propitious unto me, O LORD, be Thou propitious unto me, a sinner; spare my sins and mine iniquities; that by Thy Mercy cleansed and purged from all vices, and mercifully absolved from all sins, when my conversation in this world is finished, I may be counted worthy to be taken into Thy Kingdom in Heaven; and there, with all Thy Saints, may be able to praise and bless and glorify Thee for ever and ever. Amen.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER V.

FOR OBTAINING COMPUNCTION OF HEART IN PRAYER.

PARDON, O LORD; pardon, O Loving LORD; pardon and pity me: spare mine ignorance and my much imperfection. Condemn me not as presumptuous, because I, Thy servant, venture,—and would that I were even a good servant, and not rather an useless and bad, yea on that ground a very bad one,—because I venture without contrition of heart and fountain of tears, without due reverence and trembling, to praise and bless and adore Thee, our Almighty and terrible GOD. For if Angels, when they adore and praise Thee, tremble, being filled with wondrous exultation, why do not I, sinner as I am, when I stand before Thee, and sing Thy praise, and offer Thee sacrifice, quiver in my heart, grow pale in countenance, tremble in my lips, shudder in my whole body, and so with gushing tears weep before Thee unceasingly? I will, but I avail not; for what I desire, that I cannot do. Hence then am I exceedingly amazed at myself, while with the eyes of faith I gaze upon Thee Who art but too terrible.

But who can do this without the help of Thy Grace? For our whole salvation is Thy great Mercy. Ah! wretched me, how hath my soul been made thus insensate, that it is not frightened with exceeding fear, while it standeth before GOD, and

singeth to Him its praises? Ah! wretched me, how hath my heart grown so hard, that mine eyes pour not down streams of tears unceasingly; while the servant speaketh before his LORD, man with GOD, the creature with the Creator, he who was made of the clay with Him Who made all things of nothing? Behold, O LORD, I set myself before Thee, and what in my secret heart I perceive of myself, from Thy Fatherly Ears I keep not back. Thou Who art rich in Mercy and bounteous in gifts, give Thou me of Thy good things, that with them I may serve Thee: for not from ought else can we serve Thee or please Thee, save from Thy gift.

Pierce, I beseech Thee, my flesh with Thy fear, let my heart rejoice to fear Thy Name. Oh that my sinful soul could so fear Thee as did that holy man who said, "Destruction from God was a terror to me."

O Thou Giver of all good things, give me in the midst of Thy praises the fount of tears, together with purity of heart and rejoicing of mind; that perfectly loving Thee, and worthily praising Thee, with the very palate of my heart I may feel and taste and see how sweet and pleasant Thou art, O LORD, as it is written, "O taste and see how gracious the LORD is, blessed is the man that trusteth in Him:" "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound:" "Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee, in whose heart are Thy ways, who going through the vale of misery use it for a well:" "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see GOD:" "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy House, O LORD, they shall be alway praising Thee."[a]

[a] Ps. xxxiv. 8. Ps. lxxxix. 15. Bib. vers. Ps. lxxxiv. 5, 6. S. Matt. v. 8. Ps. lxxxiv. 4.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER VI.

TO GOD, THAT THE SINNER OUGHT NOT TO DESPAIR ON ACCOUNT OF ANY SIN, BECAUSE THE LORD IS LOVING AND MERCIFUL, AND WILLETH NOT THE DEATH OF A SINNER, BUT HIS LIFE.

"HAVE mercy upon me, O GOD, after Thy great Goodness: according to the multitude of Thy Mercies do away mine offences."[a] We believe that this prayer the Holy Ghost dictated, by Whose Inspiration a man who is a sinner, filled with compunction, but yet faithful, demandeth that he may obtain Mercy of GOD; and that his iniquities may be done away, according to the multitude of His Compassions, Whom he believeth to be both the Almighty GOD, and the most Merciful LORD. This however is the work of the Holy Ghost, that the sinner is displeased with his sins, and striveth to do those things which please his Creator. But this he cannot do in his own strength, unless he be enlightened by the Grace of the same Holy Spirit, Who, when He visiteth the man's heart by His Grace, forthwith cleanseth it from every stain of vices. Sweet is the LORD and merciful towards the work of His Hands, which He created after His own Image and Likeness; him whom He hath enriched with so high honour, by no

[a] Ps. li. 1.

means, except by his own great iniquity, doth He suffer to perish. Sweet, then, altogether Sweet and Gentle is the Creator of the universe, and of great Mercy toward all them that call upon Him, even all that call upon Him in truth;[b] and He fulfilleth the desire of them that fear Him, and heareth their prayer, and by His great Mercy bringeth them in safety to everlasting glory. For He hath pity upon all, and hateth nothing that He hath made, hiding away the sins of men for their penitence, and sparing them because He is a Loving LORD. But the LORD is merciful to sinners who cease from their iniquities, and by true penitence and the good works of true penitence wash away their wickednesses, and by true confession and the sacrifice of true confession, offer up themselves. But this is true penitence and true confession to mourn the evils which one has done, and mourning, to commit them no more. But like as a father pitieth his children, yea much more than a father after the flesh his children, the LORD is loving and merciful unto all them that fear Him; for He knoweth whereof we are made; He knoweth our clay whereof He made us. He remembereth that we are but dust and ashes, yet made after His Image. Seeing then and truly confessing such great mercy of our Creator toward the work of His Hands, let us not despair of the remission of our sins. For if with our whole heart we repent, and with due weeping pursue our iniquities, without doubt we shall attain His most indulgent Love.

But perchance some one, reckless in mind, and already plunged in the very depths of eternal condemnation, considering the enormity of his crimes, despairing of the Mercy of GOD, presumeth to say within himself, what counsel for recovering my salvation shall I any longer be able to find, or what

[b] Ps. cxlv. 19.

comfort, promising any pardon for my sins, shall I hope for? Ever since I could sin, never have I ceased from sins and evil works. I have ever heaped up sins upon sins; and the sins which sometimes I was unable to fulfil in act, by evil wishes and evil desire I never ceased to practise. Involved then in so great evils and iniquities; surrounded by so grievous accusations and sins; what now can I expect but everlasting perdition, and the everlasting condemnation of everlasting perdition? But if sometimes, by the mercy of GOD, I have made some kind of confession of my sins, and receiving from the priest a course of penitence for my sins, have promised some amendment of my evil deeds, immediately, or after but a brief delay, I have committed the same or even worse sins. I have returned as a dog to his vomit, and what by confession I had, as it were, vomited forth from mouth and heart, more foully have I resumed. Oftentimes also have I sworn thenceforth to cease from sin, to leave altogether the path of iniquity, and to follow the path of righteousness. Yet not even the very fear of perjury has been able to keep me back from sins, nor the fear of GOD, Who beholdeth all things from on high.

Behold Thou seest, O God, Thou sweetest Lover of men; behold Thou seest from Thy Sanctuary, and from Thy lofty abode in the heavens lookest down upon the wretched man turning his back upon Thee, and despising Thee in Thy Commands, and for his great wickednesses despairing of Thy great Mercy; and though very miserable and sinful, yet Thou lookest upon him, and seest him as created by Thee, and, while he liveth in this life, sustained by Thy benefits. Send, O Good GOD, send into his soul Thy fear, and take away from his heart hurtful fear. Look upon him and enlighten his darkened heart, that he may

see and understand how great and how lovely is the multitude of Thy Sweetness, O LORD, which Thou hast hidden from them that despair of Thee, and perfected in them that hope in Thee. Let not, O most Sweet LORD, let not the waterflood drown him, neither let the deep swallow him up,[c] and let not the pit shut her mouth upon him; the abyss, that is, of his iniquities, and despair of Thy Compassions. We believe, O Thou most merciful Creator of men, that Thou art Almighty, and dost whatsoever Thou wilt. For of Thee the Prophet said, "Whatsoever the LORD willed, that did He in heaven and in earth, and in the sea, and in all deep places."[d] Yet we know that Thou willest not to destroy sinners, but that they should cease from their sins and live. If then Thou art Almighty, as truly Thou art, (for whatsoever Thou willest, Thou canst do,) and Thou willest not to destroy sinners, but that they return from their evil deeds and live; we ought not to despair of the multitude of Thy Compassions; but safe in hope of pardon, to wait for Thy Mercy. True is it altogether that many and great are our sins, but we are sure that manifold and great is Thy Mercy.

We know, O Almighty and merciful GOD, we know that Thou art the Supreme Spirit, unchangeable and everlasting; living in Thine own Life, which Thou Thyself art, and in Thine own Eternity; and we, Thy creatures, by Thee created, in Thy Goodness and Compassion. But when we sin, that is, when we do not those things which Thou commandest, and do those things which Thou forbiddest, through our sin we die, although we still exist in some kind of life, which Thy Mercy granteth us even when we are dead. And then if again we shew ourselves obedient to Thee, and, aided by Thy Grace, keep ourselves from evil works, and by

[c] Ps. lxix. 15. [d] Ib. cxxxv. 6.

good works are united to Thee Who art the Spirit of Life and our Creator, then we revive again, and after death shall live with Thee in everlasting Glory, if thenceforth, so long as we live, we persevere in good works. When Elisha the Prophet was dead and buried, and one who was dead came in contact with his bones, he rose again to life;[e] and through the virtue of the Prophet and the touch of his body was permitted to live. If then through the touch of the dead Prophet, he who was dead rose again, much more do we revive again, if by good works we are united to Thee, our Creator, Who art Spirit, Living and Immortal. Have mercy upon us then, O our Creator, have mercy upon us according to Thy great Goodness, and according to the multitude of Thy Mercies do away our offences, and in this present life raise us up from death to life, from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; and at the end of all things raise us again, justified by Thy Mercy, to everlasting Glory: which do Thou Thyself deign to bestow on us, Who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

[e] 2 Kings xiii. 21.

PRAYER VII.

PRAYER TO GOD, WITH CONFESSION OF SINS, AND HUMBLE SUPPLICATION FOR GRACE.

O God most loving, God merciful and pitiful, be Thou merciful to our sins, and whatsoever sins we have committed, whether instigated by the author of death, or by our own free-will, reserve not Thou to Thy Judgment to be searched into; but do Thou grant us Thy Grace, and let us rejoice in Thy pardon alone. For if we bring together before Thine Eyes, O Lord, the sins which we have committed and the punishments we receive, less is that which we suffer, greater is that which we deserve. The punishment of sin we feel, yet we shun not perseverance in sin; by Thy scourges our frail nature is broken, yet our iniquity is not changed; the sick soul is tortured, yet the hard neck is not bowed; our life sigheth in sorrow, yet is not amended in deed. If Thou waitest, we amend not; if Thou punishest, we endure not. When rebuked, we confess what we have done; when Thou visitest us, we forget what we have mourned. If Thou layest Thine Hand upon us, we promise what we will do; if Thou suspendest Thy sword, we do not what we have promised. If Thou strikest, we call upon Thee to spare; if Thou sparest, we again provoke Thee to strike. If anguish cometh, we seek time for penitence; if mercy looketh back upon us, we abuse the

patience which hath spared. Scarce has the blow which has been inflicted as yet passed by, and already the thankless mind remembereth not what it hath borne. If Thou hearest us quickly, we grow wanton through Thy Mercy; if slowly, we murmur through impatience. We will Thee to keep what Thou hast promised, and we fear not to neglect what Thou hast bidden. Thou hast us then before Thee, O LORD, pleading guilty; spare, for Thou art loving. We know that unless Thou forgivest, Thou mayest justly punish us; but with Thee is much Compassion and abundant Propitiation. Give then without our desert what we ask, Who hast made us of nothing that we might ask Thee.

Have mercy upon us, O LORD, who cry unto Thee; let the voice of faith weeping to Thee move Thy Love: and let that mercy in which alone we hope, not reckon what we have done amiss, while it looketh upon what we ask. And since great is our misery, that we are guilty, great be Thy Pity, that we are miserable. Suppliant for Thy Help, we set before Thee both the evils of our crimes and our griefs, and await, through prayer to Thee, the mercy which by sinning we drove away from us. Grant then, O most loving Father, that what we have done we may bewail; and in Thy Love deign to keep us through all the periods of day and night free from all attacks of evil. Grant to us, out of Thine indulgence to receive what we ask, since Thou seest that we have no confidence in our own righteousness. Lift us up, O LORD our GOD, and lighten us in Thy Mercy, that in the communion of salvation and joy of charity, while we ourselves desire to be saved by Thy Gift, we may rejoice moreover in the faith and peace of all nations.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER VIII.

PRAYER TO GOD, FOR THE GRACE OF TRUE CONFESSION TO GOD.

O God of inestimable Mercy, God of immeasurable Love, Creator and Restorer of the race of man; Who cleansest the hearts of them that confess to Thee, and them that accuse themselves before the sight of Thy Divine Mercy absolvest from every load of iniquity; I implore Thine Excellence with groans, that according to the multitude of Thy Mercies Thou wouldest grant unto me to make a pure confession before Thee of all mine iniquities whereof my conscience accuseth me; and that Thou wouldest give me true and worthy penitence for all the sins which I have committed in sinful thoughts, in evil consent, in concupiscence and impure delight, in idle words, in evil deeds, in sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch. For Thou, in Thy Mercy, didst give to me every member fit for the uses of man, to work out for me the salvation of my soul; but I, most miserable of men and a sinner, have despised Thee, the Lover of our everlasting salvation; and have yielded to mine enemy, preparing for me everlasting burnings. I have fallen into sins; I have been plunged into wickednesses; in all my members I have utterly exceeded the bounds of moderation; and have given myself up to sinful occupations. And in relating all this, I do not blaspheme in my-

self the work of Thy Hands, but ask of Thee, O most loving GOD, my remedy. For I perceive that I am a sinner above measure. For I see that mine offences are countless as the stars of heaven and the sand of the sea. Over and beyond the rest are anger, gloom, lukewarmness, pride, sloth. Therefore I confess that I am guilty of all the chief vices; but do Thou, Who willest not the death of a sinner, look upon me and pity this wretched one.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER IX.

PRAYER TO GOD, FOR DELIVERANCE FROM EVIL, AND GIFT OF GRACES.

O Almighty God, and Merciful Father, and Good Lord, have mercy upon me, a sinner. Give me pardon for my sins: grant me to avoid and to conquer all snares and temptations, and hurtful delights; perfectly in thought and act to avoid what Thou forbiddest, and to do and keep what Thou commandest; to believe, hope, love, wish, what and in what degree Thou knowest and willest. Give me compunction of humility and piety; discreet abstinence, and mortification of the flesh; a pure and sober and devout mind, to love Thee, pray to Thee, praise Thee, meditate on Thee; to direct every thought and act according to Thee. Give me true and effectual knowledge of Thy commandments; love for them, readiness to do them, and to bring them into effect. Give me ever, O Lord, with humility to advance to better things, and never to sink back. Give me not over, O Lord, to mine own will, nor to human ignorance, nor infirmity, nor to mine own deserts, nor to ought else than Thine own loving disposal; but do Thou Thyself dispose me, and all my thoughts and acts in Thy good pleasure; that Thy Will alone may be ever done by me, and in me, and on me. Free Thou me from all evils, and bring me to life everlasting. Amen.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER X.

PRAYER TO GOD, FOR THE REMOVAL OF VICES AND OBTAINING OF VIRTUES.

O Lord my God, give to my heart to long for Thee; longing, to seek; seeking, to find; finding, to love; loving to redeem[a] my evils; redeemed, not to renew them; give, O Lord my God, to my heart penitence; to my spirit contrition; to my eyes fountains of tears; to my hands bounteousness of alms. O my King, extinguish in me the desires of the flesh, and kindle in me the fire of Thy Love. O my Redeemer, drive forth from me the spirit of pride, and graciously give me the spirit of Thy humility. O my Saviour, remove from me the madness of anger, and kindly bestow upon me the shield of patience. O my Creator, tear up from me rancour of mind, and in Thy Gentleness dispense to me sweetness of disposition. Give me, O most Merciful Father, firm faith, befitting hope, unceasing charity.

O Thou my Ruler, turn away from me vanity of mind, fickleness of purpose, wandering of heart, abusiveness of tongue, pride of eyes, greediness of belly, revilings of my neighbours, sins of detraction, prurience of curiosity, desire of riches, eager snatching at power, craving for vain-glory, evil of hypocrisy, poison of flattery, contempt of the poor,

[a] Dan. iv. 27. Literally, "redeem thy sins."

oppression of the weak, ardour of avarice, rust of envy, death of blasphemy. Cut away in me, O my Maker, rashness, evil perverseness, restless idleness, slothful sluggishness, dulness of mind, blindness of heart, obstinacy of sense, savageness of manners, disobedience to what is good, resistance to counsel, an unbridled tongue, plundering of the poor, violence to the powerless, calumniating of the innocent, neglect of those placed under me, cruelty to those of mine household, want of affection to my friends, hardness toward my neighbours.

O God, my Mercy, I pray Thee by Thy well-beloved Son, give me works of mercy, practice of piety; to sympathise with the afflicted, to help the needy, to succour the miserable, to counsel the erring, to comfort the sorrowful, to raise up the oppressed, to refresh the poor, to soothe the tearful, to forgive my debtors, to spare them that sin against me, to love them that hate me; for evil to return good; to despise none, but to honour all; to imitate the good, to avoid the bad; to embrace virtues, to reject vices; give me in adversity, patience; in prosperity, continence; watchfulness of mouth, and a guard to the door of my lips; to trample upon earthly things, to long for heavenly things.

Behold, O my Fashioner, many things have I asked, when not even few have I deserved. I confess, alas, I confess, that not only are the gifts which I ask not due to me, but there are due to me many and exquisite torments. But I am encouraged by the publicans, and harlots, and robbers, who are, through the humility of an instant's penitence, snatched from the jaws of the enemy, and received in the bosom of the Shepherd. For Thou O God, the Maker of all things, though wonderful art Thou in all Thy works, yet most wonderful art Thou believed to be in the bowels of Thy Pity. Whence of

Thyself, by one of Thy servants, Thou hast said, "His mercy is over all His works;"[b] and when speaking, as it seemeth, of one alone, we believe that Thou saidst of all Thy people, "My Mercy will I not take from him."[c] For Thou despisest none, Thou castest none away, Thou abhorrest none, unless any one madly shrinketh from Thee. Wherefore, not only when angered Thou dost not strike, but even to them that provoke Thee Thou givest good things if they ask them, O my GOD, "the Horn of my salvation and my Refuge."[d] I, unhappy, have provoked Thee, I have done evil before Thee, I have provoked Thine anger, I have deserved Thy wrath; I have sinned, and Thou hast suffered it; I have offended, and yet Thou endurest me. If I repent, Thou sparest; if I return, Thou receivest me; yea, moreover, while I defer, Thou waitest for me. Wandering, Thou recallest me; resisting Thee, Thou invitest me; slumbering, Thou awakenest me; returning, Thou embracest me; ignorant, Thou teachest me; grieving, Thou soothest me; when I am down, Thou raisest me up; fallen, Thou restorest me: Thou givest to me asking, Thou art found of me seeking, Thou openest to me knocking.

Behold, O LORD GOD of my salvation, what to plead I know not; what to answer I know not: no place of refuge, no hiding place is hidden from Thee. Thou hast shewed me the way of right living; Thou hast given me the knowledge how to walk; Thou hast threatened me with hell, and hast promised to me the glory of Paradise. Now, "O Father of Mercies and GOD of all comfort,"[e] pierce Thou my flesh with Thy fear, so that what Thou threatenest, by fearing I may avoid; and graciously restore to me the joy of Thy Salvation, that what Thou pro-

[b] Ps. cxlv. 9.
[c] Ps. lxxxix. 33.
[d] Ps. xviii. 1.
[e] 2 Cor. i. 3.

misest, by loving I may gain. O LORD, my Strength, my strong Rock and my Defence,[f] my Saviour, suggest Thou to me what to think of Thee; teach me words wherewith to call upon Thee; give me works wherewith I may please Thee, For I know, yea, I know one thing wherewith Thou art appeased, and another which Thou dost not despise. Verily "the sacrifice of GOD is a troubled spirit," and "a broken and contrite heart shalt Thou not despise."[g] With these gifts do Thou, O my GOD, my Redeemer, enrich me; with these protections against mine enemy strengthen me; give me this to cool to me the flames of sins; lay open this to me in Thy Love, as a refuge from the passions of desire. Work this, O LORD, Thou Strength of my salvation, that I be not of the number of those who for awhile believe, and in time of temptation fall away. Cover Thou mine head in the day of battle, be Thou my Hope in the day of affliction, my Salvation in the time of tribulation.

Behold, O LORD, my Light, and my Salvation, I have asked what I need, I have laid before Thee what I fear; but my conscience gnaweth me, the secrets of my heart reprove me; and what love suggesteth, fear scattereth; what zeal incites, fear upbraids; mine own acts suggest fear, Thy Love confidence; Thy Loving-kindness urgeth me on, my wickedness keepeth me back; and, to confess more truly, visions of sins recur to my memory, which beat back the daring of my soul, which presumeth. For when any one is worthy of hate, with what face doth he ask forgiveness of sins? when punishment is due, with what rashness is glory demanded? He provoketh the Judge, who, deferring satisfaction for his guilt, seeketh to be honoured with rewards. He insulteth his King, who, liable

[f] Ps. xviii. 1. [g] Ps. li. 17.

to punishment, demandeth to be presented with an undeserved prize. And that foolish son embittereth the sweet affection of a Father, who, after treating Him with insult, before repenting, claimeth the high estate of heirship. What, O my Father, do I remember that I have done? I have deserved death, and ask for life; I have angered my King, Whose Protection I now shamelessly invoke; I have despised the Judge, Whom rashly I seek as my Helper; insolently I have refused to hear the Father, Whom now at last I presume to take as my Defender.

Ah me! how late do I come, alas! how slowly do I hasten; ah me! that I run after wounds, disdaining, when safe, to avoid the darts; I have neglected to take precautions against weapons, and now I am distressed at the near approach of death. I have inflicted wounds upon wounds, in that I have not feared to add sins to sins; my scars are covered with fresh blood, because I have matched my former crimes with fresh iniquities; and what the Divine remedy had made whole, a frantic itching hath opened afresh; the skin which had been drawn over my wounds and concealed my diseases, now that the matter has burst forth again, has become putrid; because renewed iniquity hath destroyed the mercy which had been granted me. For I know that it was written, "In the day wherein the righteous sinneth, all his righteousness shall not be remembered."[h] If the righteousness of the righteous who falleth, is done away, how much more the penitence of the sinner, who returneth to the same sin! How have I returned as a dog to his vomit, and as a sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire! To confess is therefore difficult to me, because it is impossible to me to remember how many, when ignorant, I have taught to sin; when unwilling, have

[h] Ezek. xxxiii. 13.

persuaded; resisting, have compelled; when willing, have consented to them; before how many, as they walked, I have laid a snare; when they sought the way, have uncovered a pit before them; how often I have not shrunk to work evils, have not feared to forget God's Gifts. But Thou, O just Judge, hast sealed up as in a bag my sins,[i] Thou hast observed all my ways, and numbered all my steps. Thou hast long time holden Thy peace; Thou hast been still and refrained Thyself. Woe is me! now at length Thou wilt speak, as a travailing woman.[k]

O God of gods, my Lord, Who repentest Thee of the evil, I know that Thou wilt come in the sight of all, I know that Thou wilt not always keep silence, when "there shall go before Thee a consuming fire, and a mighty tempest shall be stirred up round about Thee; when Thou shalt call the heaven from above, and the earth that Thou mayest judge Thy people."[l] Behold, before so many thousands of people shall all mine iniquities be laid bare; to so many armies of Angels shall all my wickednesses be spread open, not only of act, but also of thought and word alike. Before as many judges shall I stand resourceless, as there have been who preceded me in good works. By as many accusers shall I be confuted, as there have been who have set me examples of good living. By so many witnesses shall I be convicted, as there have been who have warned me with profitable words, and given themselves to me to imitate by righteous actions. O Lord, my God, nought have I to say, nought occurreth to me to answer, and as though I were already set in that trial, conscience presses me, the secrets of my heart torment me, avarice straiteneth me, pride accuseth me, envy consumeth me, concupiscence inflameth me, luxury defileth me,

[i] Job xiv. 17. [k] Is. xlii. 14. [l] Ps. l. 3, 4.

gluttony dishonoureth me, drunkenness confuseth me, detraction mangleth me, ambition trippeth me up, rapacity bindeth me, discord divideth me, anger perturbeth me, levity casteth me down, torpor oppresseth me, hypocrisy deceiveth me, flattery crusheth me, favour puffeth me up, calumny pierceth me.

Behold, O Thou That deliverest me from the angry people, behold with whom I have lived from the days of my birth, whose practices I have followed, with whom I have kept faith; the very practices which I had loved condemn me, those which I had praised, blame me. These are the friends with whom I have been at peace; the teachers whom I have obeyed: the masters whom I have served; the advisers whom I have trusted; the citizens with whom I have dwelt; the familiar friends with whom I have grown old. Woe is me, my King and my God, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech; woe is me, my Light, that I have my habitation among the tents of Kedar.[m] And since holy David said, "*long*," how much more may I, unhappy, say, "*too long* hath my soul dwelt among them that are enemies unto peace?" O God, my Strength, in Thy Sight shall no man living be justified.[n] O my Hope, there is not among the sons of men, whom if Thou, laying aside Thy Love, shouldst judge him, Thou wilt find righteous: and unless with Thy Mercy Thou prevent him unholy, none will there be whom, holy, Thou mayest glorify. For I believe, O my Salvation, what I have heard, that "Thy Goodness leadeth me to repentance."[o] O my Tower of Strength, Thy Sweet[p] Lips have sounded forth "No man can come unto Me, unless My Father, Who hath sent Me, draw him."[q]

[m] Ps. cxx. 5, 6. [n] Ps. cxliii. 2. [o] Rom. ii. 4.
[p] Nectarea, from the "Meditations," for necessaria.
[q] John vi. 44.

So then, because Thou hast thus instructed me, and with so great teaching hast graciously fashioned me, with the whole marrow of my heart, and the whole effort of my mind, Thee, O Almighty Father, with Thy most well-beloved Son, I ask; and Thee, O most Sweet Son, with the gentle Paraclete, I invoke. [r]Draw me, that I may rejoice to run after Thee in the odour of Thy Ointments. How great, O LORD my GOD, is the multitude of Thy Goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee. Thou hast laid up, because Thou hast stored up, not because Thou hast stored away.[s] Thou hast taken away, when all the more Thou hast multiplied. Often that which is laid up is wont the more diligently to be searched out, and found, more closely to be loved. In Thee, desires which are deferred, are not diminished, but rather increase. Thy Love is not transitory, but eternal. Those who love Thee, grow not cold, but warm. Thy Love is not inactive; Thy memory sweeter than honey; meditation on Thee more pleasant than food. To speak of Thee is full refreshment; to know Thee, perfect consolation; to cling to Thee, everlasting life; to be severed from Thee, everlasting death. Thou art a Fountain of Life to them that thirst for Thee; never-failing Food to them that hunger after Thee; the Glory of them that seek Thee, the joy of them that find Thee. Thine Odour raiseth up the dead, Thy Love cureth the sick, Thy Light driveth away all darkness, Thy Visitation repelleth all sadness. There is no grief with Thee; all pain is far from Thee; no sadness, no want with Thee. Where Thou art, there is no need, no difficulty of obtaining any good; never is there darkness there, nor is the

[r] Cant. i. 4.

[s] Abscondisti is used here in a double sense,—1. Store away: 2. Hide.

terror of hell mentioned; no blackness of night is there with Thee; no wickedness of tumult, nor want of hunger or of thirst, no distress of cold or heat abideth around Thee, nor any weakness of body; no, nor any corruption of mind, no envy, nor strife, nor ambition; thence is absent all anxiety about one's end, and care of death, and toil of old age, and languor of sickness; there no inclemency of air is known, nor change of season. This is the multitude of Thy Sweetness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee, and perfected for them that hope in Thee.

O how good that "laying up in store" which is made to be perfecting! for this "laying up in store" is not reckoned destruction, but rather preservation, which becometh perfection. O King of Glory,[t] how "true are Thy Judgments and righteous altogether!" truly "more to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb." O my Life, my GOD, I beseech Thee by the Name of my Redeemer, Thy beloved Son, graciously grant to me that I may keep them; for I know that "in keeping of them there is great reward." O my Glory, my GOD, Thou layest up in store that treasure, to incite our desire; Thou hidest the pearl, to increase the love of the seeker; Thou deferrest to give, that Thou mayest teach to seek; Thou feignest, not to hear the seeker, that Thou mayest make him persevere. Finally, to those who begin Thou promisest, but not save to those who truly persevere dost Thou give, salvation. This plainly doth that sorrowful one teach us, who, while it was yet dark, sought Thy Christ in the sepulchre, yea rather Thee in Christ, whom Thou didst incite to seek, but from her seeking didst withdraw Thyself, that she might persevere. Hoping, she perse-

[t] Ps. xix. 9—11.

vered, and persevering, she hoped; and because she persevered in hope, she obtained grace to see Thee. Oh blessed sight and full exultation! Oh highest Joy and desire consummated! Oh Countenance much to be longed for, and joyous sight thereof! Oh blessed hope and happy perseverance! for had she not hoped, she had not persevered, and had she not persevered, she had attained no fruit of her hope. For thus, O my GOD, my hope, Thou layest up Thyself for them that fear Thee, that Thou mayest be found by them hoping in Thee; thus Thou withdrawest from them that seek Thee, that Thou mayest approach to them persevering. "They[u] that forsake Thee shall perish; but they that wait for Thee shall not be confounded." "Let them that fear the LORD put their trust in the LORD, He is their helper and defender." Through fear we attain to love. Thou art to be feared as our LORD, to be loved as our Father. Thy holy fear abideth, for it maketh Thy Saints to abide, whom it possesseth. Nothing[x] is lacking to them that fear Thee; for Thine Eyes are over them, and Thine Ears are open to their prayers. O my Mercy and my Refuge, my Defender and my Saviour, so do Thou supply me with fear, that Thou mayest instil into me love therewith; so bestow on me dread, that Thou mayest increase longing; so make me partaker with them that fear Thee, that by the service of fear, I may attain to the grace of love, and by it at length may come to Thy Glory. Amen.

[u] Ps. lxxiii. 25; xxv. 19; cxv. 11. [x] Ps. xxxiv. 9—15.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER XI.

PRAYER TO GOD FOR DELIVERANCE FROM EVILS, AND GIFTS OF GRACES.[a]

O Lord God, Almighty Father, and good God, O Jesu, have mercy upon me a sinner, and grant unto me pardon for my sins. Grant me to avoid and conquer all the snares of my enemies, and all temptations and hurtful delights; perfectly in thought and act to avoid what Thou forbiddest me to do; to serve Thee and love Thee as Thou knowest and willest, and to live according to Thy Will. Give me, O Lord, compunction of heart, the practice of piety, the virtue of humility, discreet abstinence, mortification of the flesh; a right approach to pray to Thee and to love Thee, to meditate on and praise Thee; that every act may be according to Thy Will; each thought perfect, sober, true; and my mind strenuous, bringing to good effect.

Give me, O Lord, knowledge and love and delight in Thy Commandments, readiness and success in observing them, and unceasing perseverance to advance with humility to better things, and never to sink back. Give me not up, O Lord, either to human infirmity or ignorance, nor to mine own deserts, nor to ought else save Thy disposal. Do Thou, O Lord, in Thy Mercy dispose of me and

[a] The same Prayer as Prayer IX. yet here and there expanded.

all my thoughts and acts in Thy good pleasure, that Thy will alone may ever be done by me, and in me, and on me. Free me, O LORD, from all evil, and give me all good, that is, Thyself, that my joy may be in Thee, Who art Life everlasting. Amen.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER XII.

DEVOUT OFFERING OF PRAISE AND THANKS TO GOD.

I GIVE Thee praises and thanks, my GOD, my Mercy, Who hast deigned to bring me to the knowledge of Thee, and by the washing of Holy Baptism to count me among Thy sons by adoption. I give Thee praises and thanks, Who from the first beginnings of my childhood until this very hour, with the endurance of Thy immeasurable goodness waitest for me to amend, while I run to waste through many sins. I praise and glorify Thee, Who, with the Arm of Thy Might, hast frequently set me free from many straits and calamities and miseries, Who thus far hast delivered me from eternal punishments and the torments of this body. I praise and glorify Thee, Who hast deigned to bestow upon me soundness of limbs, peaceful times, the love and affection and regard of Thy servants towards me, which are the gifts of Thy Loving-kindness. O Thou Holy of Holies, Who sanctifiest all things, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee, I worship Thee, I give thanks to Thee. Let all the works of Thy Hands bless Thee, let all Thy Angels and Holy Ones bless Thee. May I bless Thee in my life. May all my inward and outward frame adore and glorify and bless Thee. O my Salvation, my Light, my Illumination, may mine eyes bless Thee, which Thou hast made and prepared to con-

template the Face of Thy Brightness. O Thou my Sweetness, my Delight, may mine ears bless Thee, which Thou hast made and prepared to hear the voice of Thy Joyousness. O my Sweetness, my Refreshment, may my nostrils bless Thee, which Thou hast made that they may live and be delighted in the odour of Thine ointments. O my Praise, my new Song, mine Exultation, may my tongue bless and magnify Thee, which Thou hast made and prepared to tell Thy wondrous things. My Wisdom, my Meditation, my Counsel, may my heart ever adore and bless Thee, which Thou hast prepared and given to me, to discern Thine inestimable Mercies. My Life, my Bliss, may my soul, sinful though it is, bless Thee, which Thou hast made and prepared to enjoy Thy good things.

O Father, Object of adoration, and trembling, and worship, and dread, I bless Thee, Whom I have loved, Whom I have sought, Whom I have ever wished for. My God, Who lovest me, I thirst for Thee, I hunger for Thee, I long for Thee, I entreat for Thee, with all my bowels and all my groanings I yearn after Thee. And as a mother bereft of the presence of her only son sitteth at the place of his burial, ever weeping and lamenting; so I too, not in what degree I ought, but in what degree I can, mindful of Thy Passion, mindful of the blows, mindful of the scourgings, mindful of Thy wounds, mindful how Thou wast slain for me, how Thou wast laid in the grave, how and where Thou wast buried, sit with Mary weeping at the sepulchre of my mind. Where faith hath buried Thee, hope seeketh that she may find Thee; love, that she may anoint Thee. O most Benign, most Gentle, most Sweet, who will give me that I may find Thee without, and kiss and sprinkle with my tears the marks of Thy Wounds, the prints of the nails. Daughters of Jerusalem, tell ye my Beloved

that I am sick of love.[a] Let Him appear to me, let Him shew Himself to me. Let Him call me by my name, and soothe me from my grief.

For my grief containeth itself not within me, so long as I am far away from Thee, O LORD. Come now, O LORD, reveal Thy Face. Shew Thy suppliants Thy Mercy. We know Thy Resurrection has been accomplished; declare before our eyes Thy blessed Incorruption. O Thou Wonderful, Priceless, Incomparable, Thee I wished for, Thee I hoped for, Thee I sought. Lo Thou comest empurpled, and red is Thine apparel. Thou hast washed Thy Robe in wine, and Thy Garment in the blood of the grape. Thou hast smitten the head over the house of the wicked, having gone forth for the salvation of Thy people.

Abide with us, LORD, abide with us even until the morning. Let us enjoy meanwhile Thy Presence. Let us rejoice and be glad in Thy Resurrection. The darkness thickeneth; evening presseth upon the day. May our Sun, our Light, Christ our GOD, shew the Light of His Countenance upon us.

But what dost Thou, O my GOD? O my soul, what shall I say? what shall I do? whither shall I go? Already Thou liftest up Thine Hands; lo, now Thou goest Thy way. The Heavens meet Thee. The skies are bowed, a cloud is prepared for Thee ascending. I will offer only the tears of my bereavement to Thee departing. "My tears shall be my meat day and night." I will feed on weeping; I will give my soul to drink of my sorrows. "My life shall wax old with heaviness and my years with mourning." "For whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none on earth that I desire in comparison of Thee." "My soul shall

[a] Cant. v. 8.

long for Thee in the night season, and my spirit in my heart shall watch unto Thee in the morning."[b] Meanwhile Thou wilt come to us, LORD, for Thou art good: Thou wilt not tarry, for Thou art loving. Glory be to Thee for ever and ever. Amen.

[b] Psalm xlii. 3; xxxi. 2; lxxiii. 24; Is. xxvi. 9.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER XIII.

PRAYER TO GOD, FOR FATHER, MOTHER, RELATIONS AND FRIENDS.

O Lord God, our Governor, Who hast wonderfully made all things, and by Thy disposal hast created them; Who hast bidden that in man and woman should be the provision for propagating their race, and hast enjoined that love should be displayed towards father and mother, hear me, O Merciful God, crying unto Thee for the welfare of my father and my mother, whom of Thy Providence Thou hast deigned to prepare for me Thy humble servant; and also for my brothers and sisters, and all who are connected with me, a sinner, either by relationship after the flesh, or by friendship, or by promise or trust, as well living as departed, whose names and deserts are known to Thee, the Lord God of all. Deign, I beseech Thee, to grant unto the departed everlasting life, and defend the living from all evil, and dispose them in the way of salvation; that by means of true confession, and true amendment of all their faults, Thou mayst forgive them their sins, and when they have laid aside the flesh, they may be made heirs of an heavenly inheritance. Hear me miserable, O God most Merciful, supplicating Thee for the souls of all Thy servants and handmaids, who wish and do me well, and serve me, and who have

bestowed on me their bounty, and whose bounty I have received, whose names are known to Thee, the LORD GOD of all, and who have commended themselves to my prayers; that Thou wouldst bestow upon them the blessings of Thy Mercy, and deign to set them in the place of those that please Thee, O Saviour of the world, Who, with GOD the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER XIV.

PRAYER TO THE HOLY GHOST.

O Thou Love of God, Holy Bond of the Almighty Father and His Blessed Son, Almighty Spirit, the Comforter, most Merciful Consoler of the sorrowful, come Thou now with Thy powerful virtue into the inmost recesses of my heart; and all the dark hiding-places of Thy neglected dwelling-place do Thou, a loving Indweller, make joyous with the brightness of Thy clear Light; and with the abundance of Thy Dew visit and make them fruitful, drooping with long-parching dryness. Wound Thou the hidden parts of my inner man with the spear of Thy Love; and the marrow of my torpid liver do Thou pierce and kindle with Thy salutary flames; and with the fire of holy fervour enlighten and eat away all the inmost parts of my mind and body. Give me to drink of the torrent of Thy Pleasure, that no longer it may please me to taste of any of the poisonous sweetness of earthly things. Give sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people: teach me to do Thy Will, for Thou art my God.[a] I believe that whomsoever Thou Indwellest, Thou makest to be the abode of the Father and the Son. Blessed, who shall win Thee for his Guest; for by Thee the Father and the Son will come and make their abode with him.

[a] Psalm xliii. 1.

Come then, come, O most benign Comforter of the sorrowful soul in time of need, and helper in tribulations. Come, Purifier of sins, Healer of wounds; come, Strength of the frail, Lifter-up of the falling; come, Teacher of the humble, destroyer of the proud. Come, loving Father of the fatherless, and sweet Judge of the cause of the widows. Come, Hope of the poor, Restorer of them that are failing. Come, Star of the voyagers, Harbour of the shipwrecked. Come, Thou special Glory of all the living, only Salvation of the dying. Come, most Holy Spirit, come and have pity on me; fit me for Thyself; and graciously grant unto me that my littleness may be acceptable to Thy Greatness, my weakness to Thy Strength, according to the multitude of Thy Compassions, through Jesus Christ my Saviour, Who with the Father liveth and reigneth in Thy Unity for ever and ever. Amen.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER XV.

PRAYER TO CHRIST, WITH REMEMBRANCE OF HIS BENEFITS AND OF MAN'S MISERY.

To Thee, O most Sweet and most Bounteous Lord Jesu Christ, Who art the Fountain of Love and Mercy, to Thee above all do I turn. For both by the power of Thy Godhead, whereby one God with the Father and the Holy Ghost, Thou didst make all things out of nothing, I confess that I was created; and by Thine Incarnation, which in Thine own proper Person, yet with the co-operation of the Father and the Holy Ghost, Thou didst take upon Thee, I know that I have been re-made and renewed. Wherefore I pray Thy most sweet Mercy.

O most loving and sweetest Lord Jesu, by Thy holy Annunciation, have mercy upon my unhappy soul.

O most sweet Lord Jesu Christ, by Thy holy Incarnation and Nativity, have mercy upon my soul.

O most Sweet Lord Jesu Christ, by Thy Circumcision,
O most Sweet Lord Jesu, by Thy Holy Infancy,
O most Sweet Lord Jesu, by Thy Youth,
O most Sweet Lord Jesu, by Thy Baptism,
O most Sweet Lord Jesu, by Thy Fasting, and Hunger, and Weariness,

Have mercy upon me.

O most Sweet Lord Jesu, by Thy Miracles, whereby, though Thou wast very Man, yet Thou wast recognised as Very God,

O most Sweet Lord Jesu, by Thy Scourgings, Spittings, Blows, which for us Thou didst re-receive,

O most Sweet Lord Jesu, by the Crown of Thorns which Thou didst bear upon Thy Head, that Thou mightest take away the thorns of our sins,

O most Sweet Lord Jesu, by Thy Cross, and the Death which on that Cross Thou didst suffer, that Thou mightest redeem us from death,

Have mercy upon me.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord Jesu, by Thy Burial, in which, according to the Flesh, Thou didst die, and by Thy most benign descent into hell, where Thou didst visit Thy faithful ones and Thy friends, who there had long waited for Thee, their most sweet Redeemer; visiting them, didst in glorious triumph mercifully deliver them from the power of the devil; while the infernal spirits vehemently accused their chief, because he had unjustly slain Thee, in Whom he had found nothing of his own; for which unjust slaying they then justly lost those whom they so long had held captive, unhappily bound in their chains.

Have mercy upon me, O most sweet and most benign Lord Jesu, by Thy glorious Resurrection, wherein, on the third day after that Thou wast slain, Thou didst appear alive and deathless, to Thy disciples and friends, grieving and very afflicted for Thy Death; and by Thy most sweet conversations which Thou didst hold with them for forty days after Thy Resurrection, wherein, shewing Thyself to them by many infallible signs, and speaking to them of the Kingdom of God, comforting and restoring them, and often eating with them, Thou didst by setting before them most evident tokens, and the reality of

Thy Flesh wherein Thou didst suffer death, remove from their hearts all doubts, and didst establish them in faith and trust in Thy Resurrection.

Have mercy upon me, O most Sweet Lord Jesu, by Thine admirable Ascension, wherein, in the sight of Thy disciples and Thy Virgin Mother, mounting up to Heaven, Thou didst place at the Right Hand of the Father that Human Nature which, mercifully for us sinners, Thou hadst taken upon Thee, and in which, by suffering death, Thou hadst destroyed death.

Have mercy upon me, O most Sweet Lord Jesu, by the coming of the Holy Ghost, Whom, as Thou hadst promised, Thou didst send down upon Thy disciples on the day of Pentecost; by Whom filled, and most mightily strengthened, they might lay aside all fear, and announce to all nations the truth of Thy Resurrection, and teach them that if they believed in Thee, and obeyed Thy commandments, without any doubt, they should ascend, after the death of the body, into the Kingdom of Heaven, and reign happily with Thee in everlasting Glory.

Have mercy upon me, O most Sweet Lord Jesu, by Thy Return to Judge the quick and the dead, in which Judgment, separating the evil from the good, Thou wilt condemn them to everlasting perdition; but the good Thou wilt lead with Thee into Heaven, and set in everlasting felicity.

Animated by these most sweet remembrances and pious recollections, O most sweet Lord Jesu Christ; and while in the secret of my heart I sweetly and with great admiration think over again and again on these so great benefits, mercifully conferred by Thee on weak and sinful men; sometimes I, by the help of Thy Goodness, cast away all recollections of infirmities and remembrances of sins, which draw me to damnation and the destruction of damnation; and those things which savour of things Heavenly, and are

wont to lift up the weak and sinful soul, I regard and venerate and embrace. But alas for my unhappy soul, O most sweet and most bounteous LORD; alas for so great perdition so grievously vexing my unhappy soul, which unless by Thy most merciful Love it were sustained, would in a moment go down to hell. For behold, while carefully I look into the secrets of my heart, I find that hapless soul of mine, which I had thought to stand before Thy Divine Majesty pure and unspotted, not a little infected with the poison of malice and iniquity. Often, even when for the sake of some profit, I begin to converse with any one, at once, or after a brief delay, I fall into detraction; or, for some matter or other, shamelessly murmur; or yield to the vice of foolish curiosity; or endure in my inmost heart foulness of evil thoughts, and unlawful and impure emotions. Alas, again and again, for so great unhappiness, and so great perdition. I confess, O most Sweet Jesu, and lay open before Thee mine iniquities, which inwardly my wretched soul suffereth. For while, "forgetting those things which are behind, I desire to stretch forward to those things which are before me,"[a] and in those sweetest remembrances, which before I have mentioned, desire, if I could, for a longer time to take delight; and gathering as it were all my thoughts into one, I long, free from all disturbance of mind, with unceasing perseverance to cling to GOD; suddenly, by some misery, I see myself fall back to empty and hurtful things; and as death suddenly slayeth, or as a mad dog doth not, even when driven back by beating, abstain from tearing a man, so carnal delight perturbs and destroys all tranquillity of mind, and uprightness of righteousness, which I thought myself to have. And I, who thought

[a] Philip. iii. 13.

myself to stand on the height of virtues for their sweet odour, perceive only the intolerable and most foul stench of vices.

What then shall I do, O my most Sweet Lord Jesu, Lover of men and their Creator; Restorer and Redeemer of sinners? Whither shall I turn myself, surrounded with so great evils, enwrapped in so great darkness of most wicked delights? [b] "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Who, but the Grace of Jesus Christ my Lord? Have mercy then, O most Sweet Lord Jesu, have mercy upon Thy creature; have mercy upon my sinful soul. Look, O most Sweet Lord Jesu, look upon its misery, and deliver it; for Thine enemies' sakes, save it. Lighten its eyes that it sleep not in death, lest its enemy say, I have prevailed against it.[c] Plead Thou its cause, O Lord, with them that strive with it; and fight Thou against them that fight against it. Lay hand upon the shield and buckler, and stand up to help it.[d] I believe, O most Sweet Lord Jesu Christ, I believe, that if Thou take up Thine Arms to its defence, and with the Shield of Thy Good Will defendest the soul which Thou hast created, no enemy, no darts of the adversary, though they assail without, or even endeavour to rage within, shall in any way be able to overcome the soul which Thou defendest. O most Sweet and most merciful Lord Jesu, heal Thou it, overwhelmed with many evils, overcome by many iniquities, stained by many crimes. Helper of the poor, Defender of the fatherless, heal Thou and aid the soul that by Thee was created, by Thee redeemed, by Thee cleansed. Sustain Thou its endeavours; strengthen its longings; and grant to it so to pass through that space of life, in which it must have its conversation in this world, and by Thine unspeak-

[b] Rom. vii. 24. [c] Ps. xiii. 3, 4. [d] Ps. xxxv. 1, 2.

able mercy so to amend all its iniquities, and by true penitence and true confession to purge away, correct, cleanse, wash them out, that by the gift of Thy most indulgent Love, purged and cleansed and corrected and washed, after the death of the flesh it may be able to come to Thee, its most Sweet Creator and most Loving Lord, and with all Thy Saints enjoy Thine unspeakable glory in everlasting felicity for ever and ever. Amen.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER XVI.

PRAYER TO CHRIST, TO OBTAIN THE GRACE OF TEARS FROM THE REMEMBRANCE OF SINS.

O Lord Christ, Word of the Father, Who camest into this world to save sinners, I beseech Thee by the bowels of Thy most indulgent Mercy, amend Thou my life; better my actions; order my habits; take away from me whatsoever hurteth me and displeaseth Thee, and give what Thou knowest to please Thee and be good for me. Who can make clean that which hath been conceived of unclean seed, save Thou alone? Thou art the Almighty God of infinite Love, Who justifiest the wicked, and makest the dead in sin to live; Who changest sinners, and they are not. Take then away from me whatever in me displeaseth Thee. For Thine Eyes see my many imperfections. Lay, I beseech Thee, the Hand of Thy Love upon me; and take away from me whatever in me offendeth the Eyes of Thy Love. Before Thee, Lord, is both my health and mine infirmity: increase Thou the one, heal the other, I beseech Thee. Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed, save me, and I shall be saved,[a] Thou Who healest the weak, and preservest the healthful; Thou Who by Thy Will alone restorest what is broken down and fallen. For if Thou deignest to sow good seed in Thy field, my heart, needful is it that with the Hand of Thy Love Thou first pluck up the thorns of my vices.

[a] Jer. xvii, 14.

O most Sweet, most Bounteous, most Loving, most Dear, most longed-for, most Lovely, most Beautiful, pour Thou the abundance of Thy Sweetness and of Thy Love into my breast, that I may not long for nor think on anything earthly, anything carnal; but may love Thee alone; have Thee alone in my heart and in my mouth. Write with Thy Finger in my breast the sweet memory of Thy honied Name, by no forgetfulness ever to be blotted out. Write on the tablets of my heart Thy Will and Thy Judgments; that I may always and everywhere have before mine eyes Thee the Lord of immeasurable sweetness and Thy Precepts. Kindle my mind with that Fire of Thine which Thou hast sent down upon earth, and hast vehemently desired that it should be kindled; that with gushing tears I may daily offer to Thee the sacrifice of a broken spirit and a contrite heart.

O Sweet Christ, Good Jesu, as I desire, as with my whole mind I seek, give me Thy chaste and holy Love, to fill me, hold me, and possess me wholly. And give me, as an evident sign of Thy Love, a running stream of tears, ever flowing; that the tears themselves may testify in me the love I have to Thee; may themselves declare, themselves speak how deeply my soul loveth Thee, while for the great sweetness of Thy Love it cannot contain itself from tears. I remember, O loving Lord, that good woman, Hannah, who came to Thy Tabernacle to pray for a son, of whom Scripture telleth, that after her tears and prayers, her countenance was no more as before.[b] But when I remember so great virtue, so great constancy, I am tormented with grief and confounded with shame, because I see myself too far below on the ground. For if a woman so wept and persevered in weeping, who sought a son, how ought

[b] Literally, "was no more," that is, as before sad. S. Anselm takes it as if it were, her former countenance never returned.

my soul to lament and persevere in lamentation, who seeketh and loveth God, and longeth to attain to Him? How ought such a soul to groan and weep, which seeketh God day and night, which willeth to love nought beside Christ? Yea, wonderful is it, if her tears be not now made her meat day and night. Look Thou then back upon me, and have mercy upon me, for the sorrows of my heart are enlarged.[c] Give me Thy heavenly comfort, and despise not a sinful soul for which Thou didst die. Give me, I beseech Thee, tears springing from within out of entire affection, which may be able to loosen the bonds of my sins, and may ever fill my soul with heavenly joy. If not with true and perfect solitaries,[d] whose steps I am unable to imitate, at least with the devout women may I be found worthy to obtain some portion in Thy Kingdom.

There cometh also into my mind the wondrous devotion of another woman, who, with pious love, sought Thee lying in the tomb; who, when Thy disciples retired from the sepulchre, retired not; who sat there sad and sorrowing, and wept much and long; and rising with many tears again and again, with watchful eyes, explored the recesses of Thy deserted sepulchre, if perchance anywhere she might see Thee, Whom with fervent longing she sought. Already doubtless once and again she had entered and seen the sepulchre; but to one greatly loving this was not enough; for the virtue of a good work is perseverance. And so because beyond all others she loved; and loving, wept; and weeping, sought; and seeking, persevered; therefore she obtained the grace first of all to find Thee, see Thee, address Thee. And not only this, but she also was made to Thy very disciples the first herald of Thy glorious Resurrection, by Thine own command and

[c] Psalm xxv. 16, 17. [d] Monachis.

merciful injunction, "Go and tell My brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see Me."[e] If then the woman so wept and persevered in weeping, who was seeking the living among the dead, who touched Thee with the hand of faith; how ought my soul to mourn and persevere in mourning, which believeth in heart and with mouth confesseth, that Thou its Redeemer now rulest in Heaven, and reignest everywhere? how ought such a soul to groan and weep, which with its whole heart loveth Thee, and with its entire longing desireth to see Thee?

O only Refuge and sole Hope of the miserable, LORD, to Whom never is supplication made without hope of mercy, grant me this grace for Thine own sake and for Thy Holy Name's sake, that as often as I think of Thee, speak of Thee, write of Thee, read of Thee, discourse of Thee, often as I remember Thee, stand before Thee, offer Thee praises and prayers and sacrifice, so often with gushing tears I may weep before Thy Sight abundantly and sweetly, so that my tears may be made my meat day and night. Thou verily, O King of Glory, and Teacher of all virtues, both by word and example hast taught us to mourn and weep, saying, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."[f] Thou didst weep for Thy departed friend, and didst shed many tears over Thy country, destined to perish. I beseech Thee, O Good Jesu, by those Thy most precious Tears, and by all Thy Compassions whereby Thou didst deign wonderfully to help the lost, give me the grace of tears, which my soul much longeth and craveth after: for without Thy gift I cannot have it, but by Thy Holy Spirit, Who softeneth the hard hearts of sinners, and pierceth them unto weeping. Give me the grace of tears, as Thou gavest unto our fathers, whose steps I ought to imitate, that

[e] Matt. xxviii. 7. [f] Matt. v. 4.

I may mourn myself all my life long, as they mourned themselves night and day. Remembering the good deeds and the prayers of those who pleased Thee, and served Thee most devotedly, have mercy on me, Thy most miserable and unworthy servant, and give me the grace of tears. Give me the upper springs[s] and the nether springs, that my tears may be my meat day and night, and that I may be made in Thy Sight, my GOD, by the fire of compunction, a whole burnt offering, fat and full of marrow: that I may be offered whole upon the altar of my heart, and so, as a most rich whole burnt offering, may be accepted by Thee for an odour of sweetness. Give me, O most sweet LORD, give me a fountain ever flowing, a fountain clear, in which that polluted whole burnt offering may be perpetually washed. For although by the help of Thy Grace I offer myself wholly to Thee, yet in many things I daily offend through my exceeding frailty. Give me then the grace of tears, O blessed and lovely GOD; specially for the great sweetness of Thy Love, and the remembrance of Thy Loving-kindnesses. Prepare Thou this table for Thy servant in Thy Sight, and give me the power that as often as I will I may be filled therewith. Grant, for Thy Love and Goodness sake, that that Thine inebriating and excellent cup may quench my thirst; that my soul may gasp unto Thee, and my mind may burn with love of Thee, forgetting vanity and misery. Hear, O my GOD, hear, O Light of mine eyes, hear what I ask; and grant that I may ask what Thou wilt hear. O loving Lord, and easy to be entreated, be not Thou made hard to be entreated through my sins, but for Thy Goodness sake receive Thou the prayers of Thy servant, and grant the performance of my petitions and of my desires, for Thy tender mercy's sake.

[s] Joshua xv. 19.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER XVII.

PRAYER TO CHRIST, WITH ARDENT LONGING TO LOVE CHRIST ALONE.

Jesu, our Redemption, our Love and Longing, God of God, be Thou present with me, Thy servant. Thee I invoke, to Thee I cry with great crying in my whole heart. Thee I invite into my soul; enter Thou into it, and fit it to Thyself; that Thou mayest possess it without wrinkle and without spot. For to the Lord of Purity, a pure abiding-place is due. Sanctify therefore me, Thy vessel, which Thou hast made; empty me of wickedness; fill me with Grace, and keep me full; that I may be made a temple worthy of Thine indwelling here and for ever. O most Sweet, most Kind, most Loving, most Dear, most Powerful, most Longed-for, most Precious, most Lovely, most Beautiful, O Sweeter than honey, Whiter than milk and snow, more Precious than gems and gold, and Dearer to me than all the riches and honours of the world!

What say I, O my God? my only Hope is Thy so great mercy. What say I, O blessed and fear-dispelling Sweetness? What say I, while I say this? I say what I can; I say not what I ought. Would that I could say such things as those hymning choirs of Angels! Oh how gladly would I pour my whole self forth in Thy praises! Oh how with deepest devotion would I utter in the midst of the Church those songs of heavenly melody, to the praise and

glory of Thy Name. But, because I cannot do this, shall I therefore be silent? Woe to them that are silent about Thee, Who openest the mouths of the dumb and makest eloquent the tongues of infants. Woe to them that are silent about Thee, since those who speak most are dumb when they speak not Thy Praises. Who can worthily praise Thee, O ineffable Virtue and Wisdom of the Father? And since I find no words wherewith I may sufficiently avail to set forth the Almighty and Omniscient Word, I will say meanwhile what I can, till Thou bid me come to Thee, when I may be able to say what becometh Thee and is due from me. And therefore suppliantly I ask that Thou look not only to that which now I say, but to that which I desire to say. For with great longing I desire to speak forth of Thee what I ought, and what is fitting; for praise and songs become Thee, and to Thee all honour is due.

Thou knowest then, O GOD, Who knowest secrets, that Thou art not only dearer to me than earth and all that is in it, but more acceptable than Heaven itself and all that is in it. For I love Thee above Heaven and earth and all things else that are in them. Yea verily, except for love of Thy Name, transitory things undoubtedly are not to be loved. I love Thee, O my GOD, with great love, and I desire to love Thee more. Grant me ever to love Thee as greatly as I desire and as greatly as I ought, that Thou alone mayest be the whole object of my efforts, and all my meditation. May I meditate on Thee by day unceasingly; may I perceive Thee in my sleep in the night; may my spirit address Thee; my mind converse with Thee. With the light of the holy vision of Thee may my heart be enlightened, that with Thee for my Ruler and my Guide, I may "go from strength to strength, and at length see Thee, the GOD of gods in Sion;" "now indeed through a

glass darkly, but then face to face;" where "I shall know Thee even as also I am known." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see GOD." "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy House, O LORD, they will be alway praising Thee."[a]

Therefore I beseech Thee, O LORD, by all Thy Compassions, whereby we are freed from everlasting death, soften my heart, hard and stony, made of rock and iron, with Thy most sacred and powerful unction; and cause me by the fire of compunction to be made a living sacrifice before Thee every hour. Make me to have ever in Thy Sight a contrite and humble heart, with abundance of tears. Make me, through longing for Thee, to be utterly dead to this world, and for the greatness of Thy Fear and Love to forget all transitory things; so that for things of this world I may neither mourn nor rejoice; nor fear nor love ought temporal; nor be corrupted by smooth things, nor crushed by adversity. And, forasmuch as Thy "Love is strong as death,"[b] may the burning and honied force of Thy Love absorb my mind from all things which are under Heaven; that to Thee alone I may cling, and on the sweetness of Thy Memory alone may feed. May there descend, O LORD, may there descend into my heart Thy most sweet odour, may Thy honied Love enter there. May the wondrous and ineffable fragrance of Thy Savour come to me, and excite in me unceasing desires, and draw forth from my heart streams of water flowing forth unto everlasting life.

Immeasurable art Thou, O LORD, and therefore without measure oughtest Thou to be loved and praised, by those whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious Blood. O most kind Lover of men, most merciful LORD, and most just Judge, to Whom

[a] Ps. lxxxiv. 7; 1 Cor. xiii. 12; Matt. v. 8; Ps. lxxxiv. 4.
[b] Cant. viii. 6.

the Father hath given all judgment; with the wise judgment of Thine Equity Thou discernest this to be neither just nor right, that the sons of this world, of night and darkness, with more perfect longing energy and zeal should love and seek perishing riches and fleeting honours, than we, Thy servants, love Thee our GOD, by Whom we have been created and redeemed. For if man loveth man with so great love, that the one scarce suffereth the other to be away from him, if the bride is glued to the bridegroom with so great ardour of mind, that for greatness of love she can enjoy no rest, bearing not without great grief the absence of her beloved; with what love then, what zeal, what fervour, ought the soul, which by faith and compassion Thou hast espoused to Thyself, to love Thee, her true GOD, and most beautiful Bridegroom, Who hast so loved us and saved us, and hast done for us so many and so great and so glorious things.

But although these lower things have their delights and their loves, yet not in such measure do they delight as Thou, our GOD. For in Thee the righteous delighteth, because Thy Love is sweet and quiet; for the hearts which Thou possessest, Thou fillest with sweetness and fragrance and calm. On the other hand, the love of the world and of the flesh is anxious and perturbed; assuredly the souls which it entereth it suffereth not to be at rest; for it ever harasseth them with suspicions and troublings, and various fears. Thou then art the delight of the upright, and justly so; for there is firm rest with Thee, and a life free from trouble. Who entereth into Thee, good LORD, "entereth into the joy of his LORD," and shall fear no more, but shall be happy in a happy place, saying, "This shall be my rest for ever; here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." And again, "The LORD is my Shepherd, therefore

shall I lack nothing, He hath set me in a place of pasturage."[c]

O Sweet Christ, Good Jesu, fill Thou ever, I beseech Thee, my heart with Thy quenchless Love, and with ceaseless remembrance of Thee; so that as a burning flame I may be all on fire with the sweetness of Thy Love, which even many waters may be unable ever to quench in me. Make me, O most sweet LORD, to love Thee, and for longing for Thee to lay aside the weight of earthly desires, and the heavy burden of earthly concupiscences, which attack and weigh down my wretched soul, that running unhindered after Thee, in the odour of Thy ointments, I may, under Thy Guidance, speedily attain to come to the vision of Thy Beauty, to be effectually satisfied therewith.

For two loves, the one good and the other evil, the one sweet and the other bitter, find not place at once in the same breast; and therefore if any loveth ought beside Thee, Thy Love is not in him, O GOD. O Thou Love of Sweetness, and Sweetness of Love, Love that painest not, but delightest, Love which sincerely and chastely abidest for ever, Love[d] which ever burnest, never art extinguished. O sweet Christ, good Jesu, O Charity, my GOD, kindle me wholly with Thy Fire, Thy Love, Thy Fragrance and Sweetness, Thy Joy and Exultation, Thy Pleasure and Thy Concupiscence, which is holy and good, chaste and pure, calm and untroubled; that entirely filled with the sweetness of Thy Love, wholly set on fire with the flame of Thy Charity, I may love Thee, my GOD, with all my heart and the whole marrow of my soul, having Thee in my heart and in my mouth and in my eyes, always and everywhere, so that no place may be left in me for unchaste love.

[c] Matt. xxv. 21; Psalm cxxxii. 15; Ibid xxiii. 1, 2.
[d] S. Aug. Conf. book x. c. 29. p. 264. Oxf. Tr.

Hear, O my God, hear, O Light of my eyes; hear what I ask, and give me what to ask, that Thou mayest hear me. O loving and most merciful Lord, be not Thou made unto me hard to be entreated for my sins' sake, but for Thy Goodness' sake receive the prayers of Thy servant, and grant me the performance of my prayers and my desires, for Thy tender Mercy's sake.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER XVIII.

PRAYER TO CHRIST, WHOM ALONE THE CHRISTIAN SOUL HUNGRETH AND THIRSTETH FOR.

O Lord Jesu, Loving Jesu, Who didst deign to "die for our sins, and didst rise again for our justification,"[a] I beseech Thee, by Thy glorious Resurrection, raise Thou me again from the sepulchre of all my vices and sins, and give me daily a share in the first Resurrection; that in Thy Resurrection I may be counted worthy truly to obtain a portion. O most Sweet, most Kind, most Loving, most Dear, most Precious, most Longed-for, most Lovely, most Beautiful, Thou didst ascend into Heaven with the triumph of Thy Glory, and sittest at the Right Hand of the Father. O King most powerful, draw me up to Thee, that I may run after Thee in the odour of Thine ointments; may run and faint not, while Thou drawest, Thou leadest me running; draw the mouth of the soul, that thirsteth after Thee, to the streams above of everlasting satiety; yea, draw me to the living Fountain, that thence, as I am able to contain, I may drink whence I may live for ever, O my God, my Life. For Thou hast said with Thy holy and blessed Mouth, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."[b] Fountain of Life, give to my thirsty soul ever to drink of Thee; that, according to Thy holy and truthful promise, "out of my

[a] Rom. iv. 25. [b] John vii. 37.

belly may flow rivers of living water." Fountain of Life, fill Thou my mind with the torrent of Thy Pleasure, and inebriate my heart with the sober ebriety of Thy Love; that I may forget all things which are vain and earthly, and may have Thee alone continually in my memory, as it is written, "I remembered GOD and was delighted."[c]

Give me Thy Holy Spirit, Which was signified by those waters which Thou didst promise that Thou wouldst give to the thirsty. Give me, I beseech Thee, with my whole longing and entire zeal to strive thither, whither we believe Thee, after Thy Resurrection, on the fortieth day, to have ascended: that I may be held in this present misery as to my body only; and may be ever with Thee in thought and desire; that there may be my heart, where Thou art, my Treasure, longed-for and incomparable, and much to be loved. For in this mighty deluge of this present life, where we are tossed by the storms which surround us, and no sure resting-place is found, or ground above the water, where the foot of the dove may be able for awhile to rest; no where is there safe peace, no where undisturbed quiet; everywhere wars and strifes, everywhere enemies, "without fightings, within fears."[d] And, forasmuch as we are one part of heaven and one of earth, "the corruptible body presseth down the soul."[e] Wherefore my mind, my companion and my friend, coming wearied from a journey, is faint, and lieth torn and mangled, by the vanities it hath passed through; it hungreth and thirsteth vehemently; and I have not what I may set before it, for I am poor and a beggar. Thou, O LORD my GOD, rich in all good things, and most bounteous Bestower of feasts of

[c] Ps. lxxvi. 4. Vulg. It is literally "moaned," that is, to God, "complained." Ps. lxxvii. 3.

[d] 1 Cor. vii. 5.

[e] Wisdom ix. 15.

heavenly satisfying, give food to it wearied; gather it scattered; restore it torn. Lo it standeth at the door and knocketh; I beseech Thee by the Bowels of Thy Mercy, whereby Thou didst visit us rising from on high, open to it, knocking in its misery, the hand of Thy Pity; and in propitiable condescension bid it enter into Thee, rest in Thee, be refreshed by Thee with living Bread from heaven; wherewith satisfied and with its strength renewed, it may climb aloft, and from this vale of tears upborne by the wings of holy longing, it may fly to the heavenly kingdoms.

May my spirit, LORD, I beseech Thee, take wings as an eagle's, and fly and not faint; fly, and come even to the beauty of Thine House, and the dwelling-place of Thy Glory; that there at the table of refreshment of the citizens above, it may feed on Thy secret things, in the place of Thy Pasturage, beside abundant streams, and in Thee, LORD, my heart may rest, my heart, a great sea, swollen with waves. O Thou Who didst command the winds and the sea and there was a great calm, come Thou and walk upon the waves of my heart, that all things in me may become calm and serene; forasmuch as I embrace Thee, my only Good, and gaze on Thee, the sweet Light of mine eyes, freed from the blind darkness of tumultuous thoughts. May my mind, O LORD, flee for refuge under the shadow of Thy wings, from the storms of worldly thoughts, that hidden in the soothing covert of Thy refreshments, with joy it may sing and say "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest."[f]

O LORD, my GOD, I beseech Thee let my memory sleep from all things which are under heaven, watching for Thee, as it is written, "I sleep and my heart waketh."[g] May my soul ever be safe, ever untrou-

[f] Is. xl. 31; Ps. xx. 3; Matt. viii. 26; Ps. lvii. 1; Ibid iv. 9.
[g] Cant. v. 2.

bled under the wings of Thy Protection, O my God. May she abide in Thee, and ever be cherished by Thee. May she gaze on Thee in exstacy of mind, and sing Thy praises with jubilation.[h] And let these Thy sweet Goods be, amid the storms of this present time, my consolation in the meanwhile, till I come to Thee, the true Peace, where is no bow, nor shield, nor sword, nor war; but complete and perfect security; and secure tranquillity; and tranquil joyousness; and joyous happiness; and happy eternity; and eternal bliss; and blisful vision of Thee; and praise for ever and ever. Amen.

[h] See note in Sermons at S. Saviour's, Leeds, p. 245.

PRAYER XIX.

PRAYER TO CHRIST, WHEN THOU LONGEST TO BE DISSOLVED AND TO BE WITH CHRIST, ACCORDING TO THE APOSTLE'S SAYING.

O Lord Christ, Virtue and Wisdom of the Father, Who makest the clouds Thy chariot, and walkest upon the wings of the wind, "Who makest Thine Angels spirits, and Thy ministers a flaming fire," I beseech and humbly implore Thee, give me swift wings of faith, give me speeding pinions of virtues, wherewith borne aloft I may be able to gaze on things eternal and heavenly. May my soul, I beseech Thee, hang on Thee, and Thy Right Hand uphold me: may it raise me above the highest parts of earth and feed me in that heavenly inheritance, whereto my pilgrim soul sigheth day and night. And because my mortal limbs dull the vigour of my soul,

> Break off the mists, shake off the load of this dull lump of clay;
> Arrest the spirit, all abroad with random steps astray;
> And speed to Heaven, her blest abode, the spirit's upward way.

That irradiated with light from on high it may look down upon earth, look up to heaven; hate sin, and love righteousness. For what more beautiful or more sweet than, in the midst of the darknesses of this life and its many bitternesses, to long earnestly for the divine sweetness, and to sigh after everlasting

bliss; and there in spirit to be held, where it is most sure that true joys are to be found. O most Sweet, most Kind, most Loving, most Dear, most Precious, most Longed-for, most Lovely, most Beautiful, when shall I see Thee? when shall I appear before Thy Face? when shall I be satisfied with Thy Beauty? When wilt Thou bring me forth from this dark prison, that I may give thanks unto Thy Name, so that thenceforth I may not be ashamed? When shall I pass into that wondrous and most beautiful House of Thine, where the voice of joy and exultation echoeth in the dwellings of the righteous? "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy House, O LORD, they shall be alway praising Thee." Blessed, yea truly blessed, whom Thou hast chosen, and taken into that heavenly heritage.

Behold Thy saints, O LORD, flourish before Thee as the lily, for "they are satisfied with the plenteousness of Thine House, and Thou givest them drink of Thy pleasures as out of the river: for with Thee is the well of life, and in Thy Light do they see light;" so that they, a light that is enlightened by Thee, the GOD Who enlighteneth, shine before Thy Sight. O how wondrous, how beautiful, how acceptable are the habitations of Thine House, O LORD of Hosts! this my sinful soul desireth to enter into them. "LORD, I have loved the habitation of Thine House, and the place where Thine Honour dwelleth." "One thing have I desired of the LORD, which I will require, that I may dwell in the House of the LORD all the days of my life." "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O GOD; when shall I come to appear before the presence of GOD." When shall I see my GOD, whom my soul thirsteth for? When shall I see Him in the land of the living? For in this land of the dying He cannot be seen by mortal eyes.

What shall I do, wretched man, bound about with the weight of the chain of my mortality? What shall I do? "While we are at home in the body we are absent from the LORD." "We have here no continuing city, but seek one to come." "Our citizenship is in Heaven." "Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar; my soul hath long dwelt among them." "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest." Nothing so sweet to me as to be with my LORD. "It is good for me to hold me fast by GOD." Grant me, LORD, while I abide in these frail members, to "hold me fast by" Thee, as it is written, "He that is joined unto the LORD is one Spirit with Him."[a]

Give me, I beseech Thee, wings of contemplation, that clothed in them I may fly up to Thee. And since everything sinister lieth downwards, hold Thou my mind that it sink not to the depths of the valley of darkness; that it be not, by the intervention of the shadow of the earth, separated from Thee, the true Sun of Righteousness; and by the overcasting of the mists of darkness be prevented from looking up to things on high. Therefore do I strive upward to the joys of peace, and the delectable and calm abode of light. Hold Thou my heart in Thy Hand, for without Thee it is not drawn to higher things. Thither now I hasten, where perfect peace reigneth, and everlasting tranquillity is bright. Hold Thou and guide my spirit, and take it unto Thee, according to Thy Will; that Thou being its Guide, it may ascend into that region of plenty, where Thou feedest Israel for ever with the food of Truth; that there at least in rapid thought it may attain to Thee the highest Wisdom, that abidest above all things, know-

[a] Ps. xxxvi. 8, 9; xxvi. 8; xxvii. 4; xlii. 1, 2; 2 Cor. 5, 6; Heb. xiii. 14; Philip. iii. 20; Ps. cxx. 4, 5; lv. 6; 1 Cor. vi. 17.

est all things, rulest all things. But many are the things which drown with clamour the soul that flieth unto Thee. At Thy Command, O LORD, let all things be hushed to me. Let my soul herself be hushed to herself; pass through all things; mount from herself above all created things, and reach unto Thee; and on Thee alone, her Creator, fix her eyes of faith; for Thee pant; to Thee strive; on Thee meditate; on Thee gaze; set Thee before her eyes; revolve Thee in her heart; Thee, the true highest Good, and Joy that shall abide without end.

Many, finally, are the contemplations whereon the soul devoted to Thee wondrously feedeth; but in none of them doth my soul so delight and rest, as in Thee, and when on Thee alone she meditateth and gazeth. How great is the abundance of Thy Sweetness, LORD, which wondrously Thou inspirest into the hearts of them that love Thee: how wondrous the fragrance of Thy Love, which they enjoy who love nought, seek nought, desire even to think on nought, save Thee. Oh happy they whose only hope Thou art, and all their work is prayer. Blessed, who sitteth alone and is silent, and standeth on his watch continually night and day, so that, while still abiding in this poor frail body, he may be able in some degree to have a foretaste of Thy Sweetness.

I beseech Thee, by those healthful Wounds of Thine, which Thou didst suffer on the Cross for our salvation, whence flowed that precious Blood whereby we are redeemed, wound Thou this sinful soul of mine for which Thou didst deign also to die; wound it with the fiery and most powerful spear of Thy great Love. For Thou, O Word of GOD, art "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword."[b] O Thou most choice Arrow, and most sharp Sword, Who by Thy Power art able to pierce the hard

[b] Heb. iv. 12.

shield of the human heart, pierce through my heart with the dart of Thy Love, that my soul may say unto Thee, "By Thy charity I have been wounded," so that from the very wound of Thy Love most abundant tears flow day and night. Pierce through, I beseech Thee, O LORD, pierce through this most hard heart of mine with the tender and strong spear of Thy Love; deep to the very quick penetrate it with Thy mighty power; and so give to my head abundant waters, and draw forth from mine eyes a true fountain of tears, ever flowing from excess of affection, and longing for the vision of Thy Beauty; that I may weep day and night, receiving no consolation in this present life, till, in the bridal chamber in heaven, I may be counted worthy to see my Beloved and most beautiful Spouse, my GOD and my LORD, that there seeing Thy glorious and wonderful and most beautiful Face, full of all Sweetness, I may, with those whom Thou hast chosen, suppliantly adore Thy Majesty; and there at length filled with heavenly and unutterable jubilation of everlasting exultation, I may cry out with them that love Thee, saying, Behold, what I have desired, now I see; what I have hoped for, now I hold; what I have longed for, now I possess. For to Him I am united in heaven, Whom while dwelling on earth with all my power I loved; with entire charity I have embraced Whom with entire love I "held me fast by:" Him I praise and bless and adore, Who liveth and reigneth, GOD for ever and ever. Amen.

PRAYER XX.

PRAYER TO CHRIST, TO KINDLE IN ONESELF LOVE OF GOD, AND LONGING FOR CHRIST.

O Lord Jesu Christ, my Redemption, my Mercy, my Salvation, Thee I praise, to Thee I give thanks; for though all unequal to Thy benefits, though utterly void of worthy devotion, though too bare of the longed-for richness of Thy most sweet affection, yet praises and thanks, such as they are, not such as I know I ought, but such as it can endeavour, my soul doth pay to Thee. O Hope of my heart, Strength of my soul, Help of my weakness, may Thy most powerful Kindness fill up what my most lukewarm weakness endeavoureth. O my Life, End of my aims, though not yet have I attained to love Thee so much as I am debtor to do, yet at least I long to love Thee as much as I ought. O my Light, Thou seest my conscience; for before Thee, Lord, is all my desire; and if ought rightly my conscience willeth, it is of Thy Gift. If that is good, O Lord, which Thou inspirest, yea rather because it is good that I should will to love Thee, grant what Thou makest me to will; grant that, as greatly as Thou commandest, I may attain to love Thee. Praises and thanks I give Thee for the longing which Thou hast inspired me with. Praises and prayers I offer to Thee, that Thy Gift be not unfruitful to me, which of Thine own accord Thou hast given me. Perfect

what Thou hast begun; give what by kindly preventing me, Thou hast made me to long after. O most Merciful, convert Thou my lukewarmness into most fervent love of Thee.

To this, O most Merciful, doth this my prayer tend, this memorial of and meditation on Thy Benefits, that Thou mayest kindle in me love of Thee. Thy Goodness, LORD, hath created me; Thy Mercy cleansed me, when created, from original sin; Thy Long-suffering, when, after that cleansing of Baptism, I wallowed in fresh filth of sins, hath hitherto borne with me, nourished me, waited for me. Thou awaitest, O good LORD, my amendment, my soul awaiteth, in order to sufficient penitence and godly living, the inspiration of Thy Grace.

O my GOD, Who didst create me, and dost bear with me and nourish me, be Thou my Helper. For Thee I hunger, for Thee I thirst, for Thee I long, to Thee I sigh, Thee I desire: and as an orphan bereft of the presence of a kind father, weeping and lamenting incessantly with his whole heart, clings to his loved countenance; so I too, not as I ought, but as I can, remembering Thy Passion, remembering Thy Buffetings, remembering Thy Scourgings, remembering Thy Cross, remembering Thy Wounds, remembering how for me Thou wast slain, how buried, how laid in the tomb, remembering also Thy glorious Resurrection and wondrous Ascension, hold all these things with undoubting faith; mourn over the sorrows of my exile; hope for the only comfort of Thine Advent; ardently long for the glorious contemplation of Thy Countenance.

Ah me, who might not see the LORD of Angels, humbled to dwell among men, that He might exalt men to dwell among Angels; when GOD, Who was offended, of His own accord died, that the sinner might live. Ah me, that it was not given to

me to be present and gaze in amazement at so wonderful, so inestimable Love. Why, O my soul, did not the sword of most sharp pain pierce through thee present there, when thou couldst not endure that the Side of Thy Saviour should be wounded with the lance; when thou couldst not bear to see the Hands and Feet of Thy Creator pierced with nails; when Thou wouldst have shuddered that the Blood of Thy Redeemer should be shed? Why wast thou not inebriated with the bitterness of tears, when He was given to drink the bitterness of gall? Why sharedst thou not the suffering of the most chaste Virgin, His most worthy Mother?

O Lady most pitiful, what streams shall I say burst forth from thy most chaste eyes, when thou sawest thine innocent only Son before thee bound, scourged, sacrificed? What tears shall I believe thy most loving countenance poured down, when thou didst behold the same thy Son, thy LORD and thy GOD, without fault stretched out upon the Cross, and His Flesh, of thy flesh, by the wicked cruelly torn? With what sobs shall I think that thy most pure breast was troubled when thou didst hear, "Woman, behold thy son," and the disciple, "Behold thy mother:" when thou didst receive for a son, the disciple instead of the Master, the servant for the LORD? Would that with the happy Joseph I had taken down my LORD from the Cross, embalmed Him with spices, placed Him in the tomb; or at all events had followed Him, that to such a burial somewhat of my service might not have been wanting. Would that with those blessed women I had been frightened with the bright vision of Angels, and had heard the news of my LORD'S Resurrection, the news of my own consolation, news so waited for, news so longed for! Would that, I say, I had heard from the mouth of the Angel, "fear not ye; ye seek

Jesus, Who was crucified: He is risen, He is not here."

O most Kind, most Sweet, most Serene, when wilt Thou make up to me, that I saw not that blessed incorruption of Thy Flesh; that I kissed not the places of Thy Wounds, and the prints of the nails; that I covered not with tears of joy the Scars that were witnesses of the truth of Thy body? O Wonderful, Priceless, Incomparable, when wilt Thou comfort me, and soothe me from my sorrow? For my grief containeth not itself, so long as I am far away from my LORD. Alas, my LORD, alas for my soul! Thou art gone away, O Comforter of my life, and hast not bidden me farewell. Going Thy ways, Thou didst bless Thine own, and I was not there. With uplifted hands Thou wast received by a cloud into Heaven, and I saw not. Angels promised that Thou shouldst return, and I heard not. What shall I say? what shall I do? whither shall I go? where shall I seek Him? where or when shall I find Him? whom shall I ask? who will "tell my Beloved that I am sick of love?" "The joy of my heart is ceased, and my laughter is turned into mourning." "My flesh and my heart faileth, but GOD is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." My soul refuseth to be comforted, save by Thee, my Sweetness. For "whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee." Thee I desire, in Thee I hope, Thee I seek, to Thee my heart hath said, "I have sought Thy Face: Thy Face, LORD, will I seek; turn not Thou Thy Face from me."[a]

O most kind Lover of men, "the poor committeth himself unto Thee, for Thou art the Helper of the friendless." O my most safe Guardian, have pity on me, an orphan committed to Thee. I am become

[a] Cant. v. 8; Lam. v. 15; Ps. lxxiii. 24, 25; Ib. xxvii. 9.

an orphan and fatherless, and my soul as it were a widow. Look Thou upon the tears of mine orphanhood and widowhood, which I pour forth to Thee until Thou return. Come Thou now, O LORD, come and appear to me, and I shall be comforted; shew me Thy Face, and I shall be whole. Shew me Thy Presence, and I shall have obtained my desire. Reveal Thy Glory, and my joy shall be full. My soul thirsteth for Thee, how manifoldly is my flesh athirst for Thee. My soul thirsteth for GOD, the Fountain of life; when shall I come and appear before the Presence of GOD? When wilt Thou come, my Comforter, Whom I wait for? Oh if I may one day see my Joy, which I long for! Oh if I may be satisfied, when Thy glory shall appear, which I hunger after! Oh if I may be inebriated with the plenteousness of Thy House, which I sigh after: if Thou wouldest give me to drink of the torrent of Thy pleasures, which I thirst after. In the meantime, O LORD, may my tears be my meat day and night, till it be said unto me, Behold Thy GOD; till I hear, Soul, behold Thy Betrothed. Meantime feed me with my sighs; give me meantime tears to drink; refresh me with my griefs. Perchance meanwhile my Redeemer shall come, for He is good; He will not tarry, for He is pitiful: to Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

PRAYER XXI.

TO CHRIST. A PRAYER OF A SERVANT OF GOD, WHO THINKETH LOWLILY OF HIMSELF.

I KNOW, O LORD JESU CHRIST, I know and confess that I am not worthy that Thou shouldest love me; but surely Thou art not unworthy that I should love Thee. I am indeed unworthy to serve Thee: but Thou art not unworthy of the service of Thy creature. Grant me therefore, O LORD, that, whence Thou art worthy, and I shall be worthy whence I am unworthy. Make me, in what way Thou willest, to cease from sin, that so I may be able to serve Thee as I ought. Vouchsafe by Thy most pitiful mercy so to keep, rule, and end my life, that I may sleep in peace and may rest in Thee. Grant me, O LORD, that in the end my soul may receive sleep with rest, rest with full satiety, satiety with eternity, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER XXII.

TO CHRIST. THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT, HUMBLY IMPLORING DIVINE AID.

O Lord Jesu Christ, my Redeemer, my Mercy, my Salvation, my Life, Thee I praise, to Thee I give thanks; Thy goodness created me, Thy mercy cleansed me from original sin, Thy long-suffering,[a] when after cleansing I wallowed in fresh filth, hath hitherto borne with me, nourished me, waited for me. O Lord God, as my Creator, Who dost bear with me, and nourish me, and help me, for Thee I hunger; for Thee I thirst; for Thee I long; to Thee I sigh; Thee I desire, O most Kind, most Sweet, most Serene, Thee I desire, Thee I seek, Thee I hope to see. My soul refuseth to be comforted, save in Thee, my Sweetness.

Come nigh unto me, Lord; appear to me, and I shall be comforted. Shew me Thy Face, and I shall be whole. Shew me Thy Presence, and my longing shall be satisfied. Reveal Thy Glory, and my joy shall be full. My soul thirsteth for Thee, how manifoldly is my flesh athirst for Thee. When wilt Thou come to me, my Comforter? O if I may one day see my joy, which I long for! O if I may one day be satisfied when Thy glory shall appear,

[a] Præsentia is probably a wrong reading for Patientia, which occurs in Prayer 20, whence this prayer is extracted.

which I hunger after! O if I may be inebriated with the plenteousness of Thy House, which I sigh after! O if Thou wilt give me drink of the torrent of Thy Pleasures, which I thirst after! Grant me, O LORD, in this exile, the bread of grief and tears, which I hunger after, above every fullness of delight. Meanwhile be my tears, O LORD, my meat day and night, till it be said to me, Behold thy GOD: till I hear, Behold thy Betrothed! Meanwhile feed me, O LORD, with my sighs, refresh me with my griefs. Amen.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER XXIII.

PRAYER TO CHRIST FOR OUR FRIENDS.

O SWEET and kind LORD JESU CHRIST, Who didst shew forth love, than which no man hath greater, and to which no man can have equal; Who owedst nothing to death, and yet didst lay down Thy loving Soul for Thy servants and sinners; and didst pray for Thy very murderers, that Thou mightest make them Thy brethren and righteous, and reconcile them to Thy merciful Father and to Thyself; Thou, LORD, Who shewedst so great love to Thine enemies, Thou Thyself didst enjoin love to Thy friends. O good LORD, with what affection shall I think on Thine inestimable love? What shall I repay unto Thee for Thine immeasurable benefit? For the sweetness of Thy kindness transcendeth every affection; the greatness of Thy Benefit surpasseth all return. What return then shall I make to my Creator and Recreator? what shall I repay to my Pityer and Redeemer? "LORD, Thou art my GOD, my goods are nothing unto Thee." For "the earth is Thine and the fulness thereof." What then shall I, poor and a beggar, I a worm and ashes, what shall I repay to my GOD, save that from my heart I obey His command? And Thy command is, "that we love one another."[a]

[a] Psalm xvi. 2; xxiv. 1; S. John xv. 12.

O Good Man, Good God, Good Lord, Good Friend, Good All, whatsoever Thou art, this Thy command Thine humble and despicable servant desireth to obey. Thou knowest, Lord, that the affection which Thou commandest, I love, the love I cherish, the charity I desire. This I beg, this I seek; for this, this Thy poor beggar knocketh and crieth at the door of Thy Mercy. And in so far as I have already received the sweet alms of Thine undeserved bounty, loving every man in Thee and for Thee, though not so much as I ought, nor so much as I long, for all I implore Thy Clemency.

There are many, however, for whom, as Thy Love has more specially and familiarly impressed affection for them on my heart, so I more ardently desire good, and more devoutly wish to pray for them. Thy servant, O loving Lord, longeth, longeth, longeth, to pray to Thee for his friends, but Thy culprit is called back therefrom by his sins. For I who of myself cannot obtain pardon for myself, with what face do I presume to ask for Thy grace for others? And I, who anxiously seek intercessors for myself, with what confidence do I intercede for others? What shall I do, O Lord my God, what shall I do? Thou biddest me pray for them, and mine affection longeth to pray: but while my conscience crieth out to me, to be anxious about mine own sins, I tremble to speak in behalf of others. Shall I then forego what Thou biddest, because I have done what Thou forbiddest? Nay, rather because I have presumed to do what was forbidden, I will embrace what is commanded; if perchance obedience may heal presumption, if perchance charity cover the multitude of my sins.

I pray Thee, then, O Good and Loving Lord, for those who love me for Thee, and whom I love in Thee; and for those most devoutly, whose love for

me and my care for them Thou knowest to be most sincere. And this I do not, O my LORD, as a righteous man, secure as to mine own sins; but with what charity I may, anxious about the sins of others. Love Thou them then, O Thou Fountain of Love, Who commandest and givest to me to love them. And if my prayer avail not to profit them, because it is offered to Thee by a sinner, let it avail for them, because it is made at Thy command. For Thine own sake therefore, Thou Author and Giver of charity, for Thy sake, not for mine, love Thou them; and make them love Thee with all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul; that those things alone which are pleasing to thee, and expedient for them, they may will, and speak, and do. Too cold, O my LORD, too cold is my prayer, because too little fervent is my charity. But Thou that art rich in mercy, measure not Thou to them Thy Goodness by the dulness of my devotion; but as Thy kindness surpasseth all human charity, so let Thine hearing transcend the affection of my supplication. Do Thou to them and with them what is expedient for them according to Thy Will; that by Thee they may always and everywhere be so ruled and protected, that they may attain to a glorious and everlasting security, Who livest and reignest. Amen.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER XXIV.

PRAYER TO CHRIST, FOR ONE'S ENEMIES.

O Almighty and loving Lord Jesu Christ, Whom I desire to be propitious to my friends, before Thee is also what my heart desireth for mine enemies. For Thou O God, Who triest the hearts and reins, Thou piercest the secrets of my mind. To Thee lieth open whatsoever in the soul of Thy servant Thou hast sown, which is to be offered to Thee; nor can it lie hid from Thee, if I and Thine enemy have sown ought there, which is to be burned with fire. Despise not, O most kind Lord, what Thou hast sown;' but cherish, increase, perfect, preserve it. For as I have not been able to begin ought of good without Thee, so neither can I perfect or preserve it without Thee. Judge me not, O Merciful God, for that which in me displeaseth Thee; but take away what Thou hast not put there, and save my soul which Thou hast created. For I cannot amend myself without Thee. For when we are good, Thou makest us so, and not we ourselves. Nor will my soul be able to bear it, if according to its wickedness Thou judge it. Thou then O Lord, Who alone art mighty, Who alone art merciful, whatever Thou makest me to desire for mine enemies, both give unto them and give back unto me. And if ever I wish ought for them out of the rule of charity, whether through ignorance or infirmity or malice, Good

LORD, give not this to them, nor give it back to me. Thou, Who art the true Light, enlighten their darkness. Thou, Who art perfect Truth, amend their error. Thou, Who art true Life, enliven their souls. For Thou hast said by Thy beloved disciple, "He that loveth not, abideth in death."[a] I pray Thee then, O LORD, that, in what degree Thou biddest it to be had, Thou give to them love of Thee and of their neighbour, that they may not have sin before Thee concerning their brother.

Be it far from me, O loving LORD, be it far from me, that I be to my brethren an occasion of death, that I be to them a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. For enough and more than enough is it to me, O LORD, that I am a stumbling block to myself; sufficient unto me is mine own sin. Thy servant beseecheth Thee for his fellow servants, that they offend not the goodness of so great and so good a LORD for my sake, but that they be reconciled unto Thee, and be at concord with me according to Thy Will, for Thy sake. This is the vengeance which the secret of my heart wisheth to take upon my fellow servants and enemies and fellow sinners. This is the punishment which my soul prayeth upon my fellow servants and enemies, that we may love Thee and each other, as Thou willest and is expedient for ourselves; that we may give satisfaction to our good LORD, as for ourselves, so also for one another: that for the common good we may obey our common LORD, in concord under the guidance of love. This revenge doth this Thy sinner ask to be prepared for all who wish or do him ill; this do Thou, O LORD most merciful, prepare for this Thy sinner.

Come then, my Good Creator, and my merciful Judge, by Thine inestimable Mercy forgive me all

[a] 1 John iii. 14.

my debts, as I too before Thee forgive all my debtors. And if not as yet, yea rather because not as yet, my spirit doeth this perfectly in Thy Judgment, yet it willeth so to do, and, doing violence to itself, by Thee effecteth what it can; this too I offer to Thee, that Thou too mayest will perfectly to forgive me my sins, and as Thou canst, mayst pardon my soul.

Hear me, hear me, O great LORD, good LORD, on the affection of Whose Love my hungry soul desireth to feed itself, but cannot satisfy itself with Thee; to call upon Whom my mouth findeth no name which may satisfy my heart. For no word savoureth to me fully, all which, by Thy Gift, my affection receiveth from Thee. I have prayed, O LORD, as I could; but more have I willed than I could. Hear me, hear me as Thou canst, Thou Who canst what Thou willest. I have prayed, as one weak and a sinner; hear Thou, hear me as Powerful and Pitiful, and not only grant to my friends and to mine enemies what I have prayed, but as Thou knowest to be expedient for each, and not discordant with Thy Will, give unto all, living and departed, the remedies of Thy Mercy; and ever hear Thou me, not as my heart wisheth nor as my mouth asketh, but as Thou knowest and willest that I ought to wish and ask, O Thou Saviour of the world, Who, with the Father and the Holy Spirit livest and reignest, one GOD, world without end. Amen.

Prayers of S. Anselm.

PRAYER XXV. [XXXVII.]

O Lord Jesu, most Benign, Fountain of Life, Fountain of Mercy, of Whom all Thy Saints drink, drink and are inebriated with unspeakable Sweetness, and live in everlasting satiety; grant Thou to me in this present life ever so to thirst after Thee, that in the life to come with the same Thy saints I may be counted worthy to be everlastingly satisfied by Thee. Wherefore I pray Thy most sweet Mercy, O most Loving, most Sweet Lord Jesu, feed my wretched soul with the remembrance of Thy Benefits, that it faint not, wearied in its pilgrimages under the weight of its sins.

Thy Goodness, Lord, created me, and by Thy Baptism re-created me, and patiently thus far waiteth for me daily sinning. The power of Thy Godhead made me, the humiliation of Thy Manhood re-made me.

Behold, O Lord Jesu, by the Gift of Thy Grace, Who art my Lord and my God, behold I remember that, as Thou didst foretell by Thy holy ones from the beginning of the world, Thou wast born of a holy Virgin, and of her didst take true Flesh, truly didst suck the breasts of a Virgin Mother. Feed Thou my sinful soul with Thy holy Flesh; satisfy it with Thy Sweetness.

Thou wast wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid

in a manger: wrap Thou my soul in the swaddling clothes of Thy Mercy, that it remain not naked before Thee.

The shepherds and the wise men from the east came and worshipped Thee, lying in the manger: make me, LORD, faithfully to worship Thee, now sitting in Heaven.

Thou didst suffer Thy Flesh to be circumcised: circumcise my heart from all sin.

Thou wast presented in the Temple, Simeon took Thee up in his arms: present Thou me to Thy holy Majesty, that I may embrace Thee in the arms of my soul.

Thou wast subject unto Thy parents in Thy Childhood: make me subject to Thee, and to all to whom Thy disposal has subjected me.

Thou wast baptised by John; in my infancy Thou didst baptise me; since Thy holy baptism I have been manifoldly polluted: by true confession and penitence baptise Thou me.

Thou didst command sinners to repent; to those who worthily repented Thou didst promise forgiveness: make Thou me so to repent of my sins, that I may become meet to obtain from Thee pardon for them.

Thou didst teach truth, mercy, righteousness: teach Thou my heart and enlighten it, that I may be found worthy to be one of those whom Thou by teaching dost inwardly enlighten.

Thou didst work miracles, wonders, healings, on the bodies and souls of men as much as it pleased Thee: heal Thou the sicknesses of my soul, for I have sinned against Thee.

Thou didst fast for me: make me to abstain from all sin for love of Thee.

Thou wast hungry for me: make me truly to hunger after Thee, Who art the true Bread.

Thou wast wearied for me: strengthen Thou and refresh the weariness of my soul.

O most sweet and merciful Lord Jesu Christ, when Thou didst sup with Thy friends, Thou didst wash their feet and feed them with Thy Body and Thy Blood: wash Thou my body and my soul from all defilement, and with the same Thy Body and Thy Blood strengthen them, lest they faint.

What shall I more say, O Lord Jesu Christ? Thou art my Life, my Health, my Sweetness, my Strength, my Joy, my Gladness, my Redemption, my Resurrection.

Thou wast delivered up for me: deliver not up Thou my soul to the enemies.

Thou wast bound for me: loosen Thou the bonds of my sins.

Thou wast mocked for me: deliver me from the mockings of devils.

O most sweet Lord, Thou Who alone of men wast without sin, wast scourged for me: deliver me from the scourges which mine iniquities have deserved.

O most merciful Lord, Thou wast crowned with thorns for my sake: take away from me the thorns of my sins.

O most kind Lord Jesu, Thou didst bear Thy Cross upon Thy Holy Shoulders: make me to follow Thee, and to bear my soul after Thee.

O most high Lord, lifted up upon the Cross, Thou didst draw all things unto Thee: draw Thou me to Thee.

O most sweet Lord, Thou didst suffer Thy Hands and Thy Feet to be pierced with iron nails, Thy Side to be opened with the spear, Thy Blood to be shed for sinners: by that Thy Blood wash Thou my soul from all sins, and take away from it all its grief by the anguish which for us Thou didst sustain.

Thou wast given to drink vinegar for me: inebri-

ate Thou my soul with the honey of Thy Sweetness.

O Good Shepherd, Thou didst lay down Thy Life for Thy sheep: suffer not my sinful soul to perish and die.

Thou didst set free from hell[a] the souls of the righteous: free Thou my soul from the damnation of the unrighteous.

O most mighty, most powerful LORD Jesu Christ, after Thou hadst conquered death, Thou didst rise from the dead and appear to Thy disciples alive and immortal. As they grieved for Thy death, Thou didst gladden them; eating and drinking often with them, Thou didst stablish their hearts in the faith of Thy holy Resurrection: gladden Thou and strengthen my heart, the heart of Thy servant, in the faith of Thy holy Resurrection.

[a] Inferno. Infernus is the same as Ades, the place of departed spirits. The saints of the Old Testament were in a place of refreshment in Ades, until our Lord came. See note C. on Tertullian, (Library of the Fathers.)

S. Anselm's Exhortation

TO A DYING MAN, GREATLY ALARMED ON ACCOUNT OF HIS SINS.

Question. Dost thou rejoice, brother, that thou diest in the Christian Faith?

Answer. I do rejoice.

Qu. Dost thou rejoice that thou wilt die in the religious habit[a]?

An. I do rejoice.

Qu. Dost thou confess that thou hast lived so ill, that eternal punishment is due to thy own merits?

An. I confess it.

Qu. Dost thou repent of this?

An. I do repent.

Qu. Hast thou the will to amend thy life, if thou hadst time?

An. I have.

Qu. Dost thou believe that the Lord Jesus Christ died for thee?

An. I believe it.

Qu. Dost thou thank Him[b]?

An. I do thank Him.

Qu. Dost thou believe that thou canst not be saved except by His Death?

An. I believe it.

Come then, while life remaineth in thee, in His Death alone place thy whole trust: in nought else place any trust; to His Death commit thyself wholly;

[a] This was written for S. Anselm's monks.

[b] For His Passion and Death? MS.

with this alone cover thyself wholly; in this enwrap thyself wholly. And if the LORD thy GOD will to judge thee, say, "LORD, between Thy Judgment and me I present the Death of our Lord Jesus Christ; no otherwise can I contend with Thee." And if He shall say that thou art a sinner; say thou, "LORD, I interpose the Death of our Lord Jesus Christ between my sins and Thee." If He say that thou hast deserved condemnation; say, "LORD, I set the Death of our Lord Jesus Christ between my evil deserts and Thee; and His merits I offer for those which I ought to have, but have not." If He say that He is wroth with thee; say, "LORD, I oppose the Death of our Lord Jesus Christ between Thy wrath and me." And when thou hast completed this, say again, "LORD, I set the Death of our Lord Jesus Christ between Thee and me."

This done, let the sick man say thrice, "Into Thy Hands, O LORD, I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O LORD, Thou GOD of Truth."

Then again the verses, "Thou hast broken my bonds in sunder; I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving and will call upon the name of the LORD."

Then the verse, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks unto Thy Name, which thing if Thou wilt grant me, then shall the righteous resort unto my company."

After the sick man has made these answers, let the Priest say in his behalf these Psalms,—liv; cxvi. v. 10. sqq; lxx; lxxvii; xxxi.

If he be a secular man, he should be questioned after the following manner by the Priest:—

Qu. Dost thou believe the things which belong unto the Christian Faith, so far as regards what has been determined by the Church?

An. I do believe.

Qu. Dost thou rejoice that thou diest in the Christian Faith?

An. I do rejoice.

Qu. Dost thou acknowledge that thou hast grievously offended?

An. I do acknowledge it.

Qu. Dost thou grieve that thou hast offended thy Creator?

An. I do grieve.

Qu. Dost thou purpose, if GOD prolong thy life, to abstain from offending Him?

An. I do purpose.

Qu. Dost thou hope and believe, that not by thine own merits, but by the merits of the Passion of Jesus Christ, thou mayst attain to everlasting salvation?

An. I do.

Then followeth the assurance: and then let him say,

If any oppose thee, and object ought against thee, set between him and thee the merits of Christ's Passion.

Then let him say the verses as above.

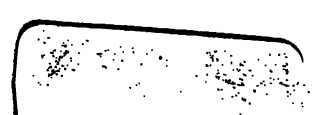
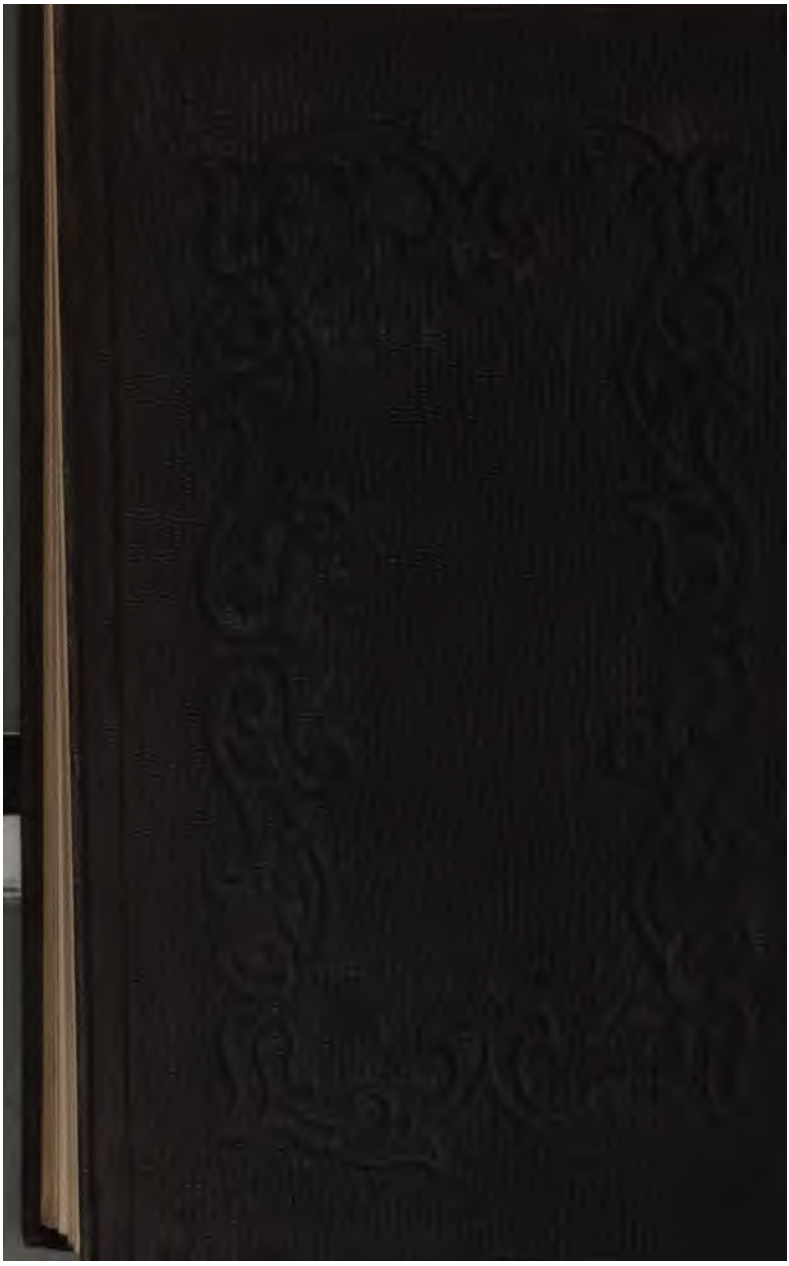
Observe well, thou who desirest to enter into everlasting life; think on the following words every day of thy life, so shalt thou never offend GOD:—

First. The shortness of life.

Second. The slipperiness thereof.

Third. The uncertainty of Death.[a]

Fourth. The rewards of the righteous.

Fifth. The punishment of the wicked.

[a] i. e. how soon it may come.